

BCS
JUNE 1966



B. C. S. 1966

THE MAGAZINE OF
BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL,
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

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C. Marshall, B.A., Mount Allison University.

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Organist and Music Teacher – Mrs. Bertha Bell, L. Mus., Dominion College of Music.

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SCHOOL OFFICERS

<i>Head Prefect</i>	J. Burbidge
<i>Prefects</i>	K. Cobbett T. Janson
<i>Headboys</i>	B. Ander P. Anido P. Goldberg R. Howson T. Jones H. Kent G. Lawson K. MacLellan S. McConnell N. Miller B. Sutton
<i>House Officers</i>	G. Drury (Chapman) D. Harpur (Grier) G. McOuat (Chapman) R. Montano (Williams) B. Pelletier (Williams) T. Shortreed (Smith) M. Skutezky (Grier)
<i>Cadet Major</i>	K. Cobbett
<i>Captain of Football</i>	T. Janson
<i>Captain of Soccer</i>	S. McConnell
<i>Captain of Hockey</i>	H. Kent
<i>Captain of Skiing</i>	P. Porteous L. Veillon
<i>Captain of Cricket</i>	P. Anido
<i>Captain of Track</i>	C. Blackader

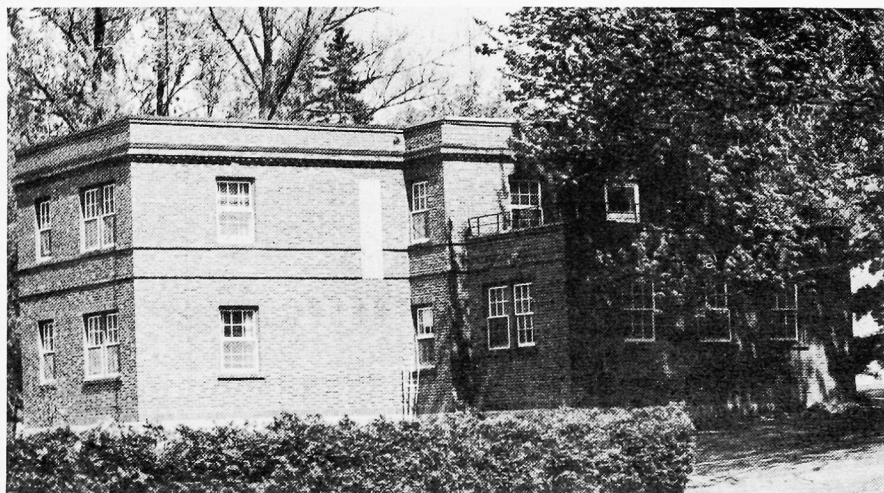


THE SCHOOL INFIRMARY, built in 1936

FRANK W. ROSS

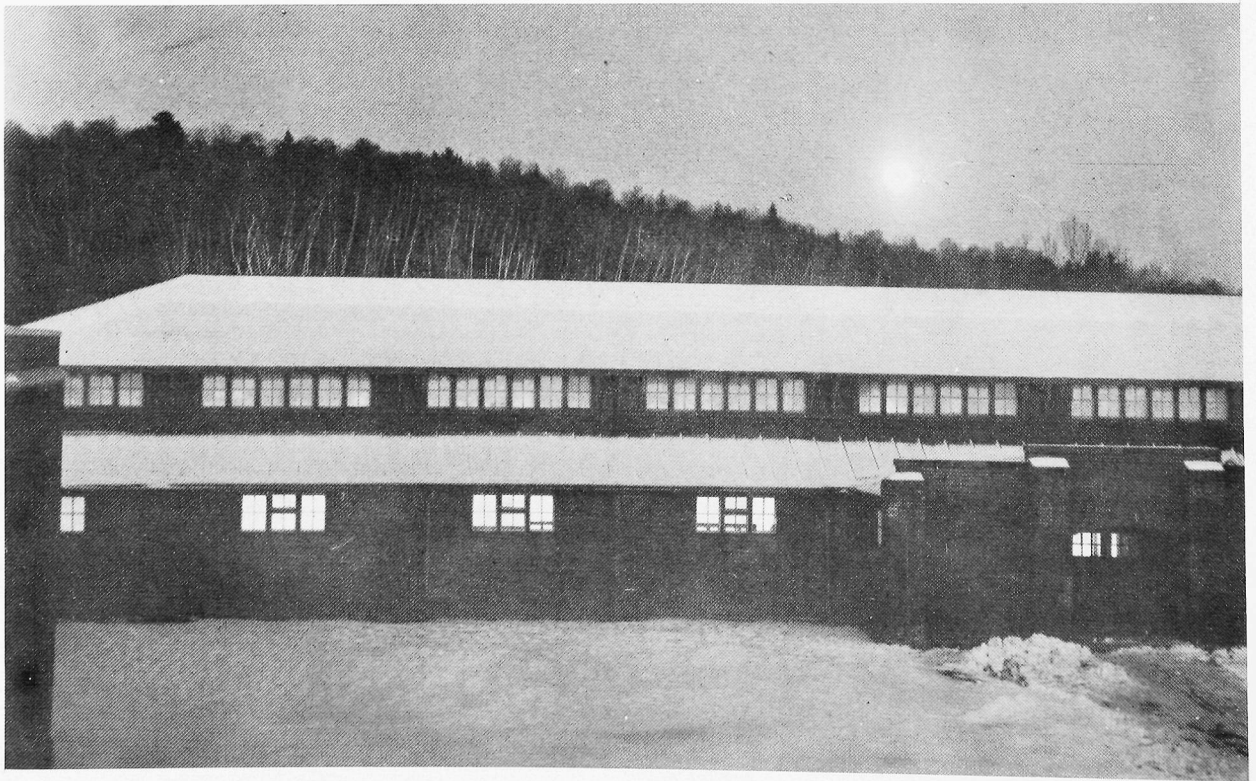
We record with sorrow the passing during the past year of Mr. Frank W. Ross of Quebec City in his 94th year, a benefactor of the School and at one time, a member of the Board of Directors.

. . . . through the generosity of FRANK W. ROSS.



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SCHOOL

RECORD



1966

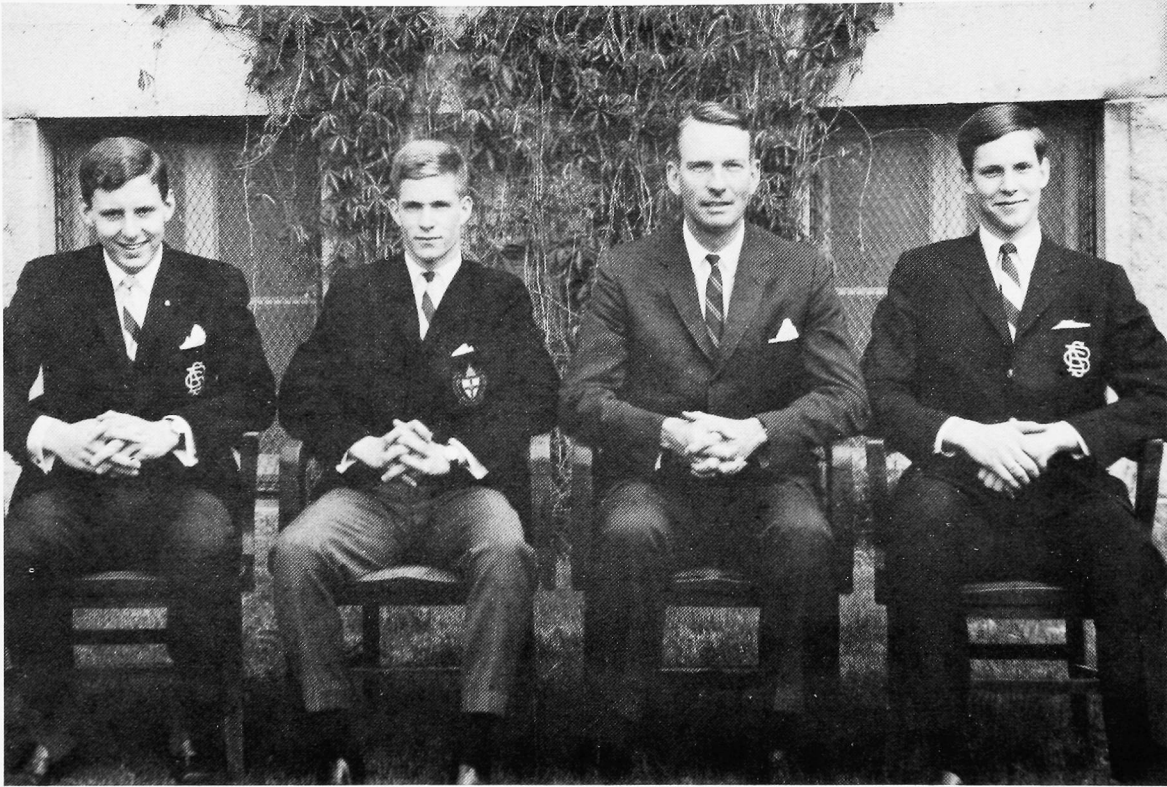
1966

THE SCHOOL YEAR

Sept.	9	Return to School
Sept.	22	Alan Mills Concert.
Sept.	25	Matric Class of Compton here for Bar-B-Q.
Oct.	9	Thanksgiving Day Service and Prize Giving
Oct.	22	Jeunesses Musicales with Gaston Germain
Oct.	23	Bishop's University Harriers Cross Country Race
Nov.	3	Cross Country Race – won by Bradley I
Nov.	4	Liberals and Davis win B.C.S. Mock Election
Nov.	4-8	Mid-term Break
Nov.	11	Patronal Festival and Remembrance Day
		Union Screen Plate Co. Tour
		Math Team Trip to Queen's University
Nov.	14	Remembrance Day Parade in Sherbrooke
		Sherbrooke Symphony Concert in Sherbrooke
Nov.	15	Domil Ltd. Tour
Nov.	20	National Ballet of Canada Tour
Nov.	22	Royal Canadian Navy Band Concert
Nov.	24	Domtar Tour
Nov.	26	Jeunesses Musicales with Brussels Wind Quintet
Nov.	27	Old Boys Squash Tournament
		Old Boys Hockey Game
Nov.	28	Cleveland Grant Wildlife Lecture
Dec.	12	Christmas Carol Service
Dec.	15-	Christmas Holidays
Jan.	6	
Jan.	8	Capt. Gervais speaks on Career in Canada's Armed Forces
Jan.	15	Dr. J. Ross speaks on Career in Medicine
Jan.	21	Jeunesses Musicales Concert with Claude Helffer
Jan.	29	5th Form Carnival and Compton Dance here
Feb.	4	Deerfield Week-end
Feb.	11-12	Players' Club presentation of Billy Budd
Feb.	12	Mr. L. Rosenbloom speaks on Career in Retailing and Advertising
Feb.	19	Compton Dance
Feb.	25	Jeunesses Musicales Concert – Oxford Quartet
		Scholarship Exams
March	5	Bishop's University Debating Tournament
March	6	"Deep Purple" Concert
March	19	Debating Trip to Trinity College School
March	25	Easter Holidays
April	11	
April	17	Confirmation Service – The Right Rev. Russell Brown, D.C.L., Bishop of Quebec
April	20	Canadian Ingersoll-Rand Tour
April	21	Lennoxville Players – "My Sister Eileen"
April	23	Mr. P. Duffield speaks on "Export as a Vocation"
April	24	Choir Trip to North Hatley
April	29	B.C.S. Invitation Dance
April	30	Theatre Workshop with six schools
May	8	School Choir sings at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal
May	13	Annual Cadet Inspection
May	21	Eastern Townships Interscholastic Track Meet
May	29	Annual Cadet Corps Church Parade with the Black Watch
June	3	Final Evensong in St. Martin's Chapel
June	4	Sports Day and Closing
June	14	McGill Matriculation Exams begin



The Prefects



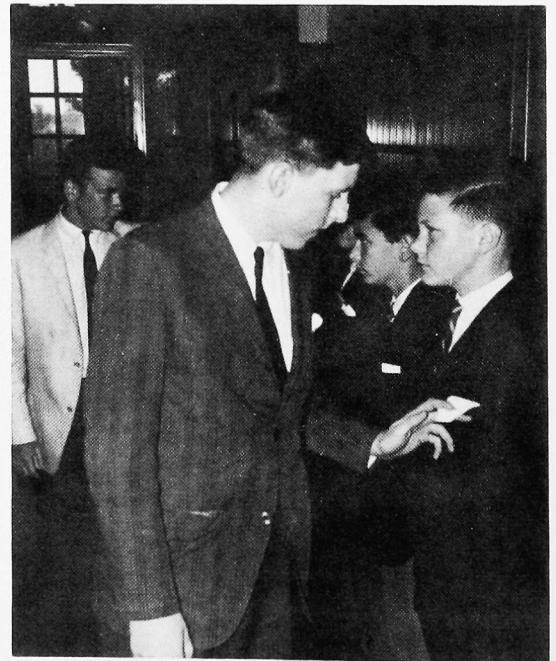
K. Cobbett, J. Burbidge (Head Prefect), The Headmaster, Janson.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

The day-to-day life of the School is run by the masters, assisted by a group of School Officers, appointed by the headmaster in consultation with a group of masters. The many facets of School life are too numerous to be handled completely by the masters; consequently, the School Officers handle a good part of the work.

In past years, there have been two main types of School Officers. The Head Boys, generally numbering about five. This year a new system was tried. The Prefects were cut down to three in number and the Head boys to eight. However, since there were not enough School Officers, the post of House Officer was established. House Officers have existed in the past, but never as a recognized level of the School Officer. The House Officers were given the responsibilities and privileges of Head Boys in their Houses. In the School itself, seventh formers made up for the lack of table heads in the Dining Hall, and supervisors of pews in the Chapel. The new system worked well in its very first year of operation.

The duties of School Officers are many and varied. The Prefects run the new boy line, take roll calls, read the Sunday lessons in Chapel, and super-



"Go in for a dirty handkerchief!"

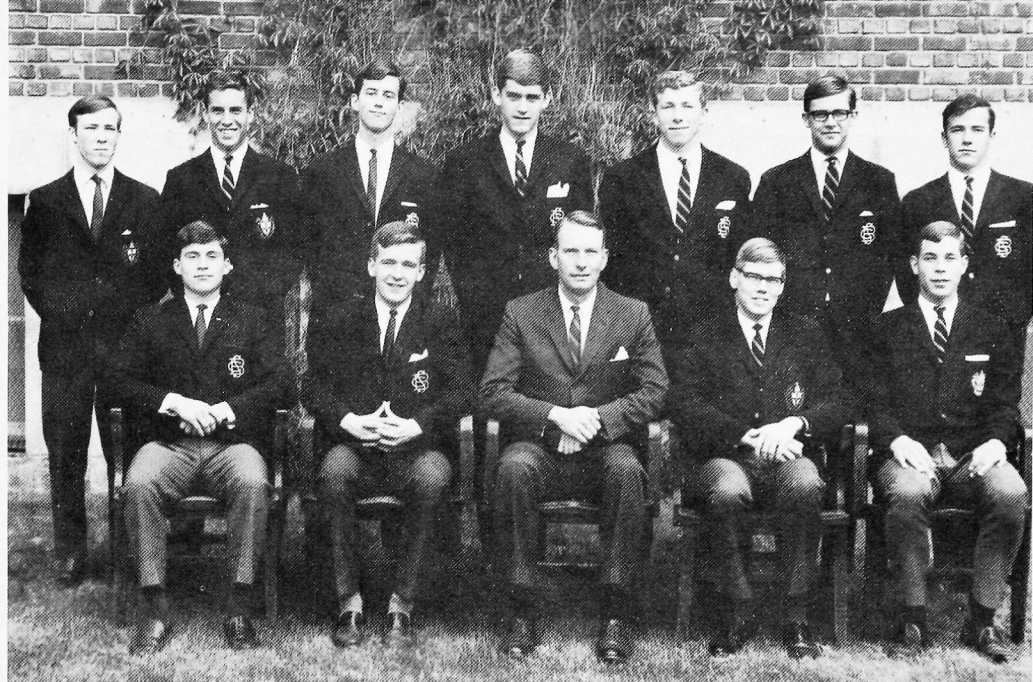
Head Boys

Standing:

R. Howson, S. McConnell, T. Jones,
G. Lawson, P. Anido, W. Sutton,
H. Kent.

Seated:

P. Goldberg, K. MacLellan, The
Headmaster, N. Miller, B. Ander.



advise their Houses and the School in general. Head Boys assist the Prefects with the new boy line, "neutral" line, and senior line. They also supervise cleaning the rink in winter and rolling the cricket pitch in the spring. The School Officers also take up collection in Sunday Chapel and supervise the tables in the Dining Hall. One Prefect and One Head Boy are on duty all the time. Duty lasts for one week and operates on a rotational basis, thus each Prefect is on duty once in three weeks and each Head Boy once in eleven weeks.

In addition to these responsibilities, there are several other individual jobs which are handled by School Officers. For example, one Head Boy supervises the waiter system in the Dining Hall and another supervises the Science Building.

The School Officers are responsible to the masters, and in particular to the Headmaster, in the School, whereas in the Houses, they and the House Officers are responsible to their Housemasters.

J. Burbidge (Form VII)



House Officers

Standing:

D. Harpur (Grier), G. McOuat (Chapman),
R. Montano (Williams) B. Pelletier
(Williams).

Seated:

M. Skutezky (Grier), T. Shortreed (Smith),
The Headmaster, G. Drury (Chapman).

ELLA MORISETTE

Thirty one years of exemplary service will be terminated in June by the retirement of Miss Ella E. Morisette, R.N., nurse at B.C.S. since 1935.

There was a notably high tradition of nursing at B.C.S. when Miss Morisette came to us. This she elevated by her unswerving devotion to the trusts of her profession and by the uncomparably even, fair and generous disposition which she possessed.

The proof of a good nurse may be found in the absence of fuss in her record. Who remembers Miss Morisette as flustered or confused? Her colleagues, her patients drew from her strength, took heart and behaved more like men for their association with her. During her years here, she took in stride, to all appearances, the brief, violent crises, the protracted adversities, and the pesky, irritating unpleasantnesses that turn sour so many good beginners. Steadfastly, she held her course. Panic never emanated from her strong, assuring person. One recalls numerous nasty fractures, deep wounds and ghastly facial injuries, and invariably her buoyant matter-of-factness, reducing the fears, the anxieties — and the suffering.

Her cooperation with the doctors was a model of ethical rapport and an example of admirable human relationship. Their confidence in her was contagious; she, in turn, supported the medicos loyal efficiency.

Her philosophy of living, positive, constructive, uncomplicated, and given upon request or upon observed need, has cleared the air for scores of



boys whose suffering was of the mind rather than the body.

The present School, the Old Boys and all former associates join in saluting the conclusion of an admirable career, and wish Miss Morisette a long and happy period of retirement.



BRUCE HUNT

During his nine years as a member of the staff of B.C.S. Prep School, and especially during his four years as Master-in-Charge of the Prep Bruce Hunt has created for the young boys of B.C.S. a genuine homelike atmosphere.

Mr. Hunt's interests have had a far wider range than the mere academic and athletic, for in seeking new activities for the boys he has fostered such projects as the production of maple sugar and the building and maintaining of huts in the woods.

This June the Hunt family will leave B.C.S. and we take this opportunity to extend to them best wishes for continued success and to assure them that their absence will be marked with sadness by their many friends.



MADAME SMITH

"Bonjour, la classe....."
 "Vite, vite, ramassez le papier sur le plancher.
 Effacez le tableau noir."
 "Répétez après moi....."
 "Ecrivez cent fois....."
 "Zero and zero aren't hard to add!"

Such remarks serve amply to recall to some fifteen generations of Remove Old Boys who have been privileged to enjoy the verve and activity and competence brought by Madame Smith to her classes.

It is with a great deal of regret that we see her leave the School; it is with a great deal of pleasure that we wish her well when September will see her in Vermont.

R.O.

ALEXIS TROUBETZKOY

After a six-year stint in School House, three of which were spent as lord of all to be surveyed from the top floor, Alexis Troubetzkoy is continent-hopping to St. Stephen's School, Rome, Italy. There he will act as assistant to the headmaster and teacher of Russian.

"In all probability" and long before this date next year, "all things being equal", someone will have cause to regret the organizational capacity displayed by Mr. Troubetzkoy. For, during his sojourn here he has played an active role in such aspects of school life as: the Magazine, industrial tours, skiing, Boys' Bank, football, soccer, concerts, vocational speakers, school dances, chapel Warden and mock elections.

Blessed with a warm and friendly personality Alexis departs with the best of good wishes from a host of boys and members of the B.C.S. teaching staff.

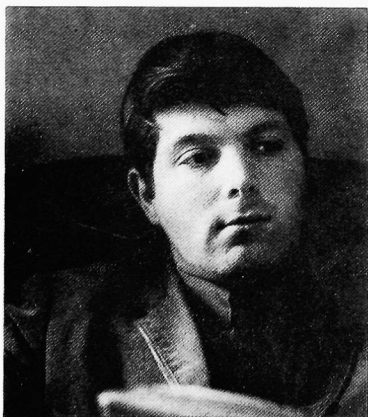


GEORGE B. ALLAN

Mr. Allan came to B.C.S. from Malcolm Campbell High School in Montreal in September 1964. Following his graduation from McGill University with a Bachelor of Engineering degree, a short spell in the business world, and a stint in the public school system, Mr. Allan brought to the B.C.S. Mathematics Department, knowledge, organization, and leadership on a wide and varied plain. This Spring he leaves us to accept membership in a National Science Foundation Academic Year Institute, at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.

During his two years at B.C.S., Mr. Allan has been active in many areas, and the effect of his sincerity and initiative will long remain not only in the Department of Mathematics of which he was Head, but also in the Mathematics Club which he founded, on the football field, on the ski hill, and in Chapman House where he was Assistant Housemaster.

Masters and Boys alike have benefited by his presence at the School, and together we wish both Mr. and Mrs. Allan success in the future, hoping that they may find time occasionally to return to B.C.S., where they will always be welcome.

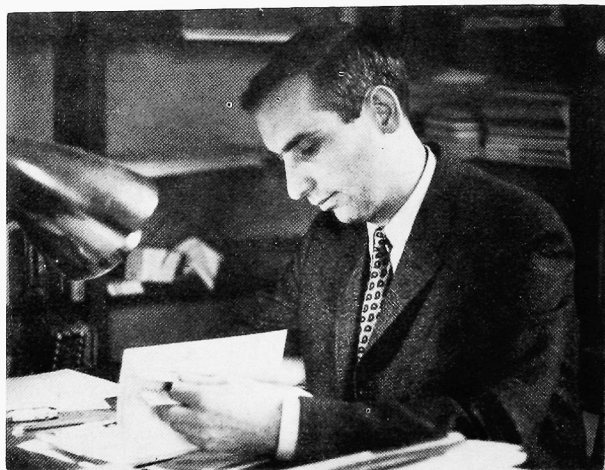


G. P. ROBERT

Three years ago, a small somewhat overweight gentleman received his B.C.S. baptism at the 2nd Annual French Summer School. The fact that he was of French origin, non-athletic and unilingual made him a "natural" for the sports-filled, Quebec adapted programme for English speaking students...

Thus began the illustrious but short-lived B.C.S. career of Gerard Robert, B.A. Caen University, B.Ed. Sherbrooke University.

The impact of this "stranger" among our fold will be felt long after his departure. Though we pride ourselves in our "largesse d'esprit", never had we realized so fully, how biased we really were – for often it was difficult to accept at face value, his foreign accent, his way of thinking, his philosophy. The lessons we taught ourselves these past 3 years indebt us greatly to this sympathetic figure.



CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL

With the departure of Mr. Marshall, the School loses the good services of a master whose interests and abilities were always at the disposal of those he taught. Whether reorganizing the Prep library, coaching cricket or, somewhat less formally, playing hockey, Chris brought an enthusiasm to his varied activities that was a stimulating experience for the boys in his charge. The observatory was made available to the Prep through his efforts, fishing in the St. Francis became a popular pastime, and the model room was used more extensively than ever before under his direction. Life in Grant Hall will continue, but it won't be as large, perhaps not as loud, and certainly less lively without the sense of humour, warm personality and open countenance of Christopher Marshall stalking the corridors.

Both boys and staff wish Mr. & Mrs. Marshall every success at Moira High School in Belleville, Ontario.

Continued on Page 107



THE CHAPEL

This year's activity in the Chapel has been characterized by a number of additions and changes of some interest. To begin the year with the choir under a new director, Mr. David Cruikshank, who succeeded Mr. John Pratt as Choirmaster, was the first of these, and probably the most obvious; the Choir and its generous contribution to the school are always a concern, and this year we have every good reason to thank them and Mrs. Bell for all they have done so well.

At the Carol Service this year we had the Chapel lit with candles, as a number of Standards, made by the School carpenter, Mr. Dussault, were installed for the service, and will be used from now on.

Mr. Dussault and his staff also undertook a number of alterations to the altar and reredos screen, which allow us to make more satisfactory use of the sanctuary: the altar table has been shortened, and the altar moved forward on the foot-pace so that the celebrant and servers may pass behind it. The work involved required some very exacting craftsmanship, and the school is fortunate to have the facilities for this so easily available. For a while during the changes, the portable altar that had been used in the former chapel in the basement of School house was brought out of storage and used again.

Continued on Page 105



Chapel Staff

Back Row:

A.S. Troubetzkoy (Warden), Mrs. B. Bell (Organist), S. Fox (Head of Choir), Mrs. L. Brady (Choir Mother).

Middle Row:

C. Davis (Choir Librarian), Rev. F. H. Greer (Chaplain), D. Cruickshank (Choir Director).

Front Row:

J. Burbidge (Server), M. Skutezky (Server), H. Kent (Server).



Confirmation

Class

Back Row:

Rev. F. H. Greer, M. Skutezky, The Bishop, J. Burbidge, H. Kent.

Third Row:

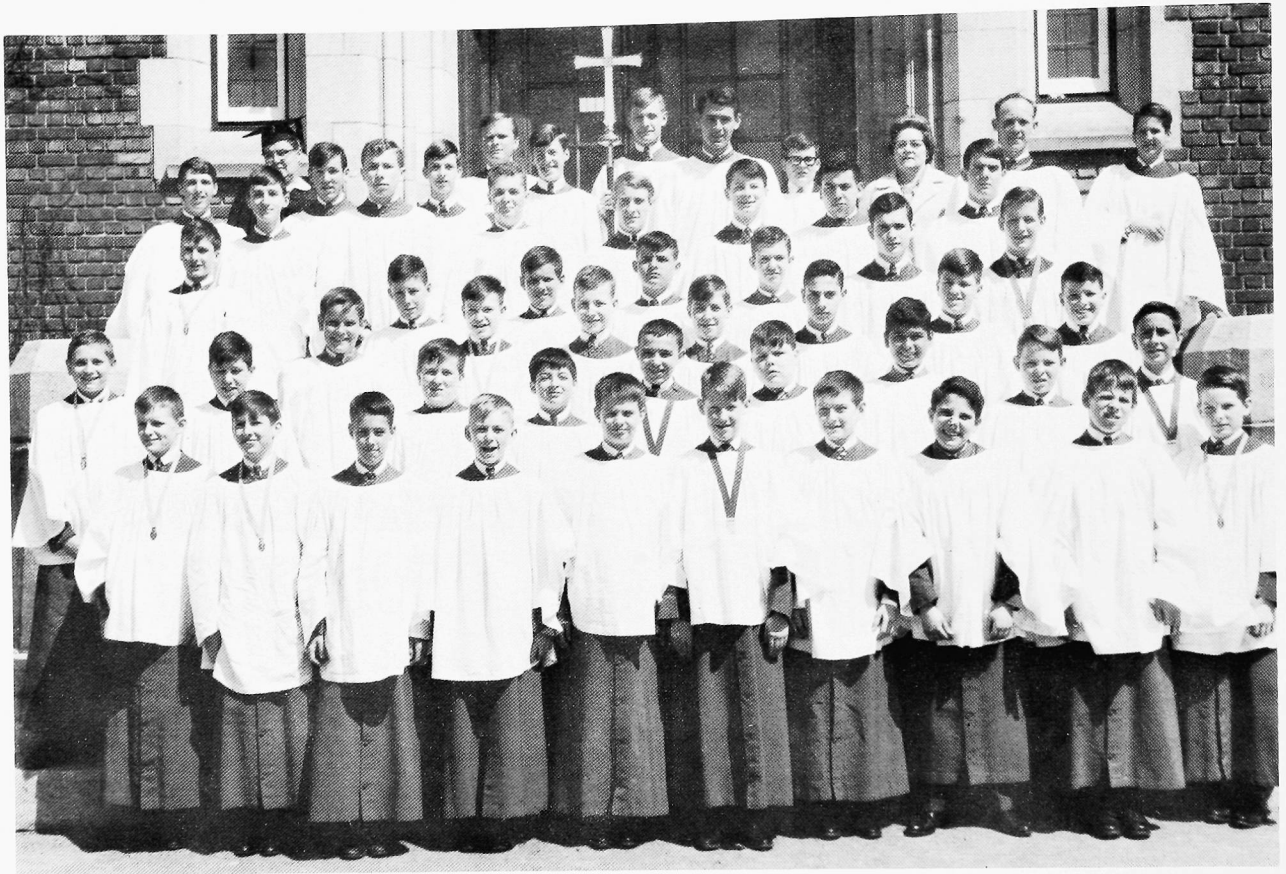
P. Winn, G. Gurd, D. Hoppe,

Second Row:

S. King, M. Warwick, K. Mooney, A. Harpur.

Front Row:

R. McLernon, C. Stuart, A. Jessop, R. Rowat, W. Kerson, D. Miller.



<i>Choir Director:</i>	D. A. G. Cruickshank, Esq.
<i>Organist:</i>	Mrs. B. Bell
<i>Choir Mother:</i>	Mrs. L. Brady
<i>Choir Librarian:</i>	S. Fox
<i>Assistant Librarian:</i>	C. Davis

THE CHOIR

From a total enrolment in September of 10 boys, the choir by Thanksgiving had grown to include over fifty members. By Christmas the waverers and in-betweens had been weeded out, and a team of fifty-four boys had begun to take shape. For the new choirmaster, the support of these boys has been greatly appreciated, for without their unfailing cooperation, none of the work accomplished could ever have been attempted. And a great deal has been accomplished.

We began by tackling the singing of the Psalms, and we naturally went through "growing pains", during which the outcome of our endeavours seemed doubtful. By the New Year, however, initial difficulties had been overcome, and the intricate process

of psalm singing was well on its way to becoming an established fact at B.C.S. At the time of writing, the choir was mastering the most difficult chants and the most awkward pointing in a matter of minutes.

Next came the process of building up some sort of repertoire of Anthems. At Thanksgiving we sang Wesley's "Blessed be the God and Father", and then had to plunge into preparation for the Carol Service, but Lent Term provided a let-up in pressure, and we were able to rehearse and perform a new anthem every week. These ranged from the relatively simple "Jesus Joy of Man's Desiring," through Haydn's "Credo" from the Nelson Mass, and Wood's "O Thou the Central Orb", to Stanford's

moving "Te Deum in C." Gradually the boys got the "feel" of reading new music, and by the end of the term could "rough out" in half an hour a piece of music, which in November would have taken three or four weeks to learn.

The "big" Services came and went — Thanksgiving, the Carol Service, the Montreal Trip to Christ Church Cathedral, and the Closing Service. On all of these occasions the boys rallied and sang well, sometimes in the face of unforeseen difficulties. Yet surely it is not on "special performances" that any group should be judged. Weeks of dogged and persevering preparation will usually result in a creditable job being done; it is in everyday performance, in the week by week standard set by any group, that excellence should be found, and here the choir has indeed achieved excellence. The services in chapel, especially in Lent and Trinity terms, were sung with verve, with precision and with feeling. Leadership was provided in both said and sung parts of the service — the boys knew what they were doing and did it well.

None of this could have been done without Mrs. Bell. For dependability, patience, tolerance and professional "know how", the organist stands second to none, and without her the School would have difficulty in maintaining a choir of any kind. With Mrs. Bell at the organ it has been possible to attempt and achieve unusual results far beyond our

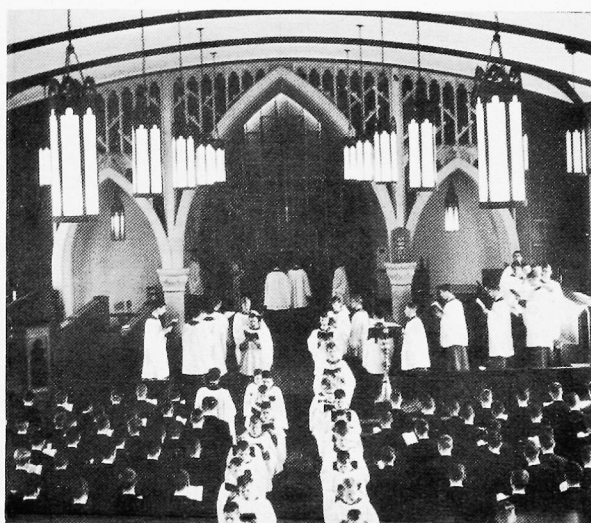
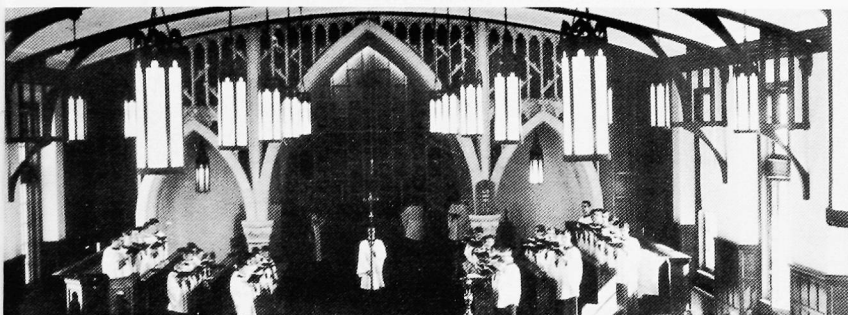
expectations. And then, of course, we have Mrs. Brady, the lady behind the scenes who does such a marvellous job of seeing that vestments and boys are kept immaculate, Sunday by Sunday. Nothing is left behind, all is in order with Mrs. Brady at work. Without her, we would have a very difficult time indeed, and trips would be absolute disaster.

Within the choir, the Librarians deserve a large vote of thanks. Packing and unpacking books and music, "sorting out" after a practice or service, and keeping our not inconsiderable music supply in good shape, is a time-consuming and thankless task. Fox and Davis performed this task admirably, with little, if any, direction from the Choirmaster. Music appeared at the right time and in the right place, there were no slip-ups or oversights. For a job well done, many thanks.

And to all the choir, many thanks. You played on the biggest team in the School, you trained every week all year and were "on the spot" every weekend. No other group in the School has to maintain this pace; that you did, and that voluntarily, is something you can be justifiably proud.

To those of you who are leaving the School, an invitation to return and sing with us whenever you can; to those returning, a reminder that the next choir practice will be Friday, September 9th. To you all — thank you for a good year.

D.A.G.C.





Back-room at Liberal Headquarters.

MOCK ELECTION

In 1963 a mock election was held in B.C.S. organized by the Fifth Form Club in accordance with the Federal Election occurring at the time. The undertaking was so successful that the club under Andrew Fleming (Pres.) and John Phillips (V. Pres.) decided to try it again.

The project was to be run in strict accordance with the Federal Election, and so Chief Electoral Officer Andrew Fleming put the school on the mailing list to receive all the necessary materials actually used in the preparation for Federal Voting.

Five candidates were nominated at conventions and were as follows:

Christopher Davis	Liberal
Philip Anido	Conservative
Stewart McConnell	N.D.P.
Brian Ander	Social Credit
Robert Charlton	Creditiste

The candidates and their campaign managers dug right in, and soon the school walls and corridors were covered in party slogans, and pictures.



At the polling station.



Election officials Walker and Porteous enumerate Fleming and Phillips.

During all this vigorous campaigning many Fifth Formers were hard at work behind the scenes. Enumerating all those eligible to vote were David Walker and Peter Porteous. The enumerators then composed a preliminary list of the voters made up of 255 boys and 41 masters, their wives, and staff.

On November 1st there was a major debate at which were discussed certain topics such as "Should free university education be offered to all." The policies of the parties were brought forth by the candidates as they debated about each of the four topics chosen.

The revising agents; Stensrud, Lowery, Breakey, Saykaly, and Rasmussen then got to work and were given a week to finish their assignment.

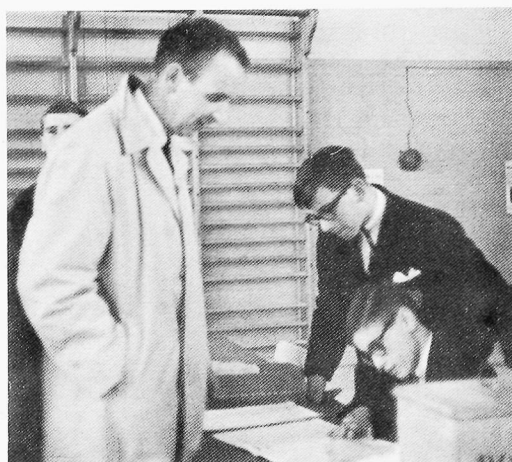
John Phillips was elected as Returning Officer, successor to P. Castonguay, son of Nelson Castonguay, Canada's Chief Electoral Officer.

Finally Voting Day, November 4th arrived and the boys, masters and wives all came to the polling station in the gym to vote. Everything was done as accurately as possible to a real polling station and Fifth Formers present were Derek Jessop, the Election Clerk; Grenville Jones, Peter Porteous, Robert Graham, and Philip Fowler, who were scrutineers; Peter Nares, Chief Constable and his fellow Policemen; and making sure all went well were Andrew Fleming and John Philips.

Deputy Returning Officer Baker deposits a ballot.



Policeman Berg oversees.



Mr. Campbell registers to vote.

The votes were tabulated and counted and the results were as follows:

Out of 200 votes;

Liberals 91 which equals 120 seats in the house.

P.C. 52 " " 68 " " " " .

N.D.P. 32 " " 42 " " " " .

Cred. 23 " " 32 " " " " .

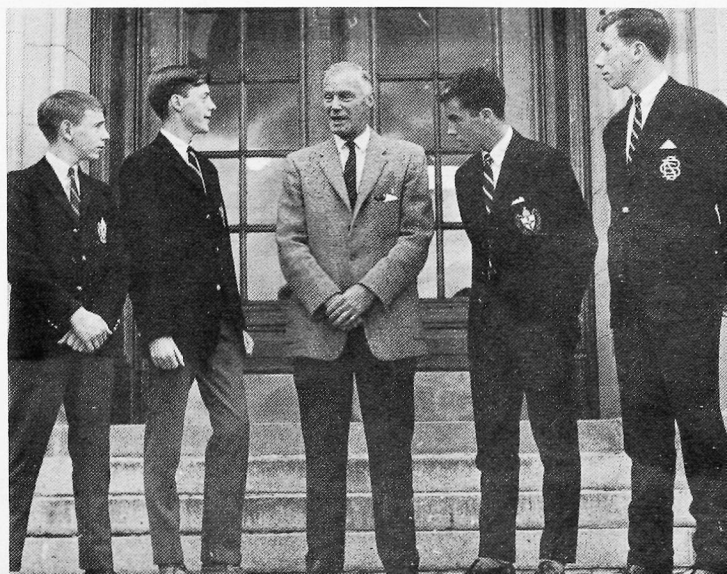
S.C. 2 " " 3 " " " " .

The masters were counted separately and their averages were somewhat the same as the student vote.

A special acknowledgement and thank you goes to Mr. Nelson Castonguay, Canada's Chief Electoral Officer, who took such a keen interest in the project, and to Mr. Alexis Troubetzkoy who did such a fine job in advising the Club in their undertaking.

D. Bridger (Form V-A)

The Hon. C.M. Drury meets the candidates.



THE CONCERT SERIES



CLAUDE HEFFLER reads an introduction before playing.



For the second year in succession, Jeunesse Musicale sent four different concert groups to the School. This year's offerings measured up well to those of last Year's 1964-1965 series, and provided once again fine listening pleasure, and a keen insight into the enlightened world of music. The performing artists provided both first class entertainment and a running commentary dealing with the history and techniques used in the various selections. In all, even those whose tastes were not in the classical line, found the evening a newly discovered pleasure in musical entertainment.

GASTON GERMAIN

The season began with the powerful yet soothing bassbaritone voice of Gaston Germain. This dedicated young man was well able to reach out and capture the hearts of everyone present when he first sang musical arias from the great opera masters like Vivaldi, Gunoud and Mozart, but when he set his great voice to more contemporary pieces like the negro spiritual, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot", and George Gershwin's "Old Man River", he was applauded by the very spirits of all his audience. The dynamic personality and sense of humour which he possessed on top of such a magnificent voice, left nothing more to be desired. The first concert was an all out success.

THE BRUSSELS STRING QUINTET

The Brussels String Quintet appeared towards the end of the first term presenting a definitely very approvable concert. The evening began with a selection of six French dances, from the sixteenth century, of which the author is unknown. The Musicians then performed two selections by more contemporary artists, (Papineau-Couture and Ibert). One would gather that the musicians to reach out to the younger generation of the audience with something that they were far more likely to understand and experience, in that most of the pieces were written in the Twentieth Century.

CLAUDE HEFFLER

Mr. Heffler's versatility on the piano was quickly realized by all present at the concert. His selections ranged through a series of composers whose fame for difficult musical compositions was well known to almost all. (Bach, Debussy, Bartock) Perhaps his crowning moment came though when he played Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata", a piece well known and appreciated by every one. It was with this work that he was able to truly grasp the complete approval of his listeners. His running commentary, and demonstration of chords and techniques in piano, completed once again another fine programme.

THE ORFORD STRING QUARTET

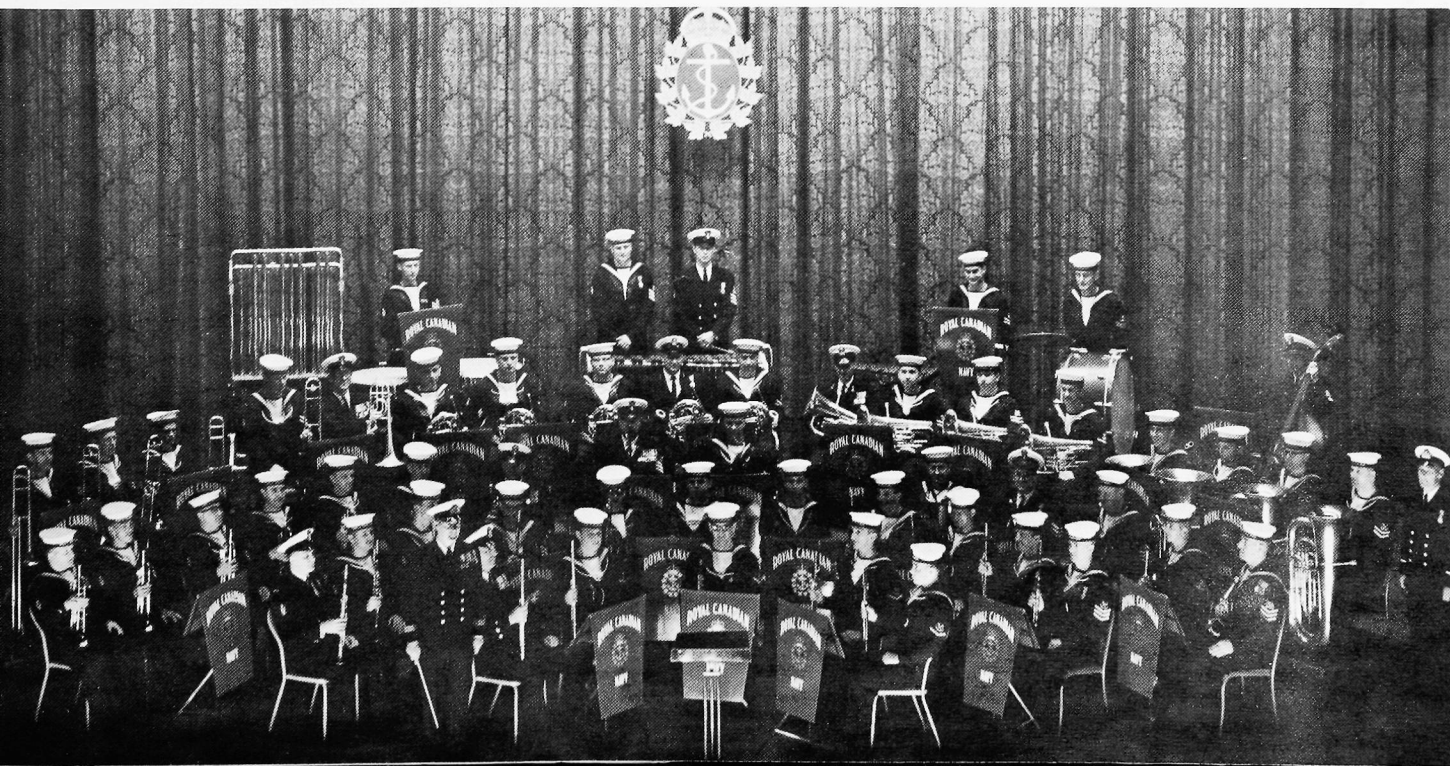
On a cold February evening, the Orford String Quartet presented a programme of classical music to a small group of boys in the B.C.S. library. Two of the pieces played were of the baroque period, by Haydn and Mendelssohn; the last by Ravel was more contemporary. The small audience was introduced to both the mechanics and capabilities of the various instruments, and their individual importance of the group. In all, the music played and the knowledge gained thereof, provided a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Jeunesse Musicale must once again be complimented on yet another fine season's performances in the B.C.S. gym. The musicians and their devout interests in presenting to youth the fresh and clear nature of the world of classical music for which they live, must above all be congratulated for both outstanding and beneficial displays of artistry in its truest form. Can there be any higher gift than the expression of human thoughts, that cannot be pronounced verbally, but rather through the power of creation, and that creation music, and that language which we call music received and understood by a captivated audience.

S. Fox (Form VI-M)



On November 22, the School was entertained by the Royal Canadian Navy Band of H.M.C.S. Stadacona in Halifax. A program of light classical music was presented which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.



INDUSTRIAL TOURS

This was the second year during which Bishop's organized industrial tours to some of the many manufacturing centres of the Sherbrooke area. These trips were due largely to the efforts of Mr. Troubetzkoy, who organized the buses and warned the staff of the companies concerned. About thirty or forty boys took advantage of each of these trips.

UNION SCREEN PLATE OF CANADA LIMITED TOUR

Shortly before this, the first of the tours, the Union Screen Plate Company joined a co-operative of four other firms. These companies represent the United States, Germany and Canada. To see the Lennoxville Branch of this co-operation we were divided into small groups and assigned guides.

THE DOMTAR TRIP

Domtar is one of the oldest pulp and paper mills in Canada. Countless forms of paper are manufactured at East Angus as is crude pulp sold to paper mills in the United States.



The tour of INGERSOLL-RAND (CANADA) LTD.

Up until this trip I was led to believe that all the craftsmanship and dexterity of manufacture had been removed by machines. I was proved incorrect. The "wood shop" held man up as the most important factor. In this shop men, with the standard wood-carving tools and with some reinforcement from basic power implements, form wood moulds, used to make sand forms from which the desired metal object is cast. I was amused to note that one of the ingredients used to make the sand forms was molasses. I assumed this was due to its adhesive qualities.

I was also interested in the fact that only six volts are required for the electroplating carried out at the Union Screen. This is only two thirds of the voltage employed to run a transistor radio! However, the amperage is very high in plating. This is rather technical for the average non-physics student such as myself, but nevertheless I learned these and many other facts on this tour. For this reason I hope that this trip is continued on an annual basis.

Perhaps the most impressive feature of this tour was the effect of unimaginable power and vastness the entire system produced on us. I felt that a plant like this would be a fantastic background for a James Bond movie, since there were certainly one hundred and one ways to be killed or, in James' case, kill. An example of one of the many dangers is the "chipper", a machine which chews up four feet by two feet logs in under a second, and leaves only minute chips as evidence.

We were given folders graphically representing the system used at Domtar to produce pulp and paper. This is far too complicated and lengthy to be explained at the moment. My only comment is that you should take this tour yourself.

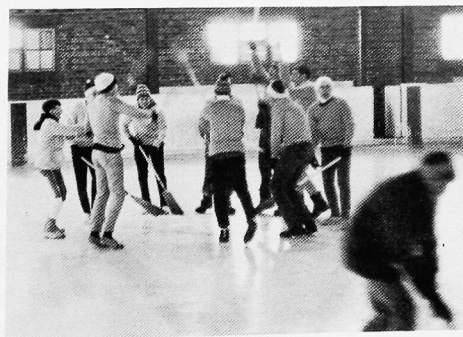
Continued on Page 100

B.C.S. WINTER CARNIVAL

The Christmas Holidays were hardly over, when the Fifth Form began the job of again sponsoring the Winter Carnival. Plans were made to enlarge the festivities, so as to include a dance with Compton. As soon as Miss Gillard consented to allow her top two forms to attend, plans went into full swing.

The Broomball and Volleyball games were scheduled to take place in the morning, so that the evening could be made more enjoyable for the visiting girls. A midway was skillfully planned and constructed in the gym by Tom Law and Steve Baker. Such games as Penny-Toss and Steeplechase were played and our thanks go to the Optimists Club for kindly letting us use some of their equipment. Although these games cater mainly to the younger generation, the adults seemed to walk away with all the glory. Mrs. Doheny had a big lucky strike at the Tennis Ball Toss, run by Mark Saykaly and Peter Porteous, and Col. Denison won a hit record as the door prize.

WINTER CARNIVAL games.



The enthusiasm put in the sporting events was equal to, if not greater than, the merriment in the gym. The volleyball championship was played off in the morning and Chapman House managed to edge Smith House, to take the cup. The broomball championship played in the evening, was played also by Smith and Chapman, but the Double crown was split, with Smith House winning.

In the skating races, Grier House edged Williams House in the House Relay, to take that event. However, Smith House monopolized the Senior events; Hughie Kent followed by Rick Howson in the Marathon and vice versa in the Speed race. Grier House pulled through, however, with John Eddy taking the Junior Speed. Williams House tried valiantly to catch up, with Palmer winning the Junior Marathon, however the effort was futile.

The big surprise of the evening was the announcement of the winner of the Snow Sculpture Contest. School House's "The Thinker" pulled through, much to the discomfort of a certain Samoi.

The overall winner was Smith House, with Grier House 5 points behind.

Between the midway and Dance, Veep Phillips and his crew, miraculously transformed the gym into a dance floor and the Fifth & Sixth finished off the day with a record hop.

Although there were some strained moments the carnival went off very well and the Fifth Form '65-'66 would like to wish the Fifth Form '66-'67 all the best if they undertake the carnival next year, as we hope they will.

A. Fleming (Form V-A)

THE MATRIC DANCE

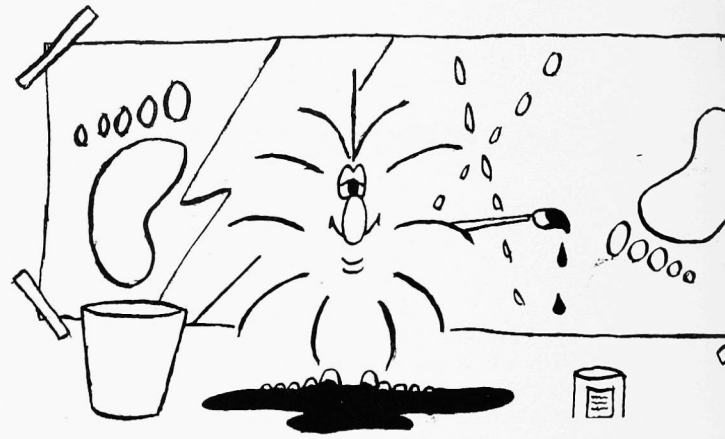
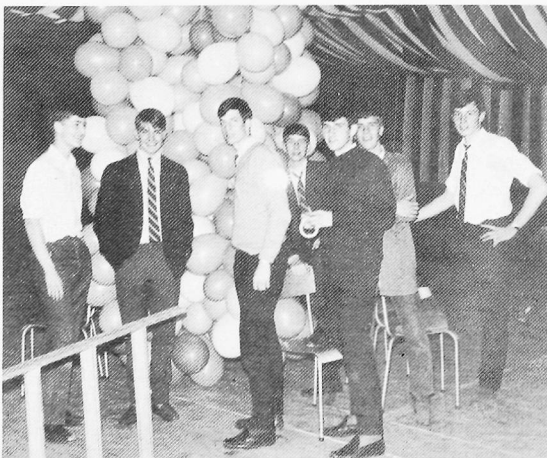
Successful petitioning by the two senior forms obtained for the Dance Committee their first task of preparing a Record Hop with the Matric Form at Compton. The Dance Committee of Porteous, Dyer, Frank, Veillon, Kent and Eddy arranged for a barbecue of hotdogs and com-on-the-cob after the First Team football game. Afterwards, a dance along informal lines, took place in the Prep School Dining Hall. Neill, perched on a table flipped the discs for three hours while Mr. Read and his partner gave a few lessons in contemporary dancing. Sandwiches and punch added to an exciting evening of newly-made acquaintances and anticipation of the dance to come.

THE TEA DANCE

Saturday evening, November 13th, the last of the red, white and blue streamers and finishing touches on the Paris Cafe theme were made and the majority of King's Hall and Bishop's met in pairs at the B.C.S. gym. Neill and Bovaird juggled records on a pair of turn tables on the front of the stage platform, maintaining a lively atmosphere in the gym. Refreshments were served in front of a mural which was drawn by Jones II and Collin with a rather different kind of refreshment in mind. I hope King's Hall enjoyed being our guests as much as we enjoyed being hosts.

The Dance Committee rested peacefully during the second term. The Fifth Form sponsored a Carnival Dance for the senior forms of both schools. Later in the term the girls from King's Hall were hostesses to Bishop's and Stanstead boys along with boys from various other schools. After the traditional pairing-off by height and Forms the girls lead us into the brilliantly decorated gymnasium bordered by drawing of a-go-go girls, no doubt modelled by Compton belles. The Formal was a complete success as it always is, and we hope – always will be.

No one with pins allowed on the dance floor!



THE DANCES

THE INVITATIONAL DANCE

The preparations for the final dance of the school year began late in the second term. Having profited from our past experience in organizing dances, the Dance Committee decided to achieve as much as possible before the week of the event. Suggestions for a band were tendered, counts were taken, a date was established (after many changes and new developments), and ideas for a theme were put forth. After the Easter holidays, more counts; train times, for girls coming from Montreal were checked; meetings and complications; brought us a week away from the dance with a great deal planned and discussed, but no action. Then the machine started rolling – Mr. Blue sacrificing his time to drive into Sherbrooke twice a day for decorations; Mrs. Brady rustling up table cloths and candles; Mr. Read sketching ideas for the theme, Mr. Doheny arranging for residence for imported girls and generally giving the last word on everything. The Dance Committee was actually doing something too along with many kind assistants. While Lawson drafted new boys, and Charlton translated orders for the carpenters, we began decorating – Frank putting up the "lighting" for the sitting-out room, Languedoc phoning the band, Dyer suddenly coming up with a new suggestion, Veillon figuring out ingenious ways to do all the decorating in half the time, Burbidge and the "boys" blowing balloons, Collin stealing paint and staplers for the murals from Mr. Evans' bottomless supply, Gibson and Bishop playing with the speakers and record players, Berwick and Ferguson doing the work nobody else had time to do and myself telling Porteous how to organize it all.

Despite the avalanche of balloons and streamers and the many mishaps before Friday, the 29th, the dance was a happy return for the work of all concerned. The band was versatile, the dancers active, the talkers talkative, the eaters satisfied and the problems few.

B. Eddy (Form VI-M)

Bishop's College School, as an institution, should promote ideas for future careers in the minds of the inmates. As B.C.S. is a private School, the students do not have much contact with everyday life. Vocational talks were introduced last year to remedy this lack of preparation in the hope that they might provoke people to think about their aspirations.

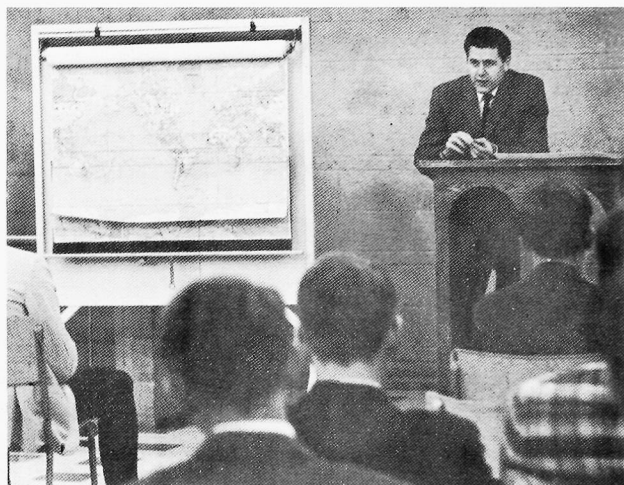
Four men spoke to us on four different subjects; the Armed Forces, Medicine, Retailing and Advertising, and Export. Some, most people agree, were not as scintillating as one might expect; perhaps this was because of no real appeal to the people concerned.

One of the first such talks was on the subject "Armed Forces". Captain Gervais spoke learnedly about the ROTC and ROTP. He described some of the aspects of military life, pay, housing, the future and the methods with which one could enter the Armed Forces. The three colleges, Royal Military College of Canada, Royal Roads, and College Militaire de Saint Jean, were looked at. To us the subject was not particularly inspiring, having tasted the life of a cadet here.

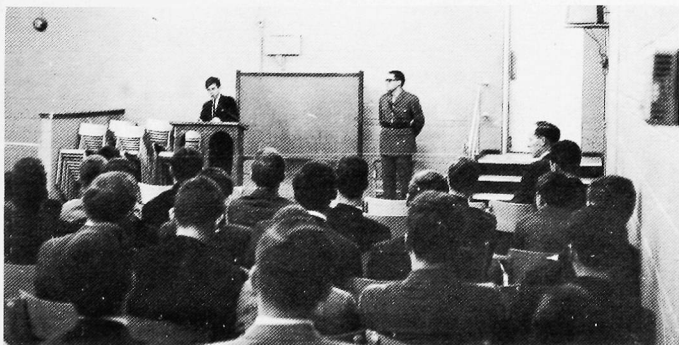
Dr. J. Ross told the assembled senior forms about, curiously enough, various aspects of a career in medicine. The neat and hygienic appearance of many boys must have inspired him for he operated on his listeners and certainly sent some away with grandiose schemes of becoming expert doctors.

A rather unusual talk was on retailing and advertising, given by Mr. L. Rosenbloom. This was unusual because not many people think of those topics as careers, but more as jobs. However, Mr. Rosenbloom helped many people, I'm sure, see that careers are everywhere. They just need to be found.

VOCATIONAL SPEAKERS



OLD BOY P. DUFFIELD speaks on "Export as a Vocation."



CAPT. GERVAIS thanked by Walker.

Mr. P. Duffield, an old boy, produced the greatest effect on his listeners. He spoke for at least an hour more than he was asked to. Several pointed questions were directed to him, and the answers were all satisfactory. His dissertation included some interesting adventures that had befallen him while he was doing his job. He also demonstrated the facility of changing from a specialized field to another. This helped us a great deal, since we all wonder whether we make the right choice or not. Although we do not remember all he told us, with the help of charts and graphs, we understood his various points at the time.

Those of us who were at all interested in our futures thank these men and Mr. Troubetzkoy, who helped make the talks possible.

C. Davis (Form VI-M)

PRIZE GIVING

The Old Boys of B.C.S. are noted for their longevity and some of sixty years' standing turned up at the Prizegiving on October 11th.

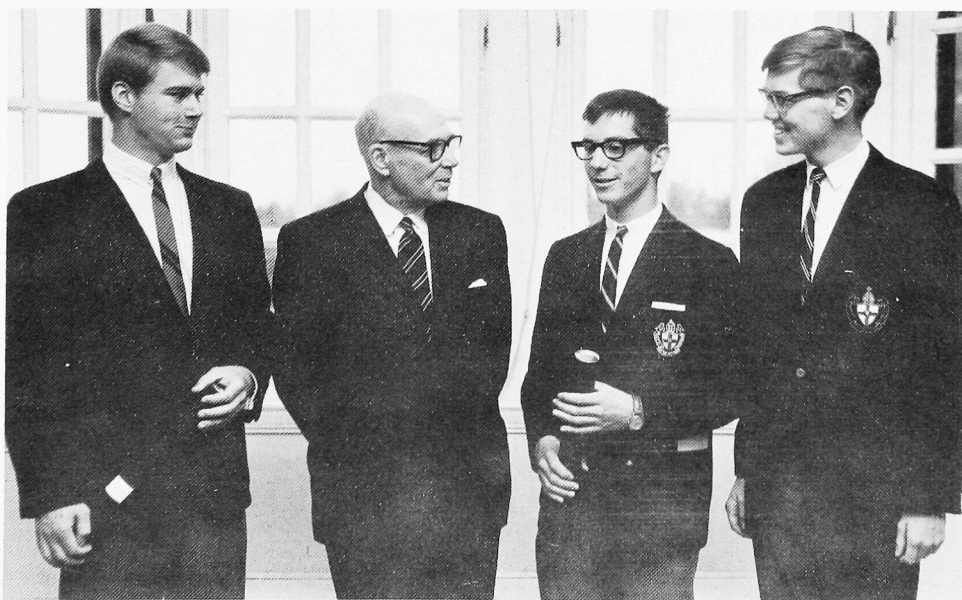
Mr. Large began his second report with some interesting statistics. It appears that in our cosmopolitan student body are represented eight Canadian Provinces, eight States of the U.S.A., and thirteen other countries.

To the past members of the faculty, Messrs. Pratt, Silver, and Young, the Headmaster wished good luck in their future studies. To the three new masters, Mr. Tim Callan, Mr. David Cruikshank and Mr. Donald Read, he extended a warm welcome.

Having drawn attention to the School's continued excellence in academic, athletic, and cadet activities, with special emphasis on the moving ceremony of the raising of the new flag, Mr. Large concluded his report, and turned the floor over to Dr. Preston.

Anthony W. Preston, M.A., D.C.L., the Vice-Principal of Bishop's University, was the speaker and guest of honour. In his fascinating speech, he reminisced about the earlier days of the School, and its semi-legendary characters. With a tribute to the distaff side, he remembered the long-suffering ladies of the infirmary, the linen-room, and the office. He made special mention of four past Headmasters — S. Percy Smith, whose unflagging, half-century long love affair with the School only ended last year with his death; Crawford Grier, who nursed the School through the Dirty Thirties; Ogden Glass, the schoolboy who returned as Headmaster of his old School; and Fred Pattison, Headmaster from 1961 to 1964, who served for forty years.

Finishing with an ever-popular request, Dr. Preston asked the Headmaster to grant the students a half-holiday, a request to which Mr. Large readily acceded. The prizes were then presented.



PROF. A. W. PRESTON meets with prize-winners Patrick, Steele and Miller.

Nicholas Miller won the Governor General's Medal for the highest Sixth Form average, while Michael Patrick took the Old Boys' Prize for the best Senior Matriculation marks in the Seventh Form.

B.C.S. tankards were awarded to James Brunton and Michael Patrick, who obtained First Class Honours in their Junior and Senior Certificates. Douglas Fox, George Galt and Peter Janson also won tankards for their outstanding services to the School during their careers as students.

N. Miller (Form VII)

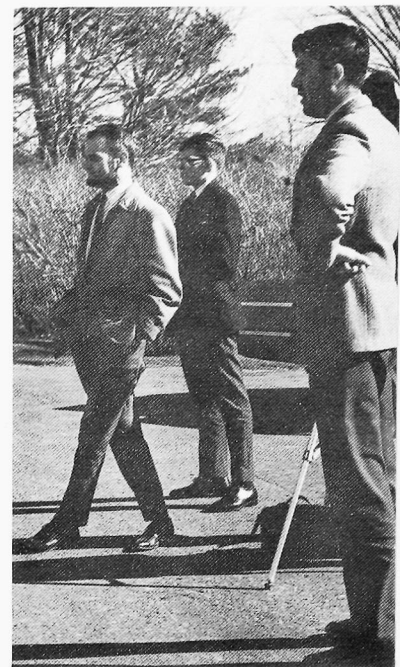
B.C.S., THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

The motto of the 4th Form *Tribune* reads: "Tardius Melior Quam Numquam" or loosely translated, "Better late than never". We might well have used this same inscription on the cover of the 1965 edition of *B.C.S.* Last year's Magazine did not come out in August as scheduled, nor did it come out in September, November or even February. Only on March 23, 1966 did the long-awaited distribution take place. Although it is not our intention to do a post-mortem on the delays of '65, we take this opportunity to apologize profusely to our readers for our tardiness.

This year's edition, we are confident, will appear on time as scheduled, and we feel it will prove to be one of the more successful ones of recent years.

The Literary Section is perhaps the largest of any past edition, thanks to the vast numbers of really quite good submissions. We regret only that we do not have the space to print all the submitted works. The coverage of the year's activities likewise has been thorough, and the photographic submissions plentiful. Once again we are indebted to Mr. Grimsdell for his many excellent photos, and to George Bibby, Robert Neill and others also go our thanks for photographic help.

We wish to recognize especially the efforts of the Advertising Manager and his assistants who did an exceptional job in soliciting and organizing the Advertising Section of this edition. With the late arrival of the 1965 edition it was especially, difficult to build up this part of the book. Lastly, our thanks to Mr. Cowans, for his patience in reading pages and pages of galley proofs.

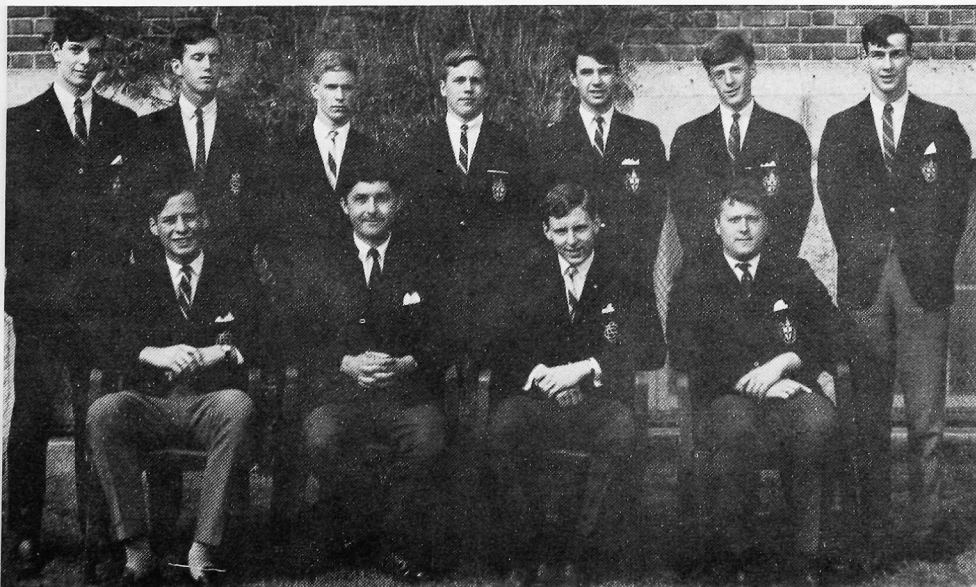


Setting-up the group photos.

THE EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief	K. Cobbett
Advertising Manager	M. Skutezky
Assistants	S. Baker
	C. Collin
	J. Phillips
Literary Editor	J. Duff
Assistant	T. Law
Photographic Editor	C. Davis
Senior Forms Editor	B. Eddy
Sports Editors	J. Burbidge
	T. Jones

Staff Advisor A.S. Troubetzkoy, Esq.



Back Row:

B. Eddy, T. Jones, J. Burbidge, S. Baker, J. Phillips, C. Davis, T. Law.

Front Row:

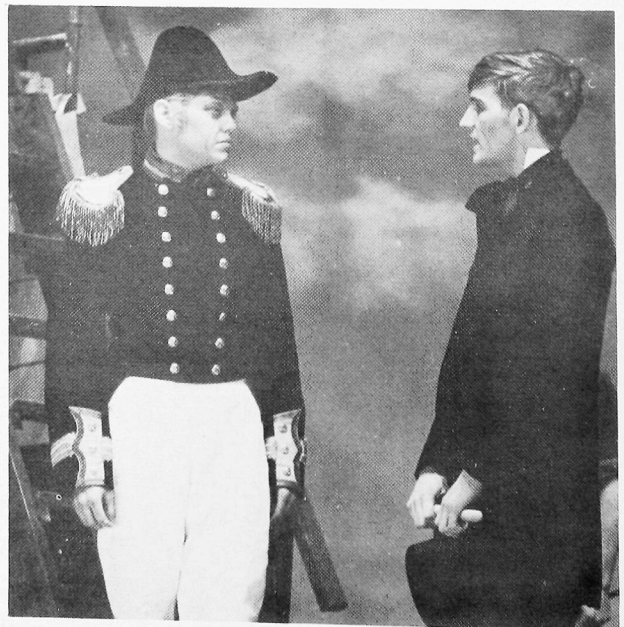
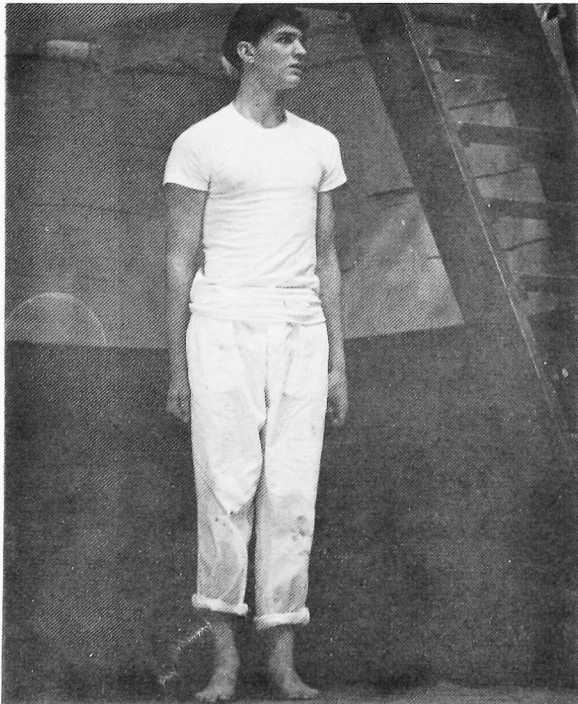
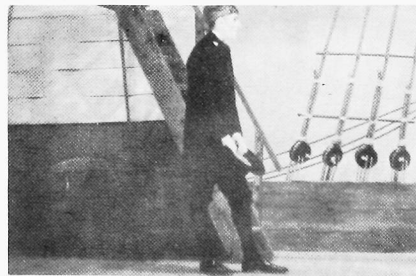
M. Skutezky, A.S. Troubetzkoy, Esq., K. Cobbett, J. Duff. (Missing C. Collin).

PLAYER'S CLUB

BILLY BUDD

Probably the best way to begin this review is to admit at the outset to a fairly crippling prejudice: I feel quite sincerely that *Billy Budd*, as it was produced here this year, is the best 'school play' I have seen. In view of this bias, it is only reasonable that I offer some reservations to balance this view, but first of all, let me justify this statement of approval.

To begin with, the play is convenient, in that there are no female parts to be faked or imported. Then, it is a young man's play, because there is a quality of youth in seamen, that they retain even into old age: to have an old sailor played by a young man is less difficult to manage than to have a young man playing an old banker, for example. And it is a play that deals in universals that have occupied men's concern for themselves and each other since the dawn of morality. Good and evil, law and justice, are seen in the play to be as confused and interpenetrated as they are in the lives of us all, and our actors here are developing a theme with an immediacy and familiarity to themselves and their audience that gives the play an initial advantage on both sides of the footlights. The script imposes an obligation on the actors, and at the same time shows clearly that the obligation is worth accepting. In short, it is a good play, and a good play to undertake in the special environment of a school like ours.



The production this year had an excellently related proportioning of the parts to the whole. There is no single feature that succeeded or failed notably, so that I found no point at which my attention was caught by the set, the costumes or the effects, at the expense of my attention to the play itself. This, as far as I am concerned, is a very important matter, since after many seasons exposure to *The Monkey's Paw* and the like, it is very easy for me to begin wondering who measured the actors for their costumes, why they are all made up to look so sick, or if that is really a Wedgewood platter on the mantel. The physical setting, then, of the play, was exactly that: a case or frame to display the acting-out of an insoluble problem.

The problem is of course insoluble, and the impact of the play depends on this being conveyed. The tragedy lies in the uncertainty of any man's knowledge of himself, and the impossibility of any man being able to understand either the motives or the consequences of his acts. The focus of this tragedy seems to me to lie in the character of Claggart; or perhaps one should say characters, since the lines given to the mate are deliberately arranged to show a tyrant, a poet, a spoiled moralist, a man corrupt and corrupting, full of vanity and self-hatred. There is no hope for him on earth, in heaven, or in hell, and his tragedy is that he knows that. This role is by no means simple, and Allan

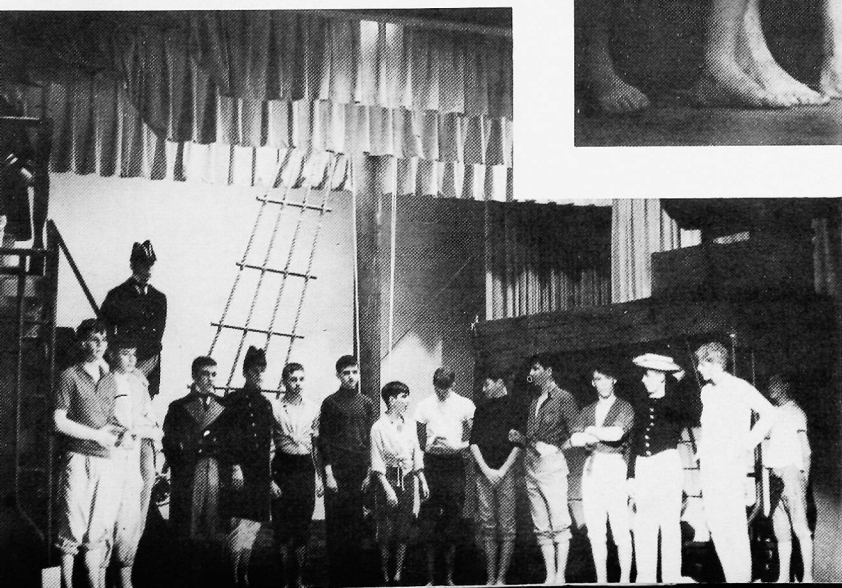
Smith interpreted it so that he left me with the uncomfortable sensation that he, like Billy, was a victim not unworthy of sympathy.

All the parts, of course, have the same multiple quality, and we were reminded that purity is not of necessity an armament against disaster, and that innocence can make a man a focus of disaster. David Barry played Billy so that this dangerous potential was shown simply and clearly. Similarly, Nicholas Miller, as the Captain dispensing justice, showed himself unhappily conscious that only injustice could be done.

The officers and crewmen in their interpretations were able to put together a representation of the sad little world of isolation the ship becomes; they are not flat, two-dimensional figures symbolic of good or evil, but believable, mixed in their motives, and confused in their acts, as we all are.

My main reservation I have held until the end, since I have not been able to find the reason for it. While I am reasonably certain that most of the salty language in the play would not be unfamiliar, at least by hearsay, to most of the players, there seemed to be an awkwardness in delivering it in the authentic off-hand way that was required. Either the actors should have had more practice at swearing, or a lot of the 'rough talk' should have been smoothed down a bit.

F.K.H.G.



(Above) "The magots in the Navy's biscuits would eat the bird!"

(Left) "The crew of H. M. S. Indomitable."

THEATRE WORKSHOP

On Saturday, April 30th, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, was host to five other schools for an experimental 'Theatre Workshop'. This meant the non-competitive performance of a one-act play, or part of a longer play, by each School, and Mr. Howard Ryshpan, a B.C.S. Old Boy and most active professional actor, came to give constructive comment on the plays. Howard Ryshpan brought a wealth of professional acting and directing experience to the task. He has played in theatre, movies, TV, and radio, he is a frequent lead at Montreal's Instant Theatre, and is at present directing two plays for the new Barrel Theatre in Montreal.

Mr. John Cowans of the B.C.S. Staff acted as general stage manager, and a small stage crew of B.C.S. boys was ready to give the stage managers of the various troupes what they needed for their sets.

At 3 p.m. Mr. Lewis Evans welcomed Mr. Ryshpan and the various participants, and the first play, an excerpt from T. S. Eliot's 'Murder in the Cathedral', performed by B.C.S., got under way. This was followed by two scenes from Shakespeare's 'The Tempest', acted by students of Knowlton High

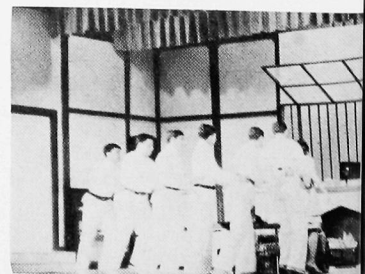
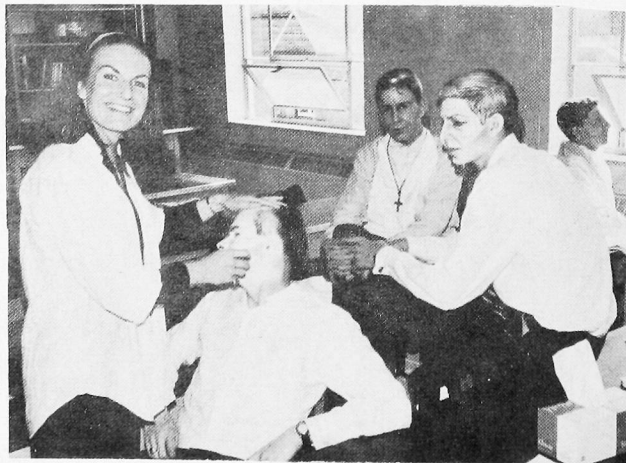
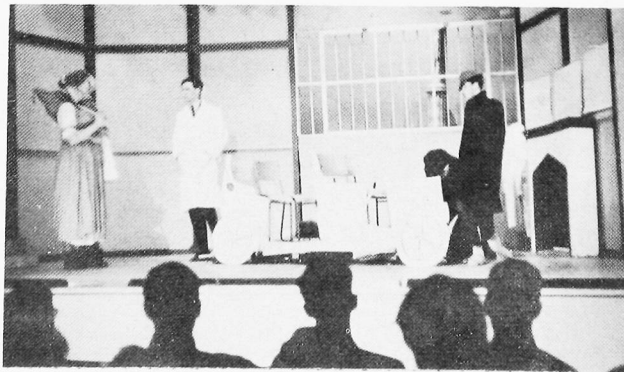
School, and then came two acts of the comedy 'Not in the Book' by Arthur Watkyn, played by Stanstead College.

Mr. Ryshpan then commented on the work done in the first three plays, stressing the need for more observance of the fundamentals of acting in both action and speech.

A buffet supper followed for all concerned, and at 7.30 the plays resumed. The first was J.M. Synge's 'Riders to the Sea' performed by girls of King's Hall, Compton; the second was 'A Fabulous Tale' by R.F. Stockton, the vehicle for Lower Canada College's troupe, and the third was Anton Chekov's 'Marriage Proposal' acted by students of St. George's School of Montreal.

Mr. Ryshpan then commented on the last three plays, pointing out many characteristics that had appeared to him as good or bad, and adding much general instruction on the principles of acting. He and the host school were then thanked by Mr. Brian Powell, Assistant Headmaster of Lower Canada College.

It is planned to make this 'Workshop' a yearly event, to take place in different schools in turn.
L.E.



MATHEMATICS CLUB

In its first year of operation, the Mathematics Club asked its members, twenty-five in all, to turn their attention to the contemporary phenomenon of computers. The history and basic concepts of calculating machines were studied first in order to provide a basis for the practical part of the investigation — a study of the art of programing. (Note: 'programing' is not here mis-spelled; The American Federation of Information Processing Societies has decreed that this be the standard spelling. We acquiesce.) With the aid of manuals purchased from IBM, the club members learned the elements of FORTRAN, the most-used computer language, wrote some programs, and became acquainted with the rudiments of machine operation.

The highlight of this phase of the Club's operations came when members visited the IBM 1620 installation at Bishop's University. Through the kind cooperation of Dr. W. McCubbin, Dean of Science, and Mr. F.R. Pattison, formerly Headmaster of B.C.S., now teaching some mathematics at the University, it was possible for the members to see the computer in operation and even have some of their own programs run off.



"The machine can't possibly be wrong
it must be us . . .



"... you see! it is us!"

Back Row:

P. Goldberg, R. Appleton, C. Blackader, T. Janson,
I. Miners, B. Ander, P. Fialkowski, M. Gotto, R. Jamieson.

Second Row:

G. Burbidge, J. Haines, D. Harpur, E. Brooks, D. Barry,
G. Jorré, A. Fleming, W. Barry, P. Ksiezopolski, J.
Thorpe.

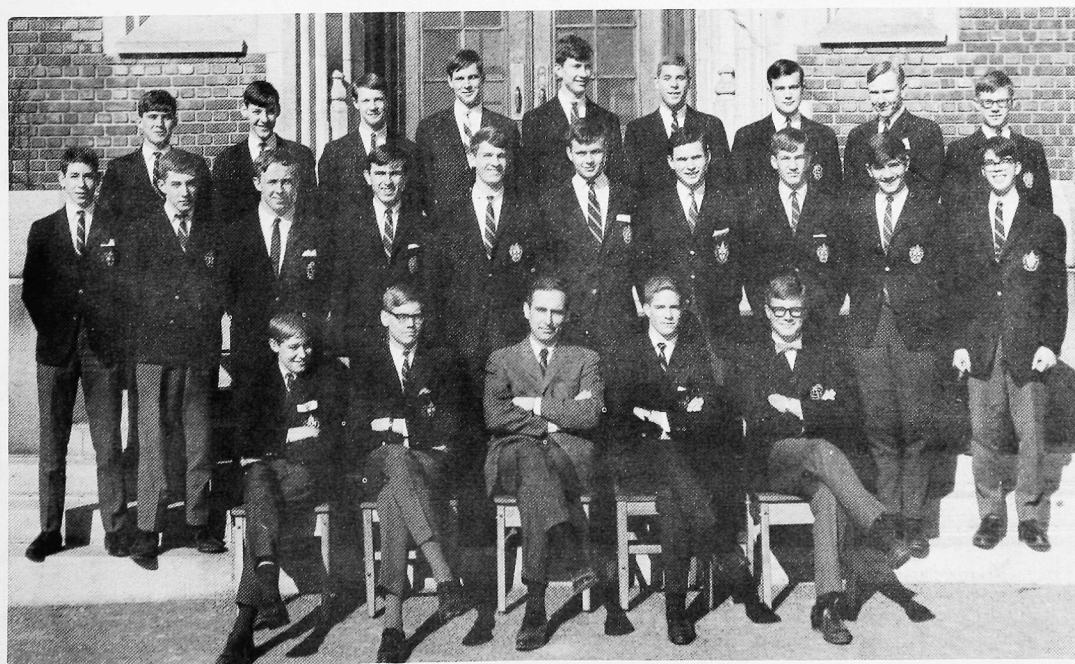
Front Row:

G. Stairs, N. Miller, G. B. Allan, Esq., J. Burbidge,
C. Drury.

The members of this year's club have donated eleven IBM 1620 FORTRAN Manuals for the use of future Club members, and it is planned that an introduction to computers will be a standard part of the induction of new members.

The Mathematics Team again participated in the International High School Contest sponsored by the Mathematical Association of America, the Society of Actuaries, and *Mu Alpha Theta*, the North American Association of High School Mathematics Clubs. This year, the purely Quebec contest sponsored by the Canadian Mathematical Congress was held at the same time as the International Contest,

Continued on Page 105



AGORA

Agora had a reasonably good, if slightly unusual, year in 1965-66. The first debate, on the question of fighting for God, Queen, and country, actually took place before Agora had any officers. A short time later, last years returning members met to nominate and elect the officers of the year; Gaston Jorré was elected President, Chris Davis Vice-President, and Bruce Pelletier Secretary.

Those who came to the discussion on South East Asia during the first term, will probably all agree that it was the most interesting Sunday night meeting held. We were briefed on some of the major aspects of the area by Grenville Jones, Michael Skutesky, and also Ian Webster who gave us a very enlightening talk on Cambodia, where his home has been for over a year; this was followed by a protracted discussion centered largely on Cambodia. Among the efforts directed at lower forms were debates on the expansion of the National Hockey League, and the merits of Modern Culture versus Classical Culture.

Perhaps the most dynamic undertaking of the year at School, was the Inter-House Debating Tournament; each senior house sent four representatives (two affirmative, and two negative) to debate on the topic "Armed aggression is an effective instrument

of state policy." Each affirmative and negative team debated against the opposite teams of the three other houses. With four debates going on at once, it took only three rounds of about one hour each to find the finalists; both Grier House teams emerged after three straight victories to battle each other for the championship in which the negative team of Chris Davis and Gaston Jorré, won over the affirmative team of Robert Charlton and James Duff. The tournament was effective in its objective of initiating sixteen people to the rigors of a debating tournament. Its second objective was to prepare our team for the McGill Tournament, whose topic we used. It remains only to thank again Messrs. Large, Patriquin, Greer, and Callan for their donation of a Sunday afternoon to judge the debates, and give valuable critiques.

The next weekend was that of the McGill University High School tournament, where Agora was represented for the second time. The teams of Gaston Jorré and Bruce McNaughton (negative), and of Chris Davis and James Duff did well; both of our teams debated against four other schools, (out of 50) winning 5 out of 8 debates which represents a substantial improvement over the previous year. All four members will long remember having finished debating on the first day, at about midnight. The



Back Row

R. Charlton, S. Baker, B. McNaughton, A. Fleming, W. Stensrud, R. Graham.

Front Row:

B. Pelletier, G. Jorré (President), H. F. Greer, Esq., C. Davis, J. Duff.

next day had two more rounds, the speaking contest, the final, and the distribution of prizes. Each participant in the impromptu speaking contest had 5 minutes to prepare a 5 minute speech on an assigned topic; Jorré represented the School speaking on mass media. The tournament introduced us to the technique of cross examination of all speakers except the rebuttalists, which we now hope to introduce into School debates. Out of the 200 debaters present, Gaston Jorré was named as one of the three runner-ups for best speaker in the debating. Agora was also represented at the smaller and shorter Bishop's University tournament; speaking affirmative to "Resolved that capital punishment be maintained", were James Duff and Steve Baker. Chris Davis and Gaston Jorré opposed the resolution during the three rounds. Both of these tournaments help the quality of our debating by often putting our teams against top-notch opponents.

Robert Graham (succeeding his brother by two years), went to the Plymouth New Hampshire model, United Nations under the sponsorship of the Rotary Club. Graham went down to the assembly held at a state teachers college, to act as the Canadian representative on the model committee on Apartheid. Gaston Jorré represented the Agora at the Sherbrooke Rotary Club public speaking contest, by speaking on "the need for new leadership in Canada."

Trinity College School invited us to take part in their debating tournament for the first time, and James Duff led Andrew Fleming and Bill Stensrud to Port Hope. T.C.S. has a very different style of debate which was rapidly adopted by our team which had to debate once as Her Majesty's Government and once as Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition on resolved, "Canada should send troops to Viet Nam." All members of the team returned with a very favorable impression of T.C.S. It is to be hoped that Agora may someday be in a position to invite some of their debaters here. The highpoint for Agora however was James Duff's winning of the speaking contest by a speech on "Morality."

Chris Davis acted both as organizer and speaker of the Model Parliament held in place of last year's model U.N. Held in the third term, the model parliament had a minority liberal government with Burbidge as Prime Minister, Charlton as conservative leader, and McConnel as leader of the New Democratic Party. The topic of capital punishment was chosen and treated along non-partisan lines, thus giving the 40 members an opportunity to state their views. Of five very different resolutions presented the members, in a characteristic political move, compromised on Messrs. Fleming and Walker's bill calling for abolition, except for the murder of a policeman or prison guard, a move slightly farther than that of the real Parliament.

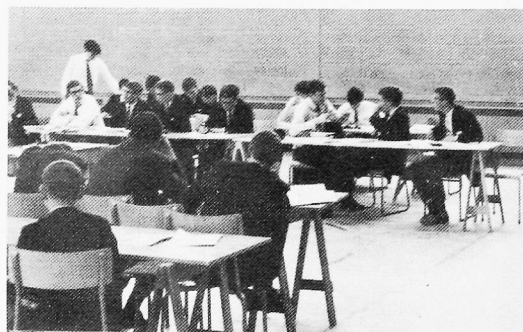
Agora awarded a tie to Mr. Greer in recognition of the help he has provided this year and in previous years. Honorable mentions go to: S. Baker, R. Charlton, R. Graham, B. Stensrud, I. Webster.

First Class membership is awarded to: C. Davis, J. Duff, A. Fleming, B. McNaughton.

G. Jorré (Form VI-M)



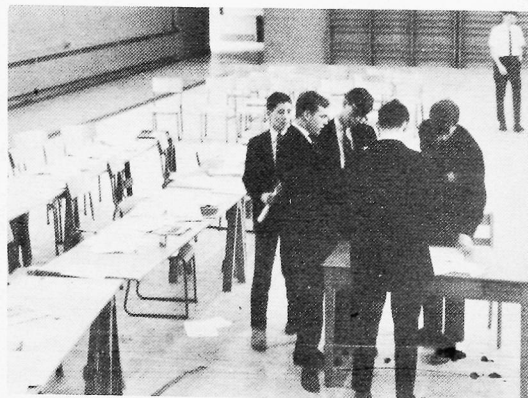
The first MOCK PARLIAMENT ...



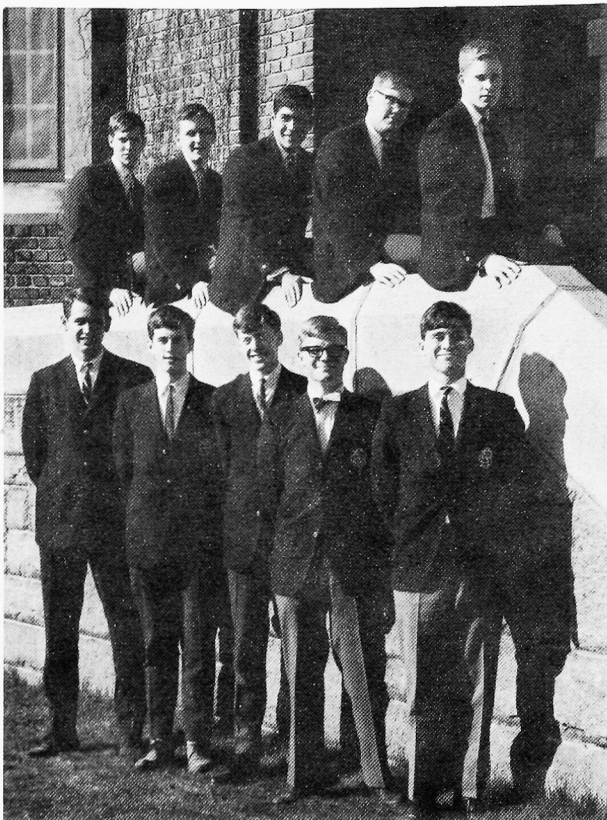
... ever assembled at B.C.S. ...



... was held in the Gym...



... in early Winter Term.



GLEE CLUB

May 4, 1965.

Dear Doug,

We formed the Glee Club for the third successive year in the opening weeks of the first term. Fairly regular practices were held in St. Martin's Chapel, the S.R.A. room and on the stage. The Club consisted of eleven competent members including seven "new-boys"; Keith MacLellan, Nick Miller, John Burbidge, Peter Rider, Gib Drury, Peter Goldberg and Chris Davis. The returning members; Tim Jones, Robin and Danny Montano, and myself, urged the Club on with the valuable experience gained last year.

We were once again fortunate in having two experienced guitarists in the Montano brothers. They helped the Club in its successful performance as they had in previous years.

Unfortunately we were unable to perform in the first term but under the excellent direction of Mr. Cruickshank, the Choirmaster, we were able to prepare a program of musical entertainment for the Formal at King's Hall.

All our hopes of success go on to next year's club.

Yours sincerely,
Tom Janson,
President 1965-66

Back Row:

T. Janson, K. MacLellan, D. Montano, N. Miller, J. Burbidge.

Front Row:

R. Montano, T. Jones, C. Davis, G. Drury,
P. Goldberg.

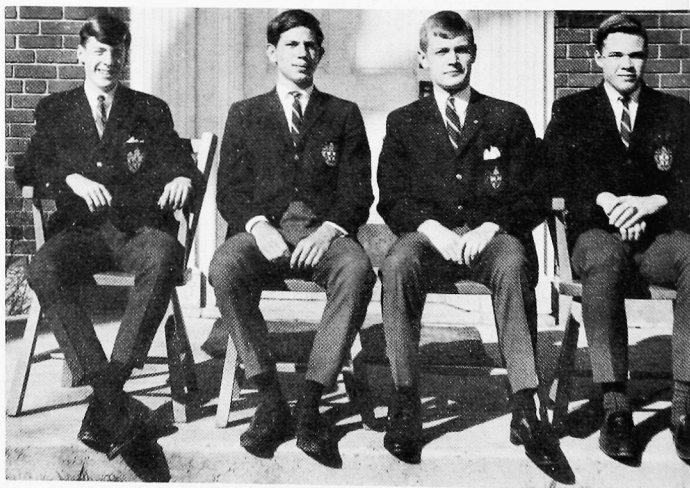
LIBRARIANS

The library this year underwent some notably progressive changes. A special library committee composed of masters, each representing a particular department, was set up under the supervision of Mr. R. Owen. After several meetings, the library was converted to a more studious atmosphere.

Mrs. Guest acted as head librarian for a large part of the first term. She put in much time to change the old system of book categories to the efficient Dewey decimal system. Mrs. Guest was succeeded by the industrious Mrs. Patriquin, who exerted a great effort to keep the efficiency of the library at a maximum for the remainder of the school year.

Many new books were purchased, especially in the mathematics department. The selection of magazines was greatly increased by Mrs. Patriquin to include almost all magazines to the interests of the School.

The major changes were the construction of carrels on the tables to improve studying conditions; new magazine racks; the removal of the chesterfields from the main room and the conversion of the end room into a magazine room, suitable for relaxation while reading the daily papers provided. papers provided.

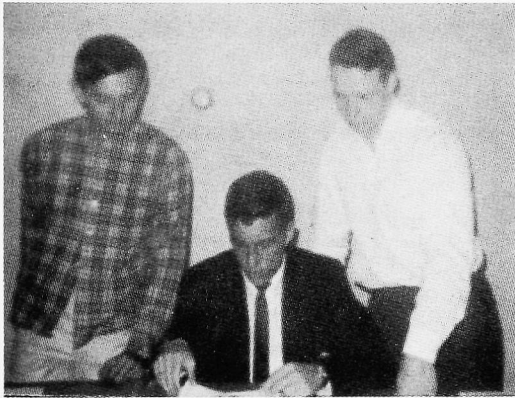


C. Davis, J. LeNormand, S. Fox, A. MacLeod.

The Stamp Club this year was very successful, and we had a good deal of interest put into it. Stuart McConnell was President this year, and John Nicholl was Secretary-President. Both these people put a lot of work into the Club, but we must not forget Mr. Robert Bedard, our Honorary President. He spent a deal of time and patience on the Club, and organized it extremely well. We had an exhibition in the second term, which was very well presented, and visited by many fellow students.

The Club met every Sunday night after supper in Grier House, and had an auction every month. People were able to start new collections of countries, and many others were aided in expanding their collections at these meetings. All in all the Club was a great success, and I hope that next year it will carry on.

J. Nicholl (Form VI-C)



THE STAMP CLUB



(Above) Stamp Club Contest display.

(Left) Club President McConnell meets with Vice-Pres. Nicholl and Staff Adviser, Mr. Bedard.

THE TRIBUNE

The second term was well under way when the idea of a school newspaper was promoted. Mr. Troubetzkoy started the idea and many Fourth formers were interested and willing to start the newspaper. After many meetings a plan was formulated and a name for the newspaper was suggested and accepted. The newspaper was to be called the "Tribune."

Dyer II, Dunlop, Carmichael, Duclos, Eddy III, Tisshaw, and Palmer put out a first issue of two pages by themselves just to see if the School accepted it. It was liked and a bigger second issue was put out with the whole of the Fourth Form helping.

Three issues were published in the second term, and more would have been made had not exam time come up, and the Tribune stopped two weeks before these dreaded things so that the Tribune reporters and editors could do some studying.

In the third term the Tribune was published after a few weeks and although enthusiasm for the newspaper had died down, it still had enough supporters to have good articles written for it and new ideas formed.

The Tribune could not have come out this year had it not been for the help of Mr. Large, the organization and advice of Mr. Troubetzkoy and the kind assistance of Mrs. Morrison, who did all the typing for the newspaper. Every boy who helped with the Tribune is very grateful to them.

It was debated whether this year's Fourth Form should bring the newspaper on to the Fifth Form, but it was thought best to leave the Tribune as a Fourth Form project and let next year's Fourth Form handle the newspaper.

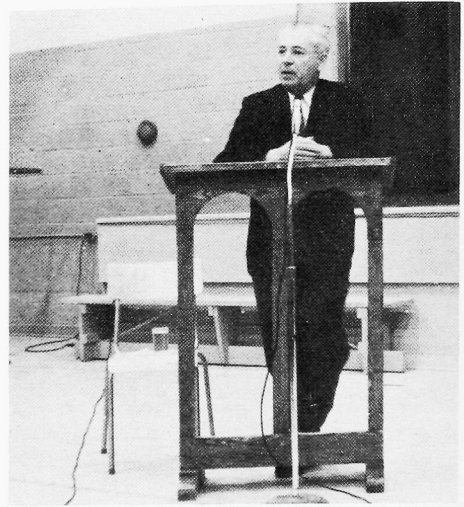
K. Tissaw (Form IV-A)

LAND OF EARLY AUTUMN

On November 28th of this year, the School hosted Mr. Cleveland Grant, a noted wildlife photographer from Wisconsin. Mr. Grant is an expert in his field. He has compiled films for Walt Disney and has travelled to the ends of the earth making film strips for his varying other lectures. The presentation seen by the School was entitled "Land of Early Autumn." Its theme was the animals and the birds found from the Wisconsin swamps to the heights of Alaska.

Admittedly, few boys walked into the gym expecting an entertaining ninety minutes. Half way through nearly everybody was surprised to find that he was enjoying himself. When the film came to a close everybody was disappointed. Mr. Grant ought to be highly commended for his success in raising the enthusiasm of the boys in a lecture of this type.

Candid shots of screaming ducks, female seducing grouse, snorting buffalo, and sure footed mountain goats drew wide smiles from the very attentive audience. The speaker was quite a humorist himself, and had a talent for making mother nature interesting. Even those who had a bitter anathema for science could find no feasible criticism with which to complain.



The camera fiends were shown how the professionals do it. Mr. Grant demonstrated how he stalked, with tedious care, Mountain goat and elk in the Canadian Rockies and what long hours he spent a frustration awaiting a peculiar scarlet tanager. He communicated to all his enthusiasm for nature and his appreciation for beautiful scenery.

Speakers with the talent of Mr. Grant will always be appreciated here at School. It is a shame that they are so few and far between.

J.H. Phillips (Form V-A)



ST. BENOIT DU LAC

At 9:30 a.m. on Sunday, May 15th, Mr. Large, Mr. Troubetzkoy, K. MacLellan, A. Harpur, J. Walker, G. Clarke, R. Viets and J. Mundy set out for St. Benoit du lac.

When we arrived we were immediately impressed by the setting of the Monastery. Mount Owl's Head and Lake Memphramagog in the background and the typical rolling landscape of Appalachian Canada in the foreground, were amplified by the beauty of the day itself.

We entered the temporary church (the real one is still under construction) and watched the monks performing High Mass. The monks were dressed in black, and the priests in white. Each time the monks prayed, they stood bent perpendicular at the waist. The service was partly in Latin and partly in French. For the most part, I couldn't understand anything.

After this we ushered into the dining building. First we were introduced to the Abbot and then as we entered the dining hall, the Abbot washed our hands for us. We took our seats at the only table with a table cloth and china plates. All the monks were seated at bare tables with only plastic bowls, and glasses along with other eating utensils, again showing their humbleness to us.

There was only one monk that talked while everyone else ate in silence. He told in French the history of the church. The meal was very well cooked, and it was served beautifully.

After lunch we made our way up to the main doors of the monastery guest house, where our tour of the buildings began. Most of the buildings are already finished, but there are some parts that are still being worked on. The exterior is made of roughly cut blocks of marble and granite. The ce-

ment between the blocks is painted different colours over doors and windows, which breaks the monotony of the grey marble.

On the inside, the brickwork of the walls and floors are patterns of mosaic which brighten up the otherwise gloomy interior. There are several cloisters in the buildings that are brightly lit and are used for liturgy processions and places for meditation. The temporary chapel will be used as a dining hall when the new one is finished. There is also a temporary church while the permanent church is being built. Both of these churches have low roofs and look very much different from the ones you see normally.

In the basement there is a very large printing shop where the monks make Christmas cards and church pamphlets. At one end of the building is a large round room, where the monks take their vows and become members of the Order. Just outside this room is the spiral staircase. It rises up 8 or 9 floors and at each floor a long corridor stretches out, joining the rooms and studies of the monks. From the top of this staircase looking down, it is green and from the bottom it is blue. This is because certain parts seen from the top and not the bottom, are green instead of blue. It presents a very interesting optical illusion when looked at.

In their small store they sell cards, ceramics, carvings and cheeses, all of which they make, themselves.

The monks established their own community in which very little contact is made with the surrounding communities and they will go on living in this way for many long years.

J. Mundy and R. Viets
(Form III-A)

THE SHERBROOKE SCIENCE FAIR

At the University of Sherbrooke on Saturday, April 16th, 1966, the Richelieu Rotary Clubs held their Fourth Annual Science Fair. Unfortunately, it was only of partial success. While the quality of material presented was high, the number of projects was disappointingly low. Although sixteen exhibits were scheduled, only eight arrived. B.C.S. was represented by David Barry, John Thorpe and Peter Ksiezopolski, while competition came from Sherbrooke, LeBer, and Sutton High Schools.

Prizes were awarded to the best four projects and honorable mentions were given for originality. First place was awarded to Steven Dufresne for his exhibit on seismology. Winning for the fourth time, Steve displayed showmanship as well as scientific ability in building a functioning seismograph knowing only the principles on which it is based. Mireille Turcotte won second prize with her "Experience Dietetique." In many precise readings, she had compared on a protein deficient diet, that she had designed herself, with normal rats. Third place was a draw between Lewis Heillig and Francine Dumas. Lewis had taken the schematic diagram for a computer and built an operating digital type. He

had also designed a component of it to win at tic-tac-toe. Francine demonstrated the different aspects embryology assumes in various mammals. She supported her arguments with embryos that she herself had dissected.

It is evident from the winners' list that a great deal of work is represented. It should therefore be emphasized that anyone thinking of entering next year's fair should begin NOW. The standard of quality is much higher than that achieved in two or three weeks. But anyone who has any interest at all in some facet of science, should not hesitate to throw his hat into the proverbial ring by entering. No one who has ever been in a science fair can possibly dismiss the work as too much trouble. A good project will receive recognition as well as remunerative gains which will more than make the effort worth it. First and Second places represent Sherbrooke in the Canada wide Science Fair in Windsor, Ontario, a coveted prize which provides an excellent incentive to anyone. Although exhibits do not always win, the experience is a valuable personal gain.

D. Barry (Form V-A)

NO. 2 B.C.S.C.C.

Cadet Training

A roll of 208 boys was taken on the 2nd day of School, on the Soccer field. This roll marked the beginning or continuation of the military life of every boy at B.C.S. An inspiring speech concerning life in the corps was delivered by the Chief Instructor, Major Abbott, and then promotions were announced. The training cadre was chosen and consisted of one veteran, Staff Sergeant N. Miller and eleven corporals later to be promoted to sergeants.

The syllabus for the first two terms, consisted of the usual cadet parade every Thursday, in which every cadet was lectured and drilled. This year the optional subjects for the lectures were First Aid, Map Using, National Survival, Hunter Safety, Fieldcraft, Range Courses and Corps Indoctrination. The drill was handled by two drill experts, Sergeant Major Kent and his Staff Sergeant Skutezky, and supervised by Lieutenant Read. There was little other change in the weekly routine, but the corps participated in many outside activities. After the yearly chapel service on Remembrance Day, an Honor Guard marched to Lennoxville for a ceremony. The range was active as usual, sending a rifle team to Montreal, having every cadet shoot, and participation in the Youth of the Empire Shoot. At the end of the second term, the Annual Cadet Exams were held. These exams will always be remembered as being very gruelling and difficult. However, seventy percent of the Corps passed, and many cadets received promotions.

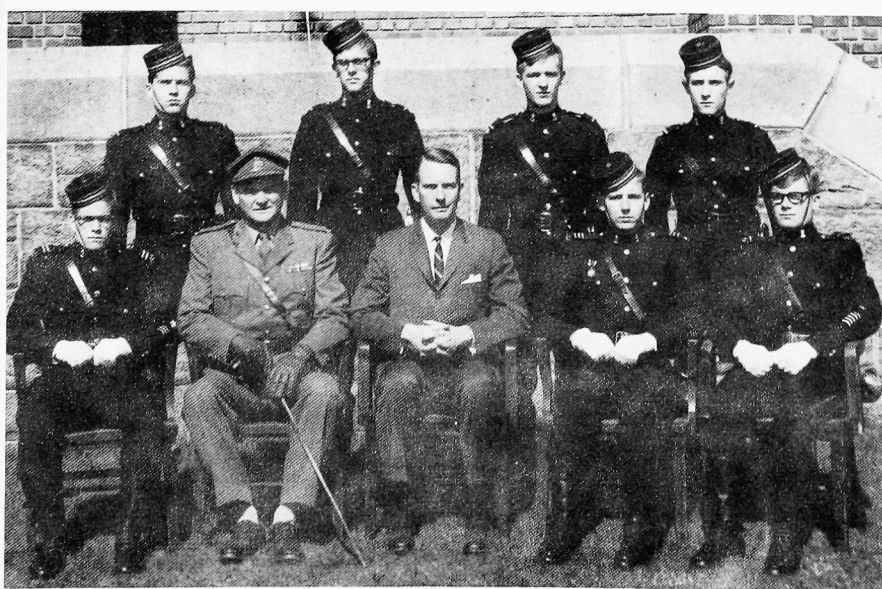
The First Aid Exams were written a week later and 60 out of 75 cadets succeeded in obtaining a certificate. The Master Cadets Exams were also given on that week, and 12 out of 14 cadets won their master cadet.

Warm weather and the third term brought the cadets outdoors for route-marches up to the top of Moulton Hill and for ceremonial drill on centre field. After supper on Tuesdays and Thursdays, the various demonstrations for the final inspection were prepared. There was the precision drill squad under Sergeant Major Kent and Lieutenant Read, the band under Warrant Officer 2nd Class Janson, First Aid and Fieldcraft demonstrations trained by Chief Instructors, Lieutenant Clifton and Colonel Denison respectively.

On the week of the inspection, the whole Corps shaped up and strove towards perfection. The minor kinks were ironed out, and the cadets began to take pride in themselves, their uniforms, and the Corps. This morale boost resulted in a successful inspection which, once again, brought distinction and praise to the oldest cadet Corps in Canada.

Later on in the term, the Guard had the honor to parade in the Annual Montreal Church Parade with its affiliated unit, the Black Watch; with this final parade, another successful year in the history of the Corps was completed.

G. Drury (Form VII)



Cadet Officers

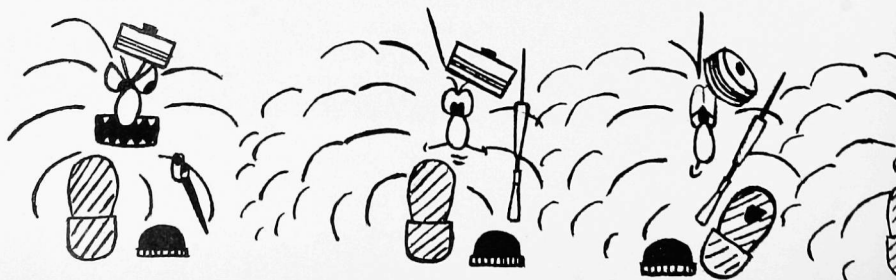
Back Row:

Cdt. Lt. P. Goldberg, Cdt. Lt. W. Sutton, Cdt. Lt. K. MacLellan, Cdt. Lt. G. Clubb.

Front Row:

Cdt. Capt. J. Burbidge, The Chief Instructor, The Headmaster, Cdt. Maj. K. Cobbett, Cdt. Lt. C. Drury.

ROUTE MARCH



2 B.C.S.C.C. Band

Back Row:

G. Clarke, S. Nason, B. Ferguson,
R. Newman, A. Thompson, B.
McCulloch.

Third Row:

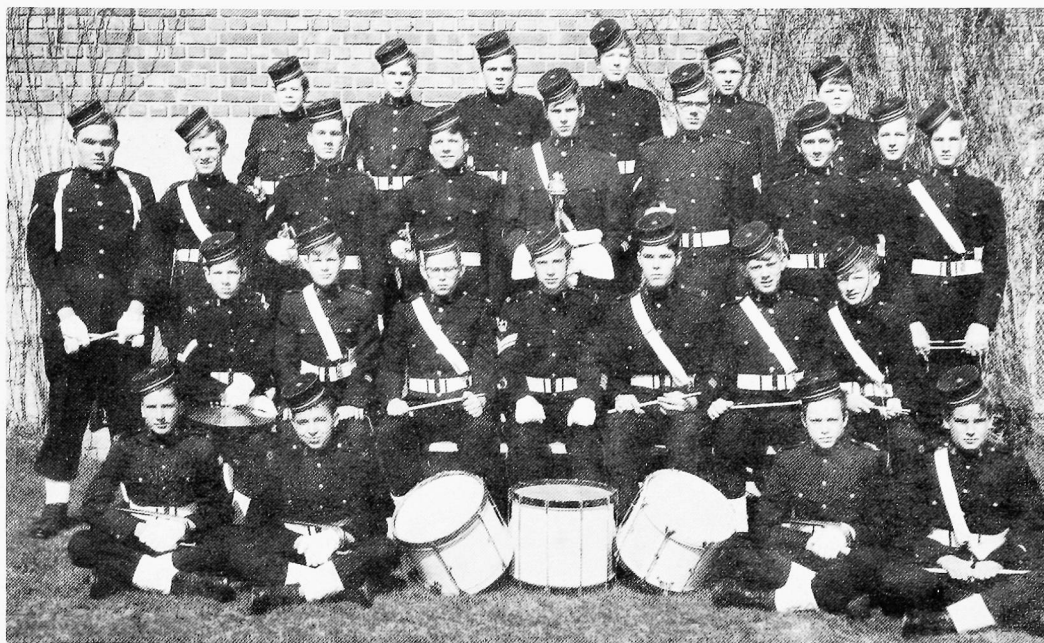
L/Cpl. J. Messel, T. Lawson,
Cpl. D. Barry, R. Moffat, WO. 2
T. Janson, L/Cpl. J. Oughtred,
P. Ksiezopolski, C. Fox, W. Barry.

Second Row:

Cpl. T. Bovaird, G. Gibson, J.
Angel, A. MacNaughton, D.
Brickenden, D. Hoppe, A. Read.

Front Row:

R. McLernon, D. Fuller, S. Stewart,
P. Thompson.



Cadet Senior N.C.O.

Back Row:

Sgt. J. Haines, Sgt. S. McConnell,
Sgt. C. Davis, Sgt. J. Phillips, Sgt.
B. Eddy, Sgt. R. Montano, Sgt. B.
Ander, Sgt. S. Fox, Sgt. G. Jorré,
Sgt. A. Fleming, Sgt. B. Pelletier,
Sgt. A. MacNaughton.

Front Row:

S/Sgt. M. Skutezky, S/Sgt. G. McOuat,
Sgt. P. Houghton, Sgt. B. McNaughton,
WO 2 T. Jones (CQMS), WO 2 T.
Janson (Band), S/Sgt. N. Miller, Sgt.
D. Montano, Sgt. D. Harpur, Sgt. A.
Smith, S/Sgt. A. McLeod.



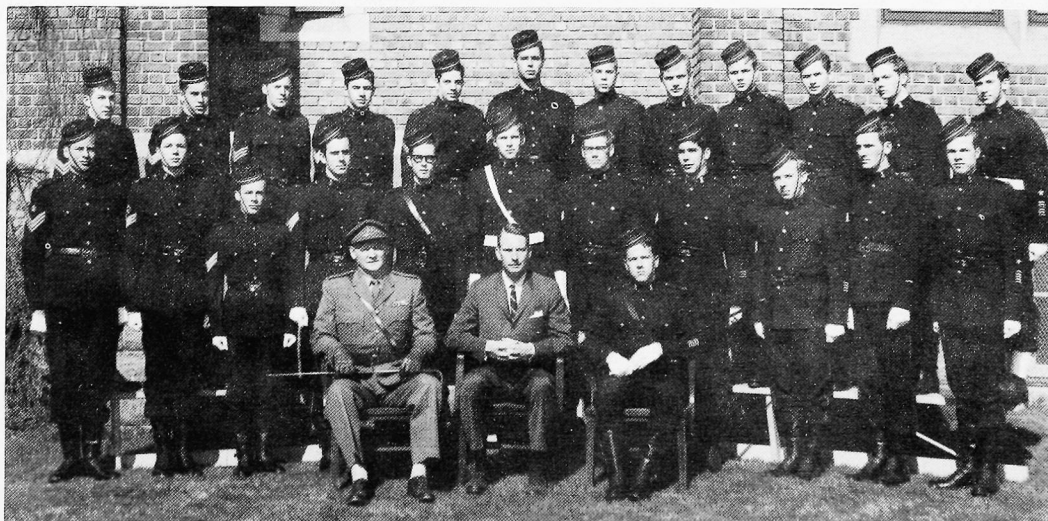
B.C.S. Rifle Team

Back Row:

J. G. Patriquin, Esq., S/Sgt. G.
McOuat, Maj. S. F. Abbott.

Front Row:

L/Cpl. C. Foord, Cdt. B. Herring,
Cdt. C. Collin (Team Captain),
Cdt. N. Herring, Lt. K. MacLellan.



INSPECTION, 1966

This year, for the first time in five years, the weatherman won his annual battle with the Cadet Corps. The weather that he sent on Friday, May 13th, was certainly designed to dispel any doubts that such a date is unlucky; it rained and snowed alternately in the morning and early afternoon, and then, just out of spite the sun came out about three o'clock and the evening was beautiful. As a resort of this uncooperativeness, the Corps was transported by bus to the armoury of the "Fusiliers de Sherbrooke".

After the Sergeant-Major had fallen the Company in, he turned it over to the 2 i/c, who, in turn, marched the officers on before handling the Company over to the C.O.; the C.O. marched on the Colours and then there was a general salute to the reviewing officer as he took his place on the reviewing stand. The Corps was at this point inspected by Lieut. Col. T.E. Price, C.D., an Old Boy of the School, who is presently commanding the Third Battalion of the Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada. After the inspection the C.O. requested, and was given permission to carry on with the rest of the Annual Inspection procedure. This consisted of two marchpasts — in column of route and in close column of platoons (the third marchpast, in line, was prohibited by the lack of space); the marchpasts were followed by three demonstrations: the Precision Drill Squad, under C.S.M. Kent, which performed various rifle and marching movements, including an old musket drill movement which was very effective; the Drill Squad was succeeded by a First Aid demonstration, under Lieut. J.F.G. Clifton, which showed how to treat various injuries incurred in a riot — this was very popular with the spectators who felt the "fighting" was extremely realistic; the

One and Two Platoon on parade.

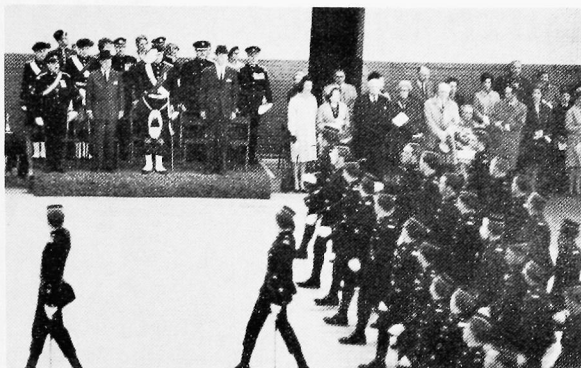


LT. COL. T.E. PRICE, C.D., inspect Four Platoon.

third demonstration was put on by the Band, under the supervision of Staff Sgt. MacNaughton; the highlight of its performance was the "Echo", a very difficult piece to play. During these demonstrations the Company was under the command of the 2 i/c who, on their completion, marched the Company back into position in front of the reviewing stand and returned the command to the C.O., who had joined Lieut. Col. Price for the demonstrations.

Lieut. Col. Price now presented the Best Recruit Medal to Cadet S. Chiang, the Best Cadet Medal to Cpl. R. Carmichael; the Most Efficient N.C.O. Medal to Sgt. D. Montano, and the Best Instructor prize (the Black Watch skean-dhu) to Staff Sgt. N. Miller. The G.W. Hess Memorial Trophy, for the winner of the interplatoon shooting competition went to No. 1 Platoon, under Lieut. B. Sutton; the Harold Anderson Scott Memorial Cup, for the winner of the interplatoon competition was won by No. 2 Platoon, under Lieut. G. Clubb. The Shield for Corps Initiative and Smartness was won jointly by the Band and the Precision Squad. The Master Cadets were also presented with their stars by Lieut. Col. Price. Finally, Capt. Savard, the Area Cadet Training Officer, presented the Strathcona Trust Medal, for the Best Cadet Irrespective of Rank, to Major Cobbett. Lieut. Col. Price made a short speech after the presentation of awards, in which he said that he hoped some of the Cadets on parade would join either the Militia or the Regulars, and he also asked the Headmaster to grant the School a half-holiday. The Corps responded with three cheers for the reviewing officer. The Company marched eight paces in slow time with an automatic halt. A final general salute was given as the inspecting party left the drill floor and the Corps was dismissed.

K. Cobbett (Form VII)



(Above) One Platoon marches past Reviewing Officer.

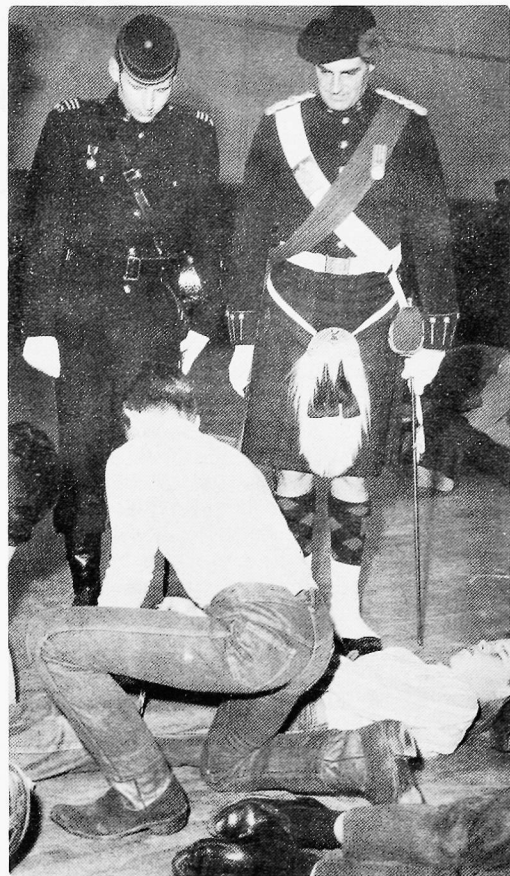
(Left) Best Recruit Chiang receives award.

(Below) Lt. Col. Price inspects Three Platoon.



(Above) Reviewing Stand and guests.

(Below) First-aid demonstration.



(Left) Capt. Savard presents Best Cadet award to Major Cobbett.

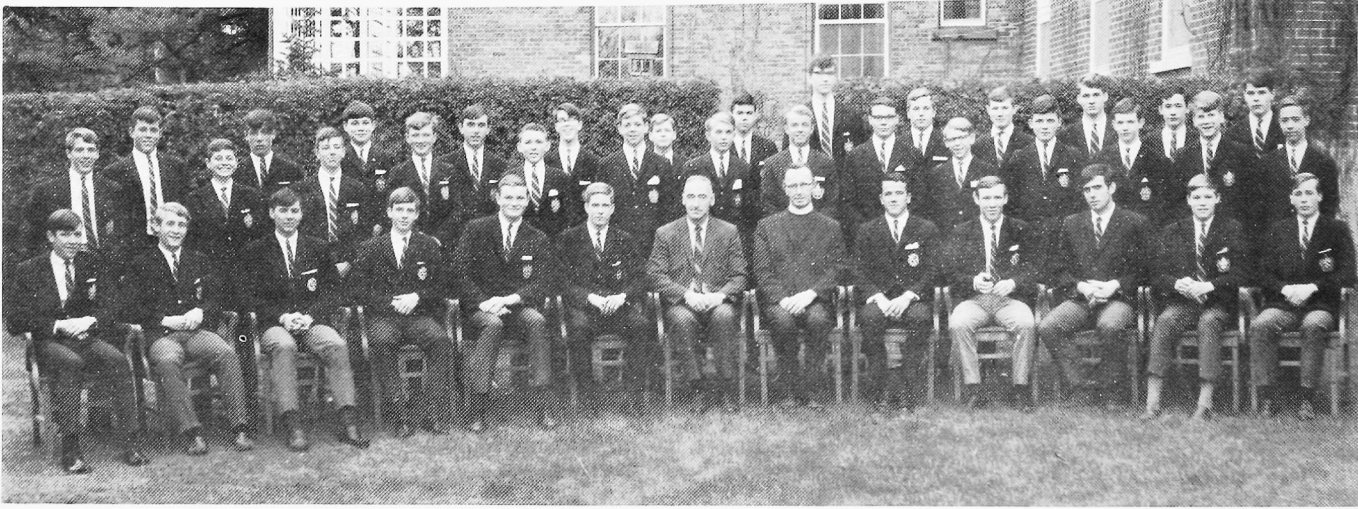
(Below) Lt. Clubb of Two Platoon receives Best Platoon Award from Lt. Col. Price.



The Band counter-marches in its demonstration.



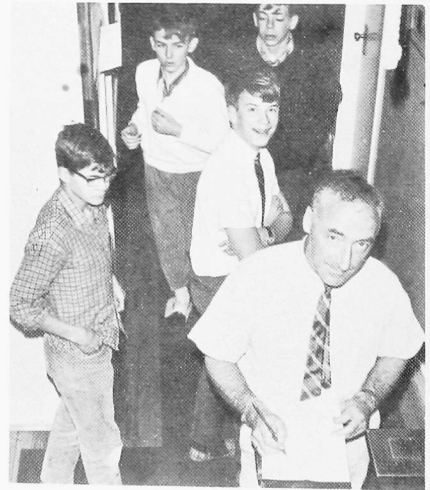
SMITH HOUSE



FIRST TERM

The year began auspiciously for the green. Old boys and new boys returned to freshly waxed floors, a new green linoleum floor at the boys' entrance, and new green blankets on the beds. Tans faded into an autumn of cold, wet weather. Kent and Howson felt out their positions as House Officers, while the new boys adjusted to the routine: up by 7:15, out by 7:19:59, back for prep at 7:29, break at 7:35 (late as usual), in bed by 10:15 (with clothes on), and finally in pajamas and asleep by 10:30. The routine differed somewhat for six-formers in that they talked until 11:00.

Two days before the Thanksgiving weekend, the abode received a new green rug on the first floor and the stairs. A jealous second floor was consoled only because the first floor creaked just as much as ever. The cross-country approached all too soon, bringing with it rain, cold weather, and snow, which remained until a few days before the race. We shunned the idea of practising for the ordeal, and consequently came third in the house competition. The team consisted of Howson, Martin-Smith, Fisher, Carmichael, and myself.



There were eight members of First Team Football in the house: Kent (Assistant-Captain), McNaughton, Clubb, Waite, Molson, Shortreed, Houghton (Manager), and myself. Although Clubb was put out for the season because of a broken finger, the scoring lead he attained in the first two games remained unsurpassed. Barry and Brickenden supported the First Soccer Team.

After the long weekend, the remaining weeks until the end of term flashed by, leaving many unprepared for the Christmas exams. However, Thorpe, a 'Smith-houser', is the leading scholar in the School. We were honoured to have Kent appointed a Head Boy at the Closing Assembly.

The Christmas Party, organized by Baker, consisted of a hearty meal, some good skits, a hockey series, and T.V. And so, with full stomachs and good spirits, we left for Christmas Vacation.





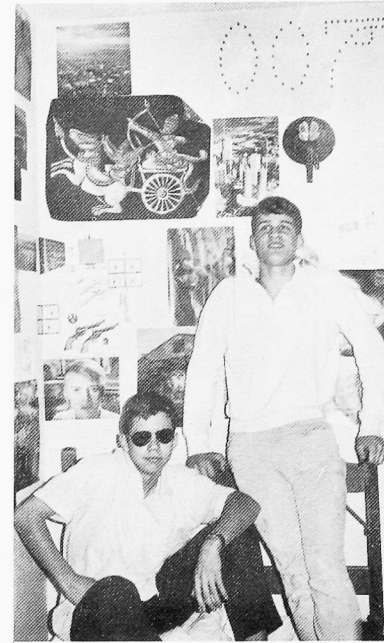
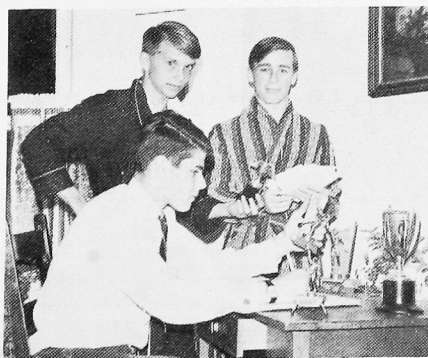
SECOND TERM

The sleeping domicile awoke three weeks later to the noise of blaring record-players and bodies overlaid with skis, skates, and sticks. An examination of the Christmas results prompted Mr. Owen to make a new law: all those under sixty-five percent to do prep during quiet periods. The house supplied Kent (Captain), Howson, Clubb, Stewart, and Waite to the First Hockey Team. Clubb, plagued by injuries during the football season and over the Christmas vacation, wound up a short season with a broken ankle and leg. We provided both First Team goalies (Waite and Stewart), the Abenaki goalie (Read), the Mohawk goalie (Clark), and the Algonquin goalie (Tisshaw). Molson and McNaughton were on the Senior Ski Team.

The Winter Carnival brought us to life. Work on the snow sculpture was begun by several members of the house, and continued on determinedly by Shortreed, Houghton, and Brooks. The six-formers made the occasional comment on inspection tours to bolster the spirit of the workers. When 'Dino, the Dinosaur' failed to even place in the judging, we were surprised, and the workers were mortified. However, we picked up six points in Volleyball and Broomball, and eight points each from Howson and Kent in the skate races, to win the overall competition by six points.

The end of term approached with its usual rapidity. At this time we ran into some scientific difficulties. Thompson tried burning gunpowder on his windowsill, while Clark did his best to start an electrical fire in his room. Near the end of the examinations, we were beset by power failures. Newbury's emersion heater accounted for the first fuse, and caused a confiscation of all emersion heaters. The following night found people studying in the halls, a diligent Mr. Greer replaced one fuse after another.

The Closing Assembly was a memorable occasion. Howson was presented the Wiggitt Trophy for his efforts in hockey and was made a Head Boy. Molson won the Senior Whittall Cup for the best all round skier. Exams were finished, a quiet party took place, and the inhabitants left for two weeks of spring skiing or of visiting lands to the south.



THIRD TERM

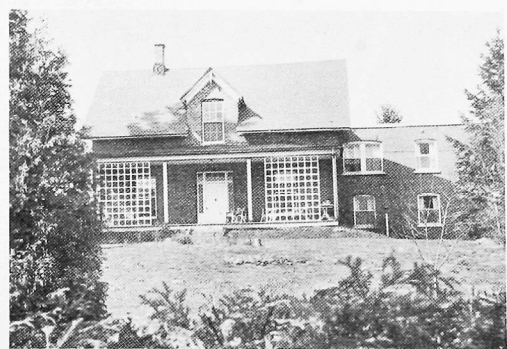
A tanned crowd, with sun-bleached hair, was welcomed back by Mr. Owen for the third term. It was made sufficiently clear to all, that the term was short and that studies must be kept up to par. McNaughton took over the job of assigning 'B.Q.' duty to fourth and fifth formers. The weather was sunny, but not warm enough for our dedicated group of sunbathers, during the month of April.

And provided some excitement early in the term, for the local police, by taking a rusted .22, which Rasmussen had just found, and accidentally firing a shot into a nearby tree.

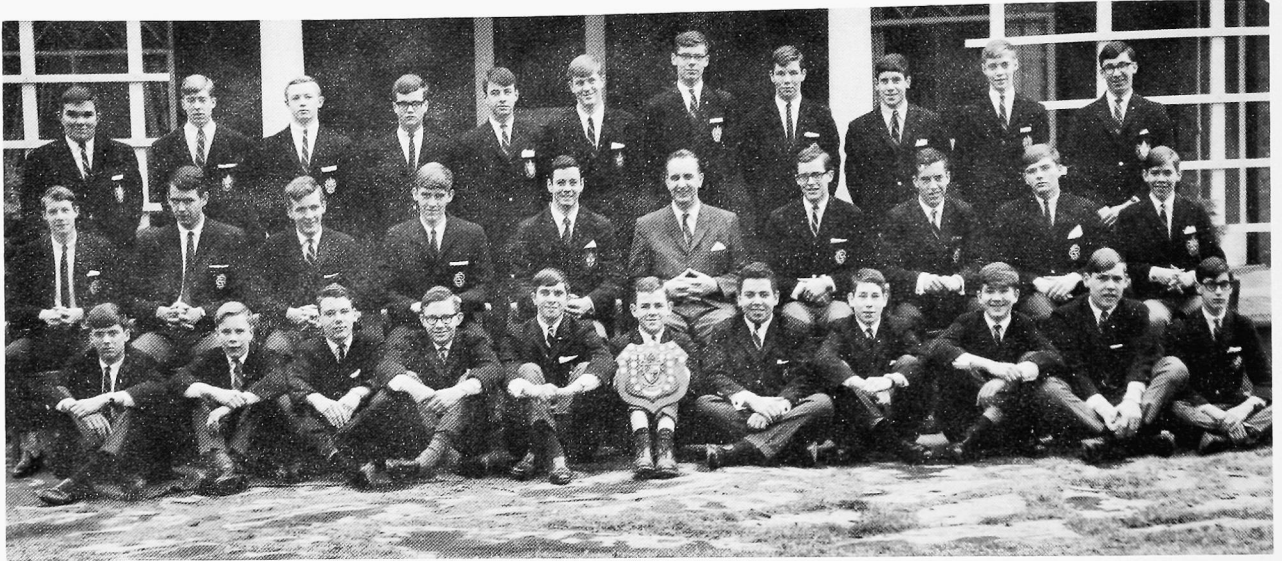
1st Term Miners and Baker put the press in the basement to good use, by printing the political pamphlets for the mock election. We wish to thank Mr. Greer for taking Boys' Bank and for his hospitality to conversationalists and T.V. fans throughout the year. The playoffs found us in Mr. Owen's living-room again; Kent, Waite and Shortreed cheered for the doomed Black Hawks, and the rest, with some exceptions, cheered for Les Canadiens. Mr. Owen supplied transportation every morning, saving many of us the trouble of explaining why we were late to the M.O.D. On Sundays he permitted us to sleep in and have a good breakfast. For all this, we thank Mr. Owen.

At this point, we are planning a determined effort to capture the Senior House relay. Smith House found a replacement for 'Sylph', who left last year. 'Willnot' belongs to Thompson and is a member of the feline Clan. The fourth and fifth formers leave in four weeks. Those writing matrices will not leave until later in June.

J. Burbidge (Form VII)



WILLIAMS HOUSE



The House Year

This year, just like every other year, third and fourth formers in School House are debating about what House they want to be in – as if they had any choice. This year, just as in past years, Williams House was first choice for everybody.

"What House did you say you wanted to be in, again?"

"Williams of course, that's sort of obvious."

"I don't think so. Just 'cause it has got four of the best School Officers doesn't make it the best."

"Yes, but just look at the House itself. It's got the best spirit and by far the best guys in it. No factory rejects like the other Houses. It must be a terrific hack with Pelletier and Montano as House Officers. They say that Montano I. . . ."

"Who's he? I forget."

"You know – the big guy in sixth form. He rooms with Blackader – 'that eternal weed.'"

"Ya, and Pelletier is the nut who bounces all the time."

"Anyway, they say that Montano, who after two good terms in sixth form was promoted to Willy House Officer before Easter, is really fair and never greases around."

"So! Pelletier never does and Sutton and Mc-Connell sure don't."

"Williams House has got the best fourth and fifth formers. The only thing new boys have to worry about is Bar-B-Q duty and that isn't much of a pain."

"No, the thing that I really like about Willy is its size. This year it has only twenty-eight guys in it and there is lots of room."

"Have you ever been inside?"

"No. What's it like?"

"It's really neat and comfortable. They got the new beds in this year, which are really good. And you should see Pelletier's and Rubin's room – I swear they must have over 100 Sports Illustrated pictures on the wall."

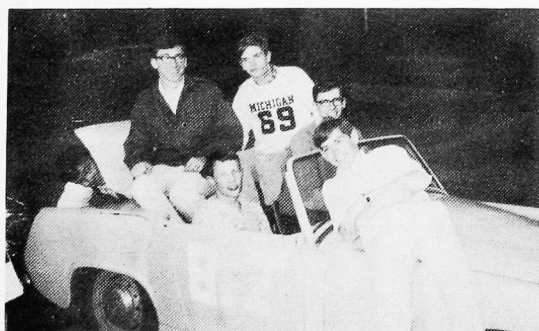
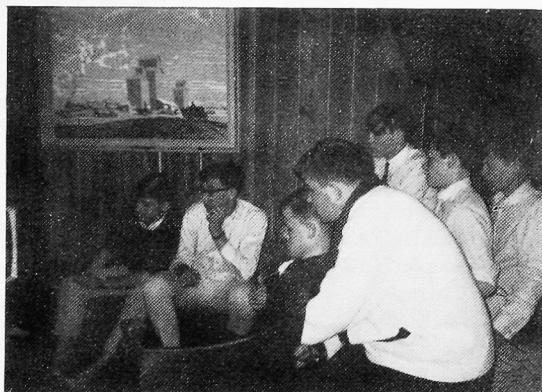


"Apart from all that. Willy has a habit of winning the Cross Country Shield. This year, led by Charlie Blackader they won it for the third consecutive year."

"Yea, but what happened in the Winter Camival and Snow Sculpture contest?"

"It must have been a bad day I guess."

"But you have to remember that the most important individuals in any House are the House Masters. This is Mr. Campbell's fifth year and he is already a tradition. They say he is always willing to give a helping hand and a listening ear. He leads the House in all activities and it just wouldn't be the same without him. This is Mr. Read's first year as Assistant House Master and the word is that he is doing a great job. You know he comes from B.U., just as Mr. Milligan did."



"From what I hear, Mrs. Campbell should win the North American Cooking Prize. The Cross Country Party wouldn't have been the same without that fantastic meal."

"You know Willy really pulled through in the first term. They had some Compton girls over for a Bar-B-Q before the Sixth Form Dance."

"Is that right! It must have been a riot!"

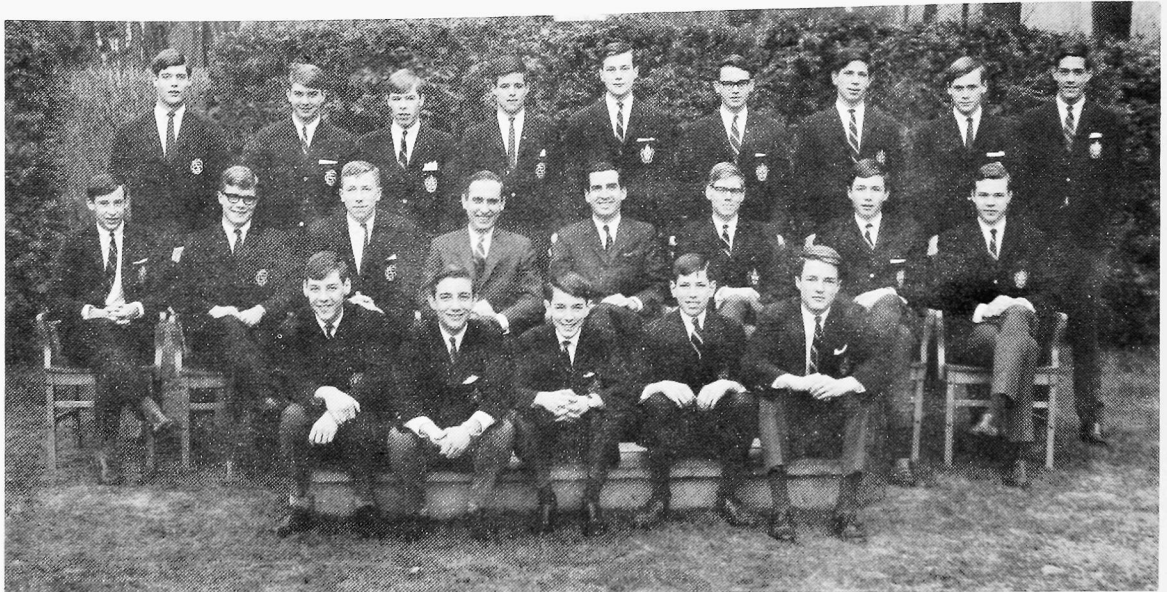
"Hum.... ah.... Who are the Willy House Head Boys?"

"Well, there is McConnell and Sutton in School House there is Lawson and MacLellan."

"Do you realize that MacLellan is the only Seventh Former in the House? Next year with most everybody coming back it should be fantastic."

"Oh well! It was nice dreaming of it! I flunked General Science so my chances of getting in Williams House are nearly zero."

J. Phillips (Form V-A)



Back Row:

P. Porteous, D. Dyer, C. Frank, T. Bradley, P. Failkowski, T. Burke, J. LeNormand, P. Boxer, B. Duclos.

Seated:

A. MacNaughton, C. Drury (House Officer), P. Anido (Head Boy), G. B. Allan, Esq. (Ass't Housemaster), J. D. Cowans, Esq. (Housemaster), N. Miller, (Head Boy), G. McQuat (House Officer), A. McLeod.

Front Row:

R. Appleton, G. McCarthy, B. Barwick, T. Boivaird, C. Collin.

CHAPMAN HOUSE

As the hot summer months creep upon us, every Bishop's boy visualizes the approaching summer and the past year runs in review through his mind. There are nineteen boys, fortunate Chapman House boys, who can think about the past year with a good deal of exuberance and general good feeling.

September jumped out of the dying days of August and before anyone realized it, we were all back in the barn. There were several new faces but a great many of last year's crew were back for another crack at it. Robert Appleton, Blair Barwick, Terence Bovaird, Charles Collin, Brian Duclos, Peter Boxer, and later in the year, Gordon MacCarthy joined our ranks as new boys. I must add that in the second term, we all felt the disastrous loss of Stephen Jones. We extend a good luck wish to him. Nick Miller and Gib Drury were appointed as downstairs officers, while Graham (Gront) McQuat was the upstairs officer.

Inter-house activities and competitions showed Chapman House as a competitor and real threat against the larger houses. Timothy Bradley ran a superb cross country race to cop that crown; Boxer, Anido and MacLeod were our other strong men. The winter carnival proved a huge success as we swept the volleyball and broomball championships (but were robbed in the snow sculpture!)

In the debating competitions our two teams of Miller and Drury, Frank I and Boxer displayed excellent talent, but failed to win any valuable points.

We have the nucleus of an excellent relay team with Porteous, Frank I, Bradley I and Dyer I back from last year — a winner, we hope.

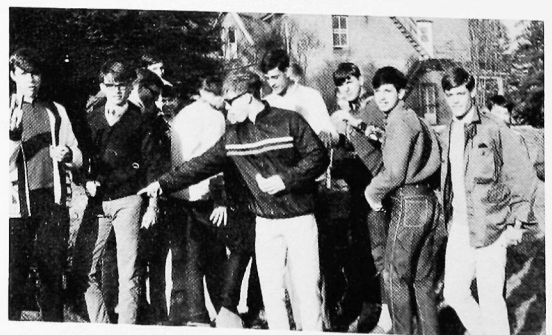
Lent term saw the destruction of Chapman House's barn. Previous memories and events were severed with its destruction. We now boast a picnic table at Bar-B-Q's!

Credit earned is credit due and all the bouquets should be thrown to Messrs. Cowans and Allan. Our long suffering housemaster, Mr. Cowans, deserves a standing ovation for his trouble on behalf of us and as a direct result from us, this year. A special note of congratulations is rendered to Mr. Allan on his winning of a National Science Foundation Scholarship Academic Year Institute Fellowship at Bowdoin College; we wish him the best of luck with his new studies and will look forward to his return.

One last thank you paragraph and this one is directed at Mr. C.D. Duclos, an Old Boy of the House and former House Prefect, who donated a television set to wile away the long hours with. It has been an invaluable gift and we thank our donor very much.

It has been a good year and an enjoyable one. I am sure those as yet to come will turn out as well.

Frank I (Fom VI-M)





OUR GREAT SOCIETY

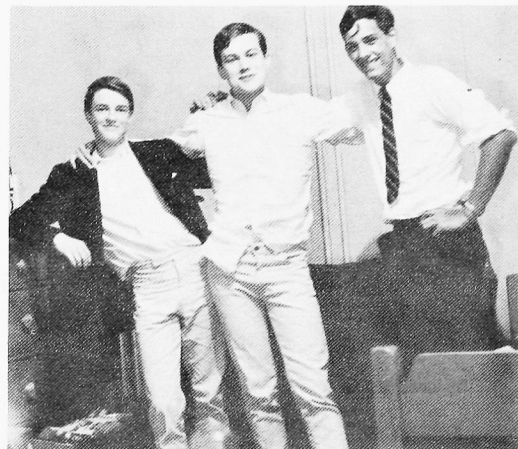
I have been informed by various Old Boys that their most vivid recollections of Chapman House are those of the Bar-B-Q's on Saturday evenings. For those of you who have never witnessed one of these spectacles, I will try to explain by the use of one example.

Blair Barwick and Terry Bovaird carried the food down from the kitchen, being expertly supervised by Bob Appleton, who also managed to devour most of our dessert en route – a deed for which he was destined to pay.

The Bar-B-Q itself was uneventful; we even managed to eat a little – in between mustard fights.

Gordon MacCarthy and Charlie Collin were "volunteered" by house officers, Nick Miller and Gib Drury to dispose of the ruins of war, while the seniors adjourned to the pasture, for a friendly game of football.

Thane Burke and Andy MacLeod, self appointed captains, picked teams and ends of the field. Andy's team kicked off with Chris (the toe) Frank booting



the required ten yards. David (Dekes) Dyer gathered in the kick and out-manouvered several imaginary opponents, but stopped dead when hit in the mid-section by Graham (Gronk) McOuat's patented flying tackle. On the following play, Tim (rat) Bradley hit that nimble-fingered intellect Peter Porteous on a long bomb. Peter succeeded in lumbering across the goal line, much to the disgust of Gib Drury, who crept off to the end of the field where our resident horses were grazing, and gleefully stampeded them into our midst. All hell broke loose. Alan MacNaughton (may he rest in peace) tried to hurdle the fence, only to be brought up short in mid air by his overly tight levis, when he was half way across. I do not know what happened to Peter Fialkowski, but when the dust had settled and I had extracted my head from a pile of the unmentionable, Peter was suspended, somewhat untidily, between two strands of barbed wire, muttering oaths in suspiciously good Polish.

Jacques LeNormand tried to take advantage of the confusion to score a touch down, but due to faulty vision, he (shudder) ran into an eagerly awaiting Nick Miller. Jacques was saved from total mutilation by Peter Boxer, who informed us that "Batman" was due on the T.V. in two minutes. As we thundered through the Cowanses vegetable garden (we honestly did not recognize it), Brian Duclos was heard to remark that Mr. and Mrs. Cowans were both looking rather frail.

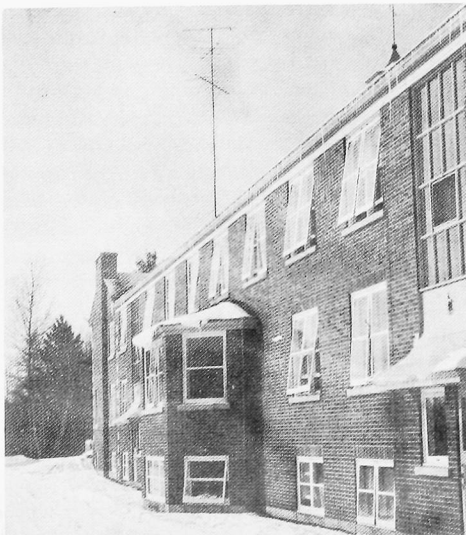
Tim Bradley (Form VI-C)



GRIER HOUSE



Year Six, Day One on the Grier House Calendar was called September 9, 1965 in all the corners of Holidayland from which the Fifty Finest congregated for yet another school year. When the smoke from the opening day's confusion had cleared, it was discovered that not only were there nineteen House New Boys under our roof for the first time, but there was also a brand new Assistant Housemaster making his Canadian, as well as Grier House, debut. If the nineteen boys were finding the ways of Grier strange, imagine Mr. Callan's predicament: the chap at the other end of the upstairs hall was a fine character, but what about the flashy fellow downstairs?



As the first weeks slipped by, life in Grier House became familiar to all. There were the touch-football games, as prone to arguments as ever, and the House barbecues, as raw as ever. Skutezky and Smith proved they had not lost their mooching talents. In the basement, what was once the Music Room was converted to the Drink Shop, specializing in soft drinks. The first proprietors of this noble establishment were Charlton and Kaine, but after they had demonstrated their business ability, Abdalla and Dixon rescued the operation.

There is something about the air on a cool autumn evening in the first term which conjures up all sorts of fancies in the heads of Grier Housers. At one after-supper gathering, Duff declared he would be House Prefect if he returned for Seventh Form. After the opinions of several dissenters had been voiced, Duff declared he would be a Head Boy if he returned for Seventh Form. Another chorus of objections moved Duff to declare he would be a House Officer if he returned for Seventh Form. Time ran out on the discussion, but when it was adjourned, most agreed that Duff might be Light Monitor again if he returned for Seventh Form.

Mr. Bedard introduced the House Point System, as he does each year, at precisely the right moment: when everyone was beginning to wonder just what use it was to practice for the Cross Country anyway. The Coach's slick presentation again sold the Point System to the unwary athletes, and Grier Housers could be seen racing, jogging, and walking around the Cross Country course, all the time yearning for the House point that lay on the finish line. The day of the real event soon arrived, and Grier House made a creditable showing, Davis and Fox finishing among the top ten in the Senior Race. Dunlop and Eddy III proved to be the fleetest Grier Housers in the Junior competition. Gotto was one of the quickest to complete the Senior course and one of the slowest to clear the finishing area. It is not known how many House points he received for the former, but he collected six cracks from Mr. Patriquin for the latter.

The passing of the away-weekend warned the House of the proximity of Christmas Exams – and the House Christmas Party. Both boys and the masters and their families put on skits, all of which were masterpieces of the theatrical art. Many were only thinly-disguised rap sessions, and even more provoked outright rap. The sight of Mr. Bedard in a French Canadian fisherman's attire will long be remembered by all, not only for its amusing nature, but also for Mr. Bedard's convincing acting: one would have thought he spent all his non-working hours in rustic dress.

The Christmas Holidays soon were over and Grier House opened her doors to the returning throng. Grier Housers frantically got in as much hockey and skiing as possible in the wintry second term, and, as always, suffered various mishaps. One unfortunate hockey-player from Grier was Shoiry, who injured his knee and could be seen hopping around on crutches for months.



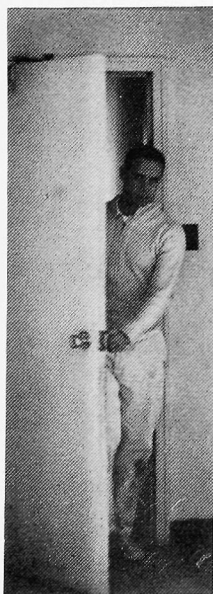
A championship again evaded Grier House in the Annual Winter Carnival, but the entire House took particular pride in our Snow Sculpturing entry, a fine piece of work which captured second place in the statuary event.

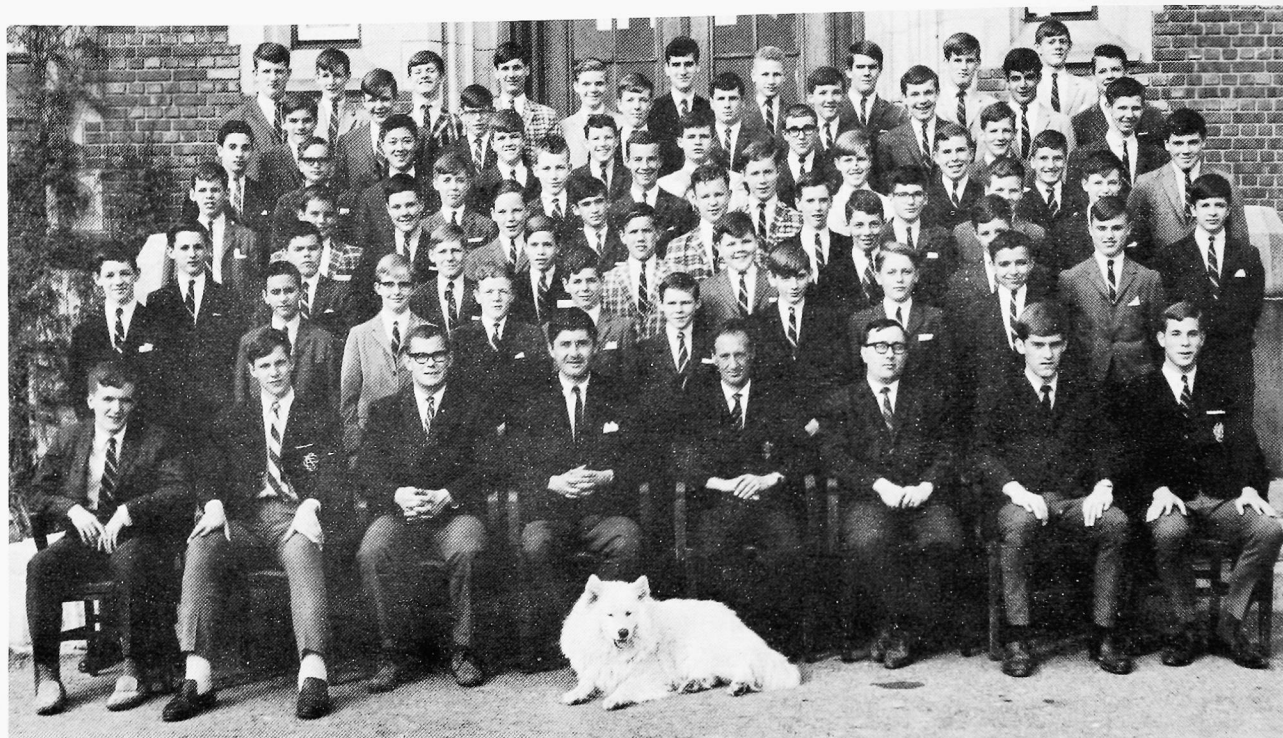
The middle term is a long, tiring one, and it is necessary to unwind sometime during its lengthy weeks. Even as busy a fellow as Fox, Head of the Choir, who performs many chores, including, on weekends, the counting of the Sunday Chapel collection, managed to get in at least one relaxing bisque.

The Formal in February was a gala affair at which Grier House was well-represented. Eddy I might say we were too well represented. It seems that Gretch was in Montreal that night, and Bruce took her roommate. When the evening was through, Bruce almost was too.

The Inter-House Debating Tournament could not have been ready for the powerful display prepared by Grier in winning both Affirmative and Negative divisions. Davis and Jorré swept to victory on the Negative side and also copped the overall title. Charlton and Duff, representing Grier in the Affirmative competition, proved superior to all in that section. When three debaters were chosen to speak for the School at the Trinity College School Debating Tournament, three Grier Housers were selected: Duff, Fleming, and Stensrud. Although no team championship was won, Duff was named Impromptu Speaking Champion.

(Continued on Page 106)





SCHOOL HOUSE

Dramatis Personae:

Bahtman Troubetzkoy
Wobin Milligan
Blokter Grimsdell
M. Le Penguin Robert

Wobin:

Okee doke folks! Here we are at Gotham City to take you on a tour and visit some of the places where the fearsome have endured terrible ordeals. We'll huddle up at G. dorm and work down the halls - O.K. Bahtman?

Bahtman:

Bah!

Blokter:

Ah yes. These nefarious chaps are pleased to call themselves "the men from S. W. E. E. T. (Society Working for the Extermination of Evil careful of that 4' 1" menace - Big Julie! One scarcely thinks of Herbie, Lilly and Polack without a shiver! Tread softly lest we arouse their pugnacious spirits.

M. Le Penguin:

(muffled) 'Elp! Elp! Zese hapes swinging from se pipes do attack me. I have captured B. dorm red-handed with comics, Playboys and prefect room underground movies. Sauvez-vous mes amis! Don't worry over me; I shall escape.
(What is this!! Monsieur le Penguin sacrificing himself? Read on and find out!)

Wobin:

Holy Milk and Biscuits!! We've just escaped into the serene atmosphere of E dorm and not a moment too soon. I've talked too soon! What's that Bahtman!

Bahtman:

Bah!

Wobin:

Yes! That's right! They're sacrificing Beasts, Camels, and Slaves, to a Buddha! Let's be Frank, if we want to Scat, we better move fast!
(In the hall again.)

Blokter:

I seem to perceive a jungle up ahead. Stand back while I scout around..... AAAGH.....! Flee! Caught in a riotous floor hockey match. Cleopatra's looks disarmed me! These A dormers are expert knife throwers.

Wobin:

(Only the gruesome twosome remains. What adventures await these super heroes?)

This H dorm is a dangerous place too. Look, there's blood all over the place. Someone must have had a bleeding NOSE; or maybe it was just an Indian party hunting for june-bugs. Gosh! Let's run! (In K dorm the dynamic duo stand trembling in the bathroom... Bahtman nervously hitches up his knee-socks with his cane.)

Wobin:

Three rooms here. The first holds the real smart ones - York (Old

"Leather Bottom"). Whitehead, and our dear Robbie and Alan – the brain drain of B.C.S. The next rooms have Angels and Rabbits, and the famous Dack, who is always weighing his words.

(Downstairs now outside of F dorm, the two watch with fascination as Monsieur le Penguin rapturously slides down the banister singing the "Marseillaise".)

M. le Penguin: Voila! I have escaped ze gang from B dorm and I have come to rejoin you here at the last dorm. What have we here? Big Al dancing on the bureau to the sweet sounds of Dumphy's magic guitar, with Big Mike clapping time on Stan the Man's Black, and someone hacking at the drums.

Wobin: Bahtman – could you tell us a few words on your new appointment in Rome? You know the school will miss you. All the best in your future enterprises.

Bahtman: Indeed? Well, it is with great joy that I say on the part of all the boys that, in every way, shape, and form, under any circumstances, that we have been blessed with a group of loving, understanding and fair School House Officers. My congratulations and sympathies to Bloker, who will be the new

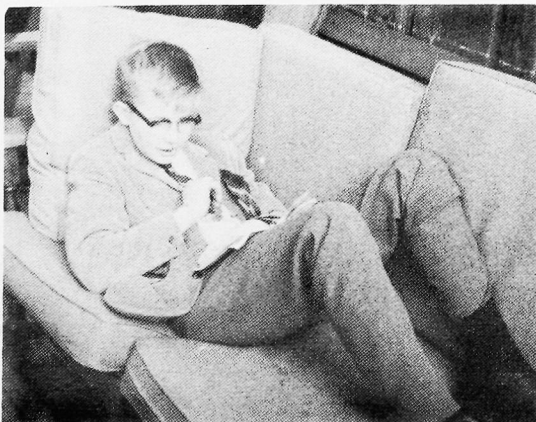
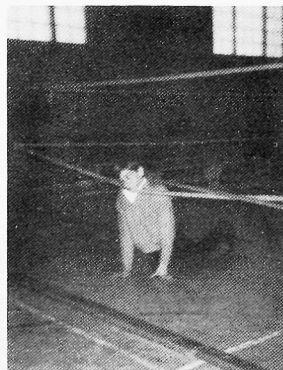
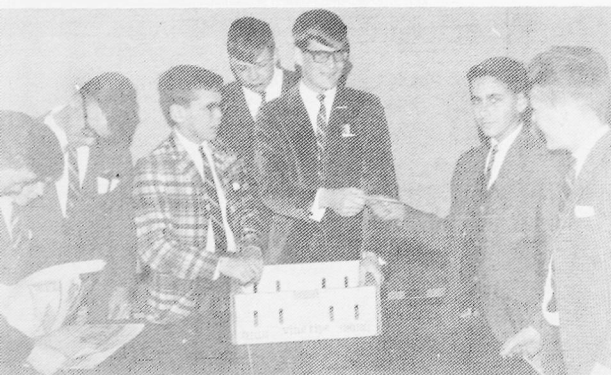
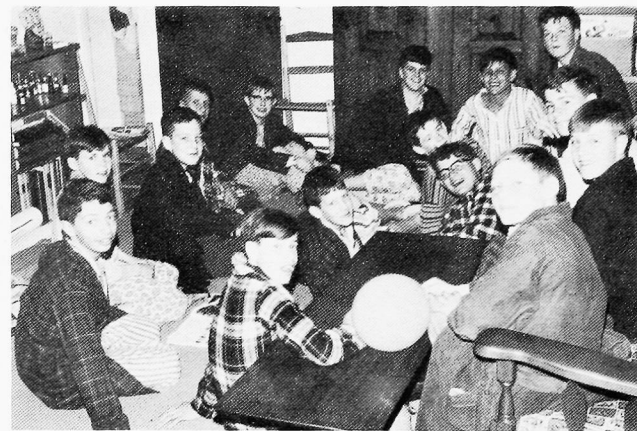
Housemaster for next year's batch of monsters. My thanks to Monsieur le Penguin and to Wobin for their staunch support and help. And to that dear lady, who served as a true mother to all. I sincerely hope that you and the girls will persevere. See?

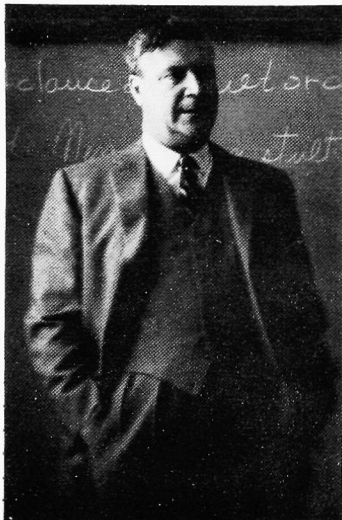
(As the scene fades, we see the whole group serenely at peace, looking back another year of great success. Bahtman sheathes his cane, the headboys close their detention books, and the house, for once, sleeps quietly ...)

(William Shakespeare)

or

(Anonymous Artists)





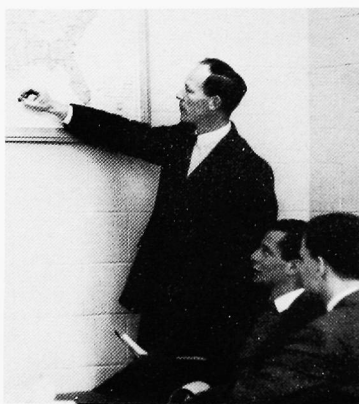
"No... Officers DO NOT mutiny."



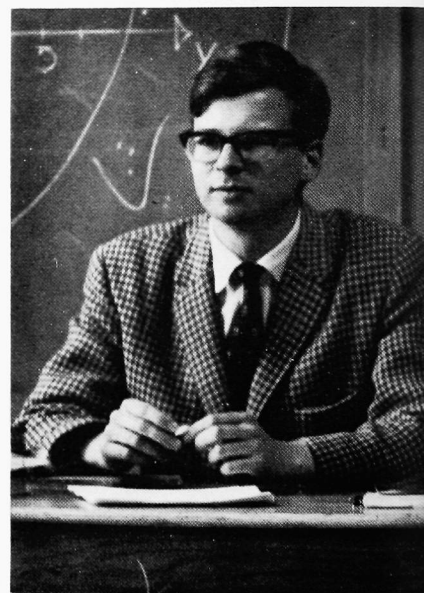
"I'll be damned if I'll go to another conference."



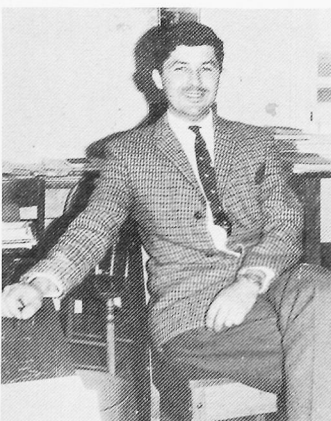
"Miss January... h"



"... well, here in the Mediterranean..."



"Crumbs! In the Christmas Carol... read me that part about Tiny Tim..."



"Yes, and St. Stephen's is co-ed!"

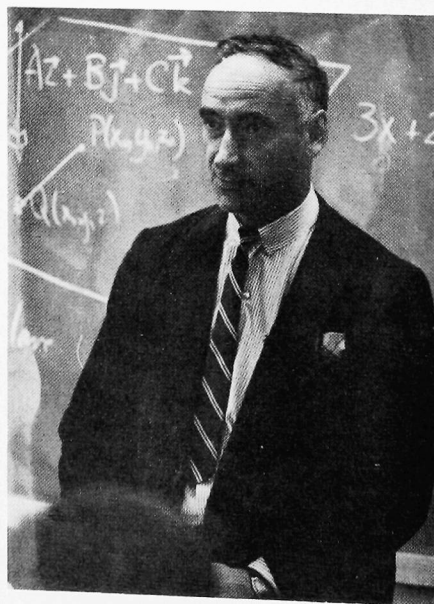


"... And if day 4 was changed to day 2... therefore... Wednesday afternoon would be day 8."



"Gee boys... can I help?"

Je m'en fou.



"Really, you know... my aunt in Halli"

THE SENIOR FORMS

SEVENTH FORM

Ander, Brian. Entered B.C.S. January '64; House Officer Grier House '65. Head Boy '66. Agora '64, '65, '66. Chess Club '65, '66; Second Team Football '64; First Team Football '65; League Hockey '63-'66; Track '64-'66.

Burbidge, John. Entered B.C.S. '61; Head Prefect '66, Head Boy '65; Smith House; Captain in the Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Server; Math. Team '65, '66; Sports Editor of magazine; Glee Club '66; Second Team Football '64 Colours; First Team '65; League Hockey '63-'66; General Proficiency '62-2nd, '63, '64-1st (Magor Prize), Vice Chairman's Prize, '65-2nd, Latin Prize, Quebec Math. Congress - 1st in School; Guard '64, '65.

Cobbett, Stuart. Entered B.C.S. '60; Prefect '66, Head Boy '65; Grier House; Agora '64-'66; Player's Club '65, One Act Play '66 (lead roles); Magazine '65, '66 - Editor-in-Chief '66; Major in Cadet Corps '66, Best Recruit '62, Master Cadet; Choir '61; Second Team Football '64 Colours, First Team '65 Vice-Captain, Colours; League Hockey '62-'64; First Team Hockey '65, '66 Vice-Captain and Colours '66; Cricket '62-'65; First Team Colours '65; General Proficiency '61, '62, '63; Guard '62-'64; Strathcona Cup '66.

Drury, Charles. Entered B.C.S. 1961. House Officer '66, Chapman House; Agora '65, '66; Chess Club '65, '66; Glee Club '66; Choir '61; Math. Team '65, '66. Lieutenant (Adjutant) in the Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Football '63-'65, Second Team '64 Captain, Colours, First Team '65 Colours; Track '65 Manager; Distinction in Chemistry; Guard.

Goldberg, Peter. Entered B.C.S. 1961. Head Boy '66, Grier House; Agora and Chess Club '62; Stamp Club '62, '63; Glee Club '66; Math. Club '66; Lieutenant in the Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Football '64 - Second Team Colours, Captain, '65 - First Team Colours; League Hockey '62-'65; Track '64-'66; Guard '65, '66; Tennis Doubles '65.

Janson, Thomas. Entered B.C.S. '63, Grier House; Prefect, Agora '64-'66; Glee Club '65, '66 (President); Choir '66; W.O.II in the Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Football First Team '63, '64, '65. Colours '64, Colours and Captain '65; Track '63, '64.

LeNormand, Jacques. Entered B.C.S. '60; Chapman House; Chess Club and Player's Club '64, '65, '66; Corporal in the Cadet Corps; Lieutenant Governor's Medal; Librarian '66.

MacLellan, Keith. Entered B.C.S. '62; Head Boy, Williams House; Agora '63-'65; Player's Club Tie '63; Chess Club '62, '63; Glee Club '66; Lieutenant in the Cadet Corps; Rifle Team, Master Cadet; Second Team Football '63 Colours; First Team Football '64, '65 Colours in '65. Track '63-'66. General Proficiency '63; Guard.

MacLeod, Andrew. Entered B.C.S. '61; Chapman House; Agora '61-'66; Chess Club '64-'66; Choir '61-'63; Staff-Sergeant in the Cadet Corps; Master Cadet; First Team Soccer '65; League Hockey '63-'65; Track '64-'66; Librarian; Guard.



Miller, Nicholas. Entered B.C.S. 1962. Head Boy, Chapman House; Player's Club '66 (Lead role) and '65; Chess Club '63, '64; Math. Team '65, '66; Sergeant Staff in the Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Football First Team '65; Governor General's Medal; Math. Prize; Science Prize; General Proficiency '63, '64, '65; Headmaster's Prize; Guard; Best Cadet Instructor Award '66.

Shortreed, Timothy. Entered B.C.S. '63; House Officer, Smith House; Agora '64, '65; Chess Club '64, '65, '66; Stamp Club '64; Second Team Football '64; Colours; First Team Football '65; Guard.

Skutezky, Michael. Entered B.C.S. 1961; House Officer, Grier House; Server '65, '66; Agora '61, Player's Club '63, '64, '65 (lead role), One Act Plays '66; Magazine '65, '66, Business Manager; Staff Sergeant in the Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Second Team Football '64, Colours; First Team Football '65 Colours. League Hockey '62, '63; First Crease Cricket '65; Guard '66.

SIXTH FORM

Abbott, Scott. Entered B.C.S. 1963; Grier House; Player's Club '66; Chess Club '64, '65, Secretary-Treasurer; Corporal in the Cadet Corps; League Hockey '65; First Team Manager '66 Hockey.

Anido Philip. Entered B.C.S. '57. Head Boy, Chapman House; Choir '57-'66; Sergeant in the Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; First Team Soccer '64 Colours, '65 Colours; First Team Hockey '64, '65; Under XVI Cricket '64 Captain, First Team Cricket '65 Colours, '66 Colours, Captain; Batting average '65, '66.

Barry, David. Entered B.C.S. '63; Smith House; Agora '64-'66; Players' Club '65, '66 (Lead role); Matt. Team. Honourable Mention in Quebec Math. Congress; Corporal in the Cadet Corps; Assistant Captain of Junior Soccer '63; First Team Soccer Colours '64, '65.

Blackader, Charles. Entered B.C.S. '59. Williams House; Chess Club '63-'66; Lance Corporal in the Cadet Corps; Second Team Football '63, Manager '64, '65; Track '65, '66 Colours; Second in Junior Cross-Country '62, Second in Senior Cross-Country '65. Head of Food Committee.

Bradley, Timothy. Entered B.C.S. '61; Chapman House; Agora '63, '64; Choir '61-'63, '65; Corporal in the Cadet Corps; Junior Football Colours '63, Second Team Football '64, Colours; First Team '65 - Colours; League Hockey '64, '65, First Team '66; Under XVI Cricket '64 Colours, First Team '65, '66, Assistant Captain; Boswell Cup for Cross-Country. Second in Senior Tennis Singles '65. First Team Cricket, bowling average '65; Smith Cup and Fortune Medal '66.

Brooks, Ted. Entered B.C.S. '63; Smith House; Agora '64, '65, Player's Club '66; Chess Club '64-'66; Math. Club '66; Sergeant in the Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Junior Soccer '64.

Burke, Thane. Entered B.C.S. '62; Chapman House; Agora and Chess Club '62-'66; Math. Club '65, '66; Corporal in the Cadet Corps; Second Team Football '64; First Team Soccer '65; League Hockey '64, '65, First Team Hockey '66; Guard '66; Golf Champion '66.

Charlton, Robert. Entered B.C.S. '63; Grier House; Agora '63-'66; House Debating Team '66; One Act Plays '66; Chess Club '63-'66; Junior Football '63; Junior Soccer '64; First Team Soccer '65; Second Ski Team '64, '65, Colours '65 and Captain Junior Porteous Cup '65. Junior Squash Runner-up '65; Master's Squash Tournament '66.

Clubb, Gordie. Entered B.C.S. '62; Smith House; Agora '63, '64; Choir '65, '66; Lieutenant in Cadet Corps, D.C.R.A. first class, Master Cadet; Junior Football Colours '62; Second Team Football Colours '63; First Team '64, '65. League Hockey '64, '65. First Team '66; Track '63.

- Davis, Christopher (Slick). Entered B.C.S. '61; Grier House; Agora '62-'66, Vice-President '66; Magazine '65, '66. Photographic Editor '66; Glee Club '66; Choir '62-'66, Librarian '66; School Librarian '66; Sergeant in the Cadet Corps; Junior Soccer '63, '64; First Team Soccer '65; League Hockey '62-'66; Track '63-'65; Heneker Cup for Cross Country; Scholarship; Guard '66.
- Duff, James. Entered B.C.S. '63; Grier House; Agora '64, '65, '66; Player's Club '66; Magazine '65, '66; Literary Editor '66; Choir '64, '65; Second Team Football '64, '65; League Hockey '64, '65; Track Manager '64-'66.
- Dyer, David. Entered B.C.S. '62; Chapman House; Agora '65; Players Club '63-'65; Chess Club '65; Choir '63, '64; Corporal in the Cadet Corps; Junior Football Colours '63. Second Team '64 Colours; First Team '65 Colours; Defensive Captain, League Hockey '62, '63; First Team Ski '65, '66; Colours '66; Track '63, '64, '65; Junior Cross-Country 3rd place '64; Senior Porteous Cup '65; Guard '64, '65, '66; Dance Committee; Food Committee.
- Eddy, Bruce. Entered B.C.S. '61; Grier House; Agora '64, '65, '66; One Act Plays '66; Magazine '65, '66, Senior Forms Editor '66; Math. Club '65, '66; Choir '63, '64, '65; Sergeant in the Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Second Football Team '64 Colours; First Team Football '65; League Hockey '62-'65; First Team Hockey '66; Under XVI Cricket '64, '65 Colours, Captain '65; Guard '66. Head of Dance Committee; Scholarship.
- Fialkowski, Peter. Entered B.C.S. '62; Chapman House; Players Club '64, '65, '66; Chess Club '65, '66; Math Club '66; Librarian '65; Corporal in the Cadet Corps; League Hockey '66; Track Manager '64; Track '63-'65.
- Fox, Stephen. Entered B.C.S. '59; Grier House; Agora tie holder '62-'65; Magazine '65 – Senior Forms Editor; Chess Club '62, '63; Stamp Club '63; Choir '60-'66, Librarian of Choir '63-'65; Head of Choir '66; Sergeant in Cadet Corps; First Team Soccer '63-'65; First Team Cricket '64, '65 scorer, First Crease '66.
- Frank, Christopher. Entered B.C.S. '64; Chapman House; Second Team Football '64 Colours; First Team Football '65; First Team Skiing '66; Golf Champion '64, '65. Batting average under XVI, '65; Dance Committee; House Debating Team; Guard '66.
- Gotto, Michael. Entered B.C.S. '63; Grier House; Prompter for '66 Play; Chess Club '64-'66; Lance Corporal in the Cadet Corps; Junior Football '63; Second Team Soccer '64; First Team Soccer '65; Scholarship; Math Club.
- Haines, Joe. Entered B.C.S. '62; Grier House; Agora '63; Players Club '66; Stamp Club '62, '63; Math Club '65, '66; Sergeant in the Cadet Corps; Junior Soccer '63, '64; First Team Soccer '65; League Hockey '63-'66; Captain '64, '66; Scholarship; General Proficiency '62, '63, '64, '65.
- Harpur, Doug. Entered B.C.S. '61; House Officer, Grier House; Agora '63-'66; Players Club '62, '63, '65, '66; Sergeant in the Cadet Corps; Junior Football '63 Colours, Second Team '64 Colours and Captain, First Team '65; Second Team Ski '62-'64, First Team Ski '65, '66, Colours in '66; Second Team Cricket '64; Math Team.
- Horn, Peter. Entered B.C.S. '63; Williams House; Chess Club '64, '65; Lance Corporal in the Cadet Corps; Junior Football '63, '64; Second Team Soccer '65, First Team '66 Manager.
- Houghton, Peter. Entered B.C.S. '62; Smith House; Players Club prompter '63-'65; Chess Club '63-'66, President '64, '65. Sergeant in the Cadet Corps; Manager First Team '65; Junior Soccer Team '62, '63; First Team Soccer '64; Track '63-'64, '66; Manager '65; Guard '64, '65, '66.
- Howson, Richard. Entered B.C.S. '63; Head Boy, Smith House; Players Club '66; Chess Club '66; Corporal in Cadets; Second Team Football '64, '65, Colours and co-captain '65; League Hockey '64, '65; First Team '66 Colours; Wiggett Cup '66.
- Jones, Tim. Entered B.C.S. in 1961; Head Boy in Grier House; Players' Club '64; Magazine '66, Co-Sports Editor; Glee Club '65, '66; Choir '66; WO II, Quarter Master Sergeant in Cadets, Master Cadet; First Team Soccer '63, '64, '65, Colours '65; League Hockey '62-'66, Captain '64, '66; Track '65, Manager; In charge of tennis Crease, '66; Head Referee (Hockey), '66.
- Jorré, Gaston. Entered B.C.S. '62; Grier House; Agora '63-'66, President and tie holder Players Club '64-'66 stage crew; Magazine '65 – Assistant Editor; Chess Club '64-'66; Math Club '65, '66, Math Team '66; Sergeant in Cadets; First Team Soccer '64; League Hockey '63-'65; Track '64-'66; Second Prize for Cross-Country '63.

Kaine, John. Entered B.C.S. '63; Grier House; Agora '63-'66; Players Club '66; Chess Club '63-'65; Sergeant, Master Cadet; Junior Football '63; Junior Soccer '64 Colours; First Team Colours '65; League Hockey '64, JY5; First Team Hockey.

Kent, Hugh. Entered B.C.S. '59; Head Boy; Smith House; Server '66; Agora '62, '63; Players Club '65; Chess Club '66 President; Choir '61, '62; W.O.I Company Sergeant Major in the Cadet Corps; Second Team Football '62, '63 Colours '63; First Team '64 Colours '65 and Assistant Captain, First Team Hockey '64, '65, '66. Captain of Hockey '66. Heneker Cup for Junior Cross-Country '62.

Languedoc, Donald. Entered B.C.S. '64; Grier House; Agora '64, '65; Stamp Club '65; First Team Soccer '65.

Lawson, Geoffry. Entered B.C.S. '63; Head Boy, Williams House; Agora '63; Math Club '65, Corporal in Cadet Corps; Second Team Football '64, Colours, First Team '65, Colours; League Hockey '64, First Team '65 Colours and Assistant Captain '66; Cricket Under XVI, '65, Vice Captain; General Proficiency '64, '65. Dance Committee.

MacNaughton, Alan. Entered B.C.S. '61; Chapman House; Players Club '62-'65; Choir '66-'64; Staff Sergeant in Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; First Team Soccer '64, Colours in '65.

McClennan, Gordon. Entered B.C.S. '63; Smith House; Agora '64-'66; Choir '66; Corporal in the Cadet Corps; Second Team Football '64, '65, Colours in '65; First Team Ski '64, '65; Under XVI Cricket '64 Colours and Captain. First Team '65 Colours '66. Junior Squash Champion '64.

McConnel, Stewart. Entered B.C.S. '63; Head Boy, Williams House; Agora '64, '65; Stamp Club '64-'66, President; Sergeant in Cadets; Second Team Soccer '63 Colours and Captain; First Team Soccer '64 Colours, '65 Colours and Captain; League Hockey '65, '66; First Team Cricket '65 Colours '66.

McNaughton, Bruce. Entered B.C.S. '62; Smith House; Agora '66, McGill Debates; Choir-tape recording; Sergeant in Cadets; Master Cadet, Second Team Football '63 Colours, First Team '64, '65 Colours; First Ski Team '64, '65, '66. Kenneth Hugessen Prize for Creative Writing '65. Guard '65, '66.

McOuat, Graham. Entered B.C.S. '62; House Officer, Chapman House; Players Club '65, '66, stage manager; Staff Sergeant in Cadets; Junior Soccer '63, First Team Soccer '65, Manager '64; League Hockey '63-'65, Manager of First Team '66; Track '64-'66 Manager.

Messel, James. Entered B.C.S. '63; Williams House; Second Team Football '64-'65; Second Ski Team '64, '65, Manager in '66.

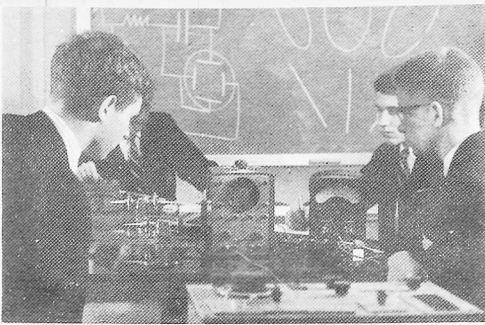
Miners, Ian. Entered B.C.S. '64; Smith House; Chess Club '66; First Crease Soccer '65; Lance Corporal in Cadet Corps.

Miners, Ian. Entered B.C.S. '64; Smith House; Chess Club '66; First Crease Soccer '65; Lance Corporal in Cadet Corps.

Molson, Mark. Entered B.C.S. '62; Smith House; Agora '63, '64; Chess Club '64, '65, '66; Choir '63, '66; Second Class D.C.R.A.; Second Team Football '64, Colours First First Team '65 Colours; Second Team Ski '64 Colours and Captain; First '65, '66 Colours in '66. Junior Singles and Doubles Tennis '65, Senior Singles '66; Senior Squash '66; Best All Around Skier Award for 1st Team; Martin Cup '66.



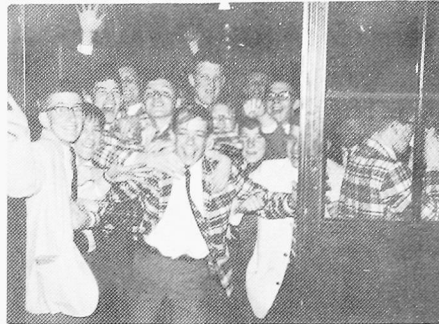
- Montano, Robin. Entered B.C.S. '61; House Officer, Williams House; Agora '62-'65 tie owner and secretary '65; Players Club '62; Chess Club and Stamp Club '62, '63; Glee Club '65, '66; Choir '62-'66; Sergeant in Cadets, Master Cadet; Second Team Football '63, '64, Colours '64, First Team Football '65 Colours and Cleghorn Cup; Guard '64-'66.
- Montano, Dan. Entered B.C.S. '61; Grier House; Agora '63, '64; Glee Club '65, '66; Choir '62-'64; Sergeant in Cadets, Master Cadet; Second Team Football '64 Colours First Team '65 Colours; League Hockey '63, '64, '66; Track '62-'66 – First Team Colours; Guard '66; Most Efficient N.C.O. Award.
- Neill, Robert. Entered B.C.S. '60; Grier House; Magazine tie for photography '64; Camera Club '63-'66 – President '65, Vice President '66; Stamp Club '63, '66; League Hockey Manager '65, '66; Under XVI Cricket '65 Manager.
- Nicholl, John. Entered B.C.S. '62; Grier House; Chess Club '66; Stamp Club '66, secretary-treasurer; Corporal in Cadets; First Team Soccer '65 Colours; League Hockey '63-'66; Track '66 Manager.
- Oughtred, John. Entered B.C.S. '64; Williams House; Lance Corporal in Cadets; Second Team Football '64, '65; League Hockey '64-'66.
- Pelletier, Bruce. Entered B.C.S. '61; House Officer, Williams House; Agora '64, '65, Secretary '66; Chess Club '66; Choir '64; Sergeant in Cadets, Master Cadet; Second Team Football Colours '63, '64, First Team '65 Colours; League Hockey '62-'64; Under XVI Cricket '65; Track '66.
- Rider, Peter. Entered B.C.S. '63; Williams House; Agora '64; Glee Club '66; Second Team Football Manager '65.
- Rubin, Milton. Entered B.C.S. '64; Williams House; Chess Club '66; Second Team Football '65 Colours and co-captain; League Hockey '65; First Team Hockey '66; Track '65, '66.
- Shoiry, Edward. Entered B.C.S. in '59; Grier House; Chess Club '65; Junior Soccer '64 Colours, First Team Soccer '65; League Hockey '63-'65; Under XVI Cricket '63 Colours; Track '64.
- Smith, Allan. Entered B.C.S. '64; Grier House; Players Club '65, '66 (lead role); Manager in One Act Plays; Sergeant in Cadets; First Team Soccer '65, '66; Track '65 Manager; Cheer Leader '66, '65.
- Stairs, George. Entered B.C.S. '62; Smith House; Agora '62-'64, Chess Club '62, '65, '66; Choir '62, '63, '64; Math Team; Corporal in Cadets; League Hockey '62, '63, '64; General Proficiency '63-'65; Scholarship.
- Stewart, John. Entered B.C.S. '62; Smith House; Agora '63, '64, '65; Chess Club '66; Choir '63, '64, '66; Junior Football '64; Second Team '65 Colours and Captain; League Hockey '63-'65; First Team '66; Junior Tennis Singles and Doubles; Squash– Junior Champ; Guard '66.
- Sutton, William. Entered B.C.S. '62; Head Boy, Williams House; Agora '64; Camera Club '62, '63; Choir '62; Science Fair Award '65; Lieutenant Cadets; Junior Football '64 Colours; Second Team '65 Colours, First Team '66 Colours; Track '62-'65 – First Team Colours; Guard '65.
- Veillon, Louis. Entered B.C.S. '60; Grier House; Stamp Club '64; Second Team Football '64 Colours; First Team '65; Second Team Ski '64, First Team Ski '65, '66 Colours and Captain '66; Under 16 Cricket '64 Colours, First Team '65; Dance Committee.
- Waite, Reginald. Entered B.C.S. '63; Smith House; Chess Club '65, '66; Second Team Football '63; First Team Soccer '64; First Team Football '65 Colours; League Hockey '65, First Team '65, '66 Colours in '66; Track '65, '66; Guard.
- Webster, Ian. Entered B.C.S. '63; Smith House; Players Club '65, '66; Stamp Club '63; Corporal in Cadets; Junior Football '63, '64, Second Team Football '65; Projector Operator for Movies.



"MAN! IT LOOKS NEAT, BUT WHAT IS IT?"

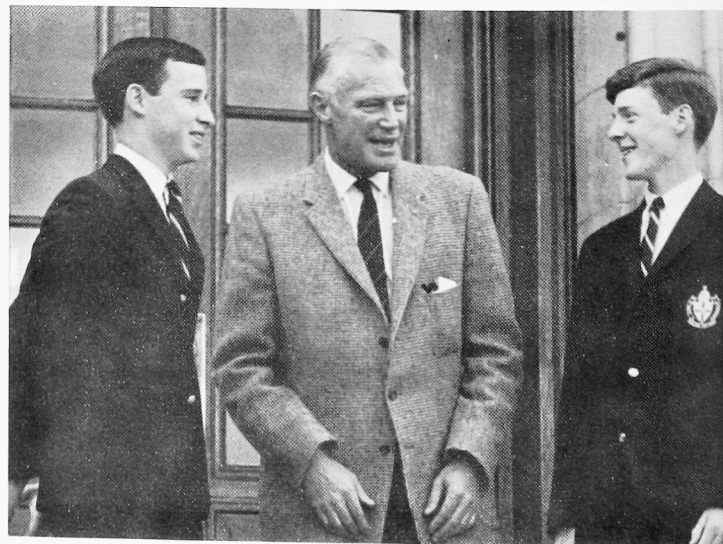


IT'S A TOUGH LIFE.



"GOSH GARN! ... THERE'LL BE NO SUPPER TONIGHT."

"... NO, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG FOR ME TO TELL YOU WHAT GOES ON IN THE HOUSE."



"... FIRST TIME IT HAS EVER WORKED..."

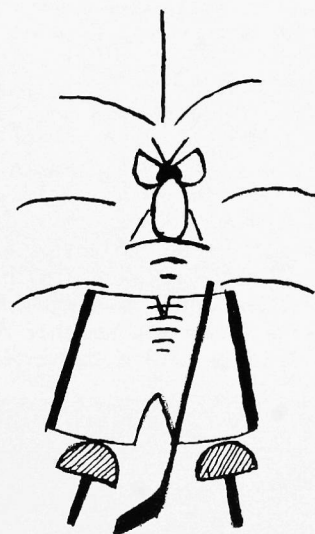


"MAY I HAVE THIS NEXT DANCE?"

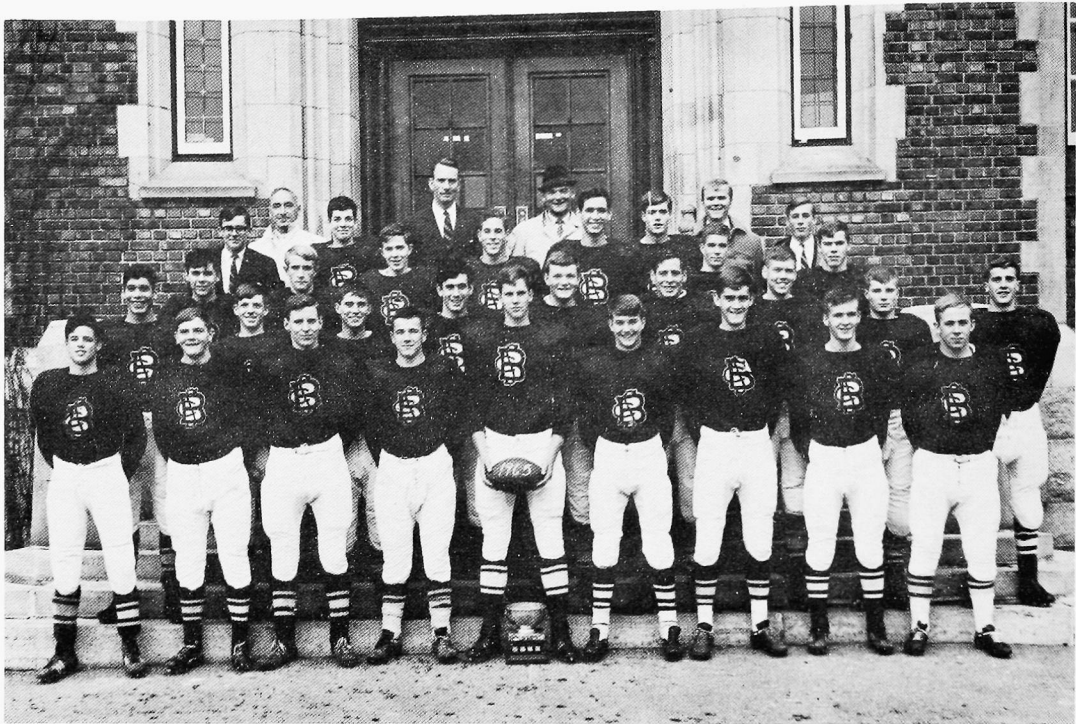
"BAH! I TAKE GRIEF FROM NOONE."



SPORTS



C Collin



Back Row:

(L. to R.): W. Sutton, R. R. Owen, Esq., B. Eddy, The Headmaster, S. F. Abbott, Esq., (Coach), P. Porteous, D. Cruickshank, Esq., P. Houghton (Manager).

Third Row:

R. Waite, G. Clubb, S. Jones, B. Ander, R. Montano, J. Burbidge, C. Frank.

Second Row:

D. Montano, M. Molson, P. Goldberg, B. McNaughton, T. Shortreed, M. Skutezky, N. Miller, C. Drury, L. Veillon.

Front Row:

T. Bradley, B. Pelletier, K. Cobbett (Vice-Capt.), H. Kent (Vice-Capt.), T. Janson (Capt.), D. Dyer, G. Lawson, K. MacLellan, D. Harpur.

FIRST TEAM FOOTBALL

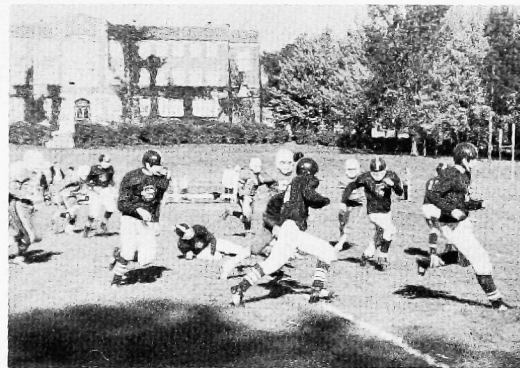
With only one first team colour from the 1964 squad returning, prospects for a winning team in 1965 seemed slight indeed. The twenty four boys who turned out in September were far from being blockbusters by any means, but they set to work with a will, and a spirit of willing cooperation soon became the hallmark of this year's team.

The season opened auspiciously enough with a 20-13 win over Beaconsfield, followed by an encouraging 27-6 victory over Lindsay Place. But the real test came on Saturday, October 9, in the Stanstead match. The border school fielded a big, fast, and competent team, which, so we had heard, had mastered a deadly aerial attack. But something happened. Time and again our light linesmen broke through to block kicks and smother the Stanstead quarterback. A rouge and a converted touchdown

sufficed to give B.C.S. a two point lead, but Stanstead pressed on and, with the minute flag up, began marching towards our end. The by now desperate B.C.S. defenders held on and fought back, and the game ended with an exhausted and bruised B.C.S. team holding on to the valuable two point margin.

Then, of course, came the Old Boys, (hundreds of them, it seemed) who, in true B.C.S. tradition, whipped the first team 12-0, a loss that was followed by a discouraging 26-1 defeat at the hands of a capable, efficient and well drilled L.C.C. squad. No alibis were needed, and none were offered. The boys simply settled down, licked their wounds, and prepared for the last two games, the big ones, against Stanstead and Ashbury.



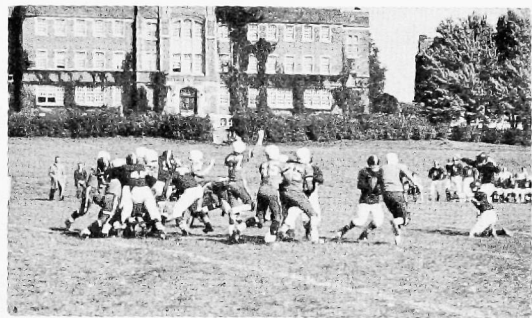


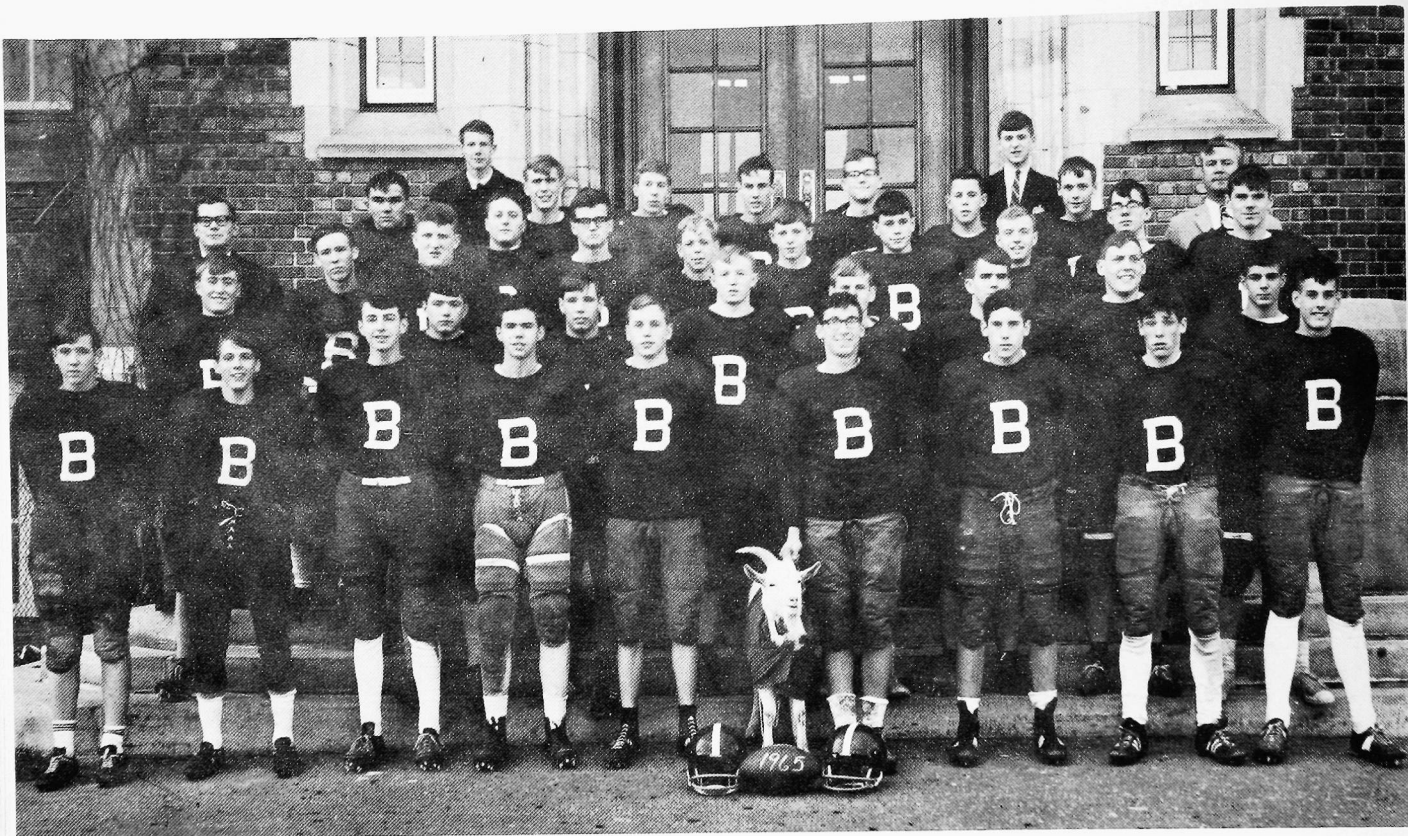
For the last game of the season, a high spirited and eager team travelled to Ottawa, and once again every ounce of determination and endurance was called for to defeat an equally determined and capable Ashbury squad, 14-12. Twice the Purple and White swallowed discouragement and apparent defeat to come from behind to win. Again, the final whistle went with the opposition on the March, and again the team dug in and held, bringing home the Old Boys' trophy for only the fifth time in fourteen attempts.

The season ended with a 2-1-2- score, a creditable record by any standard. It was indeed an "Annus Mirabilis" for all those connected with this year's "First Crease".

J.D.C.

On October 23, the B.C.S. squad travelled to Stanstead for a confrontation with a team determined to wipe the field with purple and white sweaters. From the beginning this was a no nonsense game of hard blocking and punishing tackles, in which B.C.S. certainly gave as good as it took. Pelletier had learned to catch since September and Lawson hit him in the end zone to put B.C.S. ahead early in the game. Stanstead evened the score with a long pass, and the big push began. Stanstead unleashed their vaunted passing attack with a vengeance and more than once were within the B.C.S. two yard line, but once again our defence rallied and broke through to foil what appeared to be certain Stanstead touchdowns. The final whistle went with the score tied, and B.C.S. the holders of the Senator Howard trophy by a slim two point margin.





Back Row:

(L. to R.) J. Messel, C. Blackader, P. Rider, C. Monk, T. Law, S. Nicholls, G. Ander, J. Dyer, P. Boxer, H. Doheny, Esq.

Third Row:

J. L. Milligan, Esq., R. Howson, J. Latter, J. Duff, J. Clifford, R. Newbury, T. Lawson, R. Clark, F. Kirby, B. Stensrud, J. Oughtred.

Second Row:

I. McNiven, P. Nares, N. Herring, D. Bridger, M. Kearns, D. McNaughton, P. Newwell, M. Bookalam.

Front Row:

J. Stewart, G. McClellan, J. Phillips, I. Webster, S. Baker, M. Rubin, D. Jessop, C. McCain, B. Duclos.

SECOND CREASE FOOTBALL

B.C.S.	7	Beaconfield	14
B.C.S.	54	Stanstead	0
B.C.S.	6	Selwyn House	12
B.C.S.	25	Stanstead	19
B.C.S.	39	Eastview	6

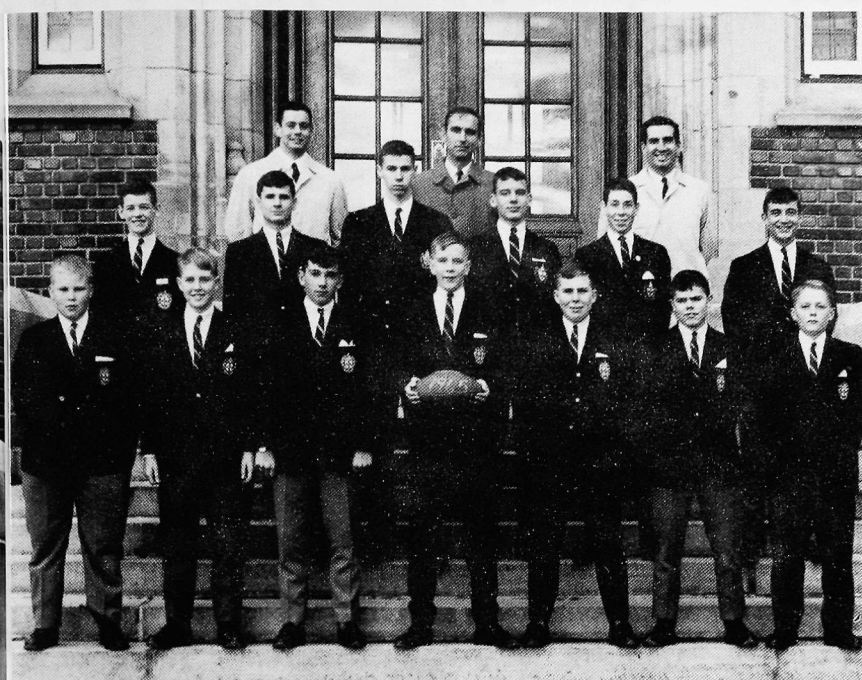
A glance at the scores indicates that a 3-2 record may not be a fair appraisal of the Second Team's over-all performance. The two defeats were cliff hangers from the start and could have gone either way.

This year's offensive team was very strong along the ground but weak through the air. The lack of a passing attack can bring an offence to a standstill since a running attack alone can be defended against. When playing two good teams like Beaconfield and Selwyn House this is what happened.

Stanstead adjusted to our powerful end runs and off-tackles in the return match and only a short screen pass pattern preserved the victory.

Eastview of Ottawa were not prepared for the ground attack and the backs led by Stewart, Rubin, Howson, McClellan and Nares had a field day. An amusing sight during the game saw Long John Oughtred snare a Stewart pass out of the clouds. The happy victory made the bus ride home much shorter and was an excellent way to climax a good season.

Since this year's squad had many third and fourth formers on it the prospect for an excellent season next year looks very bright.



Third Row:

(L. to R.) D. Read, Esq., G. B. Allan, Esq., J. D. Cowans, Esq.

Second Row:

I. Dowbiggin, R. Milne, A. Stewart, W. Palmer, G. Burbidge, A. MacCarthy.

Front Row:

J. Tutsch, R. Viets, G. Jones, D. Eddy (Cap't.), M. Leob, T. Frank, A. Kenny.

THIRD CREASE FOOTBALL

Third Crease Football this year continued the adherence to the principle that this is primarily a training crease where the emphasis should be, and is, placed on the fundamentals of football—blocking, tackling, ball-handling, the rules and elementary strategy of the game. Most important as well, a boy is exposed (sometimes for the first time) to the need for, and value of, physical fitness, and the Crease is conducted so that every participant learns a basic program of fitness that, if he wishes, can be used for the rest of his life.

After an initial period of gradually intensifying conditioning and running, stimulated by various games, equipment was donned and fundamentals practice began, in preparation for the Third Crease League. This began after Thanksgiving, with four teams selected by the coaches.

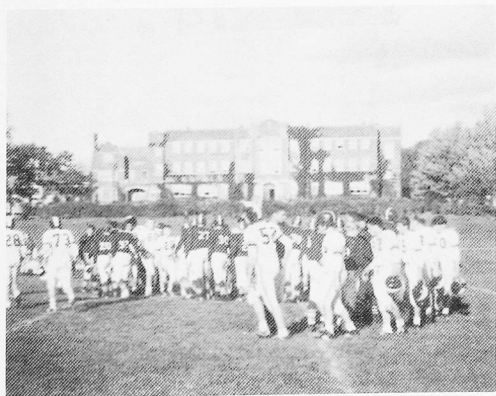
The League competition was as fierce as ever, with each team playing about twelve games before the play-offs. That this sort of spirit was a credit to the boys involved, in the face of weather conditions that could be described as abysmal, rain being customary from above, and mud below. In fact, the writer recalls only one really fine fall day, with typical crisp blue sky and bright sun, and three inches of snow on the ground providing the only jarring note.

The League Champions this year was the team captained by Eddy II. The other Captains were Dunlop, Eddy III and Fisher.

The now-traditional game with Selwyn House was played at the end of October. Selwyn emerged victorious for the first time by the very close score of 13-12, in a thrilling match played on a snowy field.

Junior colours were awarded to Burke II and Hackney. The Crease coaches were Mr. Cowans, Mr. Allan and Mr. Read.

G.B.A.





Back Row:

The Headmaster, D. Brickenden, I. Fleming, J. F. Clifton, Esq., (Coach).

Second Row:

J. Haines, J. McNicholl, E. Berg, D. Barry, M. Gotto, T. Burke, D. Walker.

Front Row:

E. Shoiry, T. Jones (Ass't Capt.), S. McConnell (Capt.), P. Anido, C. Kaine.

SENIOR SOCCER

This was a big year in B.C.S. soccer. The first crease moved to the new field, an inspiringly generous and flat sward of green, on which a full, adult-sized soccer field was easily laid with wide margins around it, and an extra practice area to boot. Secondly, and with more far-reaching effect, first class colours were awarded to soccer players for the first time in B.C.S. history. This marks a milestone on the road that soccer had followed at B.C.S., emphasizing the trend of the sport's ever-increasing popularity. It also recognizes the marked improvement in the quality of the players, their speed, agility, ball-control and tactical knowledge. The first team's fine performance last year in winning the league trophy, and this year in being runners-up (losing 0-1 to winners S.H.S.) demonstrates this.

Once again, three creases were formed, coached by Messrs. J. Clifton, J. Grimsdell and T. Callan. Mr. Callan, a recent acquisition by the school, is a most welcome and able addition to the soccer coaching staff.

The junior team was less successful this year. The age limit of 15 highly restricts the number of boys eligible to play, and it is in this age group that soccer feels the greatest competition from the more prestigious football.

Space permits only a brief mention of the regular players on the first team, but it should be noted that, as in all team sports, team-work is vital and in this respect every member of the team played his individual part with unselfish skill. Captain S. McConnell, probably the ablest soccer player the school has had, was a tower of strength at centre-

half. He was ably supported by Vice-Captain T. Jones at full-back, and C. Kaine, an agile and fearless goalie. The forward line was spearheaded by the solid and hard-kicking P. Anido who was flanked by the speedy E. Shoiry at right wing, and tricky left-wing J. Haines. Strong inside support came from D. Brickenden and J. Nicholl. Finally, the defence was further strengthened by D. Barry and T. Burke as wing-halves, and C. Gotto at full-back.

The third crease was a large one and a "little league" was organized within it. Here again, the standard of play was very high even if at times it was a little light-hearted.

Unfortunately, a heavy snowfall caused the Ashbury College match to be cancelled. The annual match against the Staff, always a close one, resulted in a 3-3 tie, even though overtime was played in failing light and a minor blizzard.

First class colours to:- P. Anido, T. Jones, C. Kaine, S. McConnell, E. Shoiry.

Second class colours to:- D. Barry, T. Burke, D. Brickenden, C. Gotto, J. Haines, J. Nicholl.

Junior colours to:- K. Tisshaw.

Match results:-

	Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Goals for	Goals against
First Team	11	6	3	2	25	11
Junior Team	10	1	7	2	11	22

J.F.G.C.

Junior Soccer Team



Back Row:

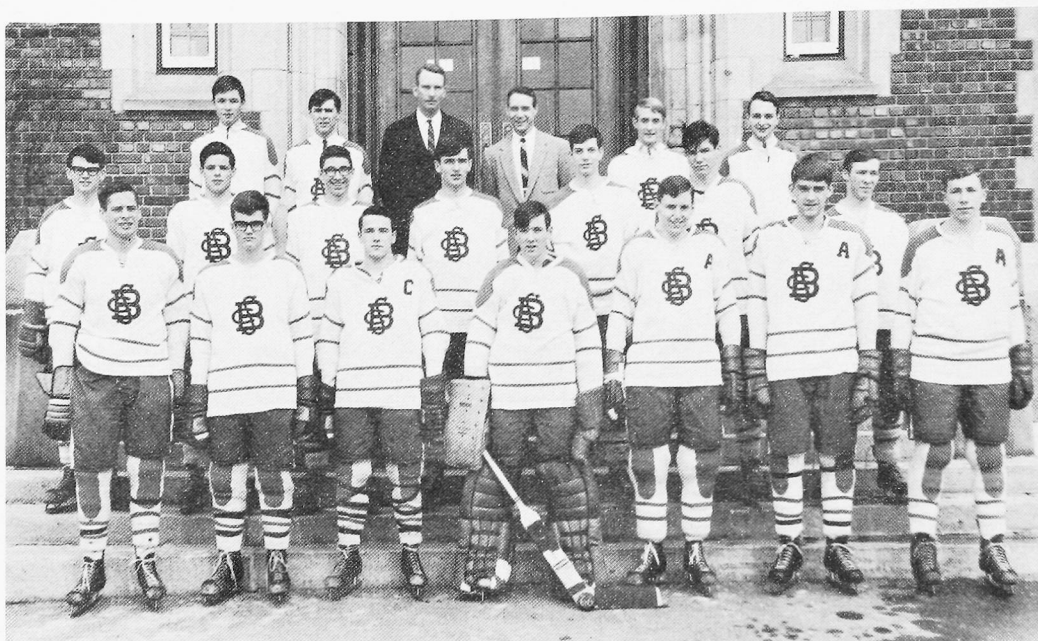
J.L. Grimsdell, Esq. (Coach),
G. Gurd, S. Chiang, M.
McNicholl.

Second Row:

B. Barwick, A. Karnowski,
A. MacNie, A. Breakey, R.
Moffat, P. Martin-Smith.

Front Row:

A. Read, C. Collin, K.
Tisshaw, C. Foord, T. Dixon.



Back Row:

G. McQuat (Mngr.), R. Waite, The Headmaster, R. P. Bedard, Esq. (Coach), G. Clubb, S. Abbott (Mngr.).

Second Row:

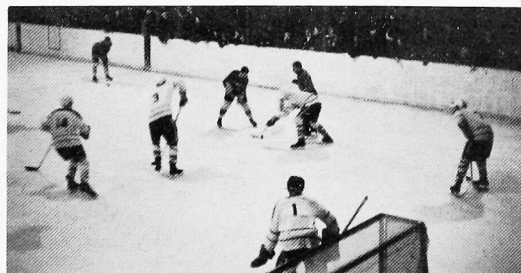
T. Burke, T. Bradley, J. Rubin, J. Kaine, B. Eddy, P. Tetrault, R. Howson.

Front Row:

M. Skutezky, J. Clifford, H. Kent (Capt.), J. Stewart, K. Cobbett (A/Capt.), J. Lawson (A/Capt.), P. Anido (A/Capt.).

SENIOR HOCKEY

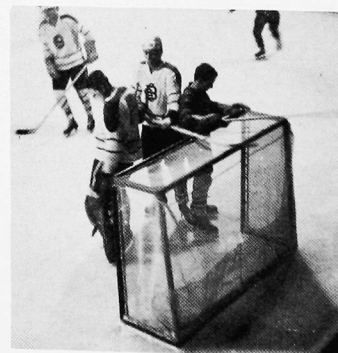
Hockey brings the School most ferquently into contact with the outside communities. In this game, we have won and enjoyed for many years an enviable reputation amongst opponents, officials and fans. Superior condition, capable and cleanly aggressive teams, spirited and noisy, but never



obnoxious supporters, an absolute taboo on referee baiting, and a healthy habit of letting the other guys collect the cheap penalties, — these qualities, plus a scoring record that almost invariably topped the opposition, were reflected in the lustre of the A.O.B.A. Trophy, held 16-1/3 times in the past 21 years.

Current absence of this silverware reminds of a deficit in assets. These represent serious, but reparable losses. During the past season we ran out of a number of items which were in short supply the previous year but whose scarcity went largely unheeded. Once an honest selfassessment points out the real deficiencies, we can restock and get back into business. It has been done before, and successfully, at this long-established institution, in this fine and firmly-established game. We shall go forward again, wiser and ultimately stronger for having known our weakness.

G.P.



First Team Resume

Date	Vs.	Result	AT
Nov. 13	Seminaire	Tied 4-4	B.C.S.
Nov. 16	Castors	Lost 5-4	B.C.S.
Nov. 20	Technique	Won 6-2	B.C.S.
Nov. 23	Castors	Lost 3-5	B.C.S.
Nov. 27	Old Boys	Won 4-5	B.C.S.
Nov. 30	Seminaire	Won 2-1	B.C.S.
Dec. 4	Castors	Won 2-1	B.U.
Dec. 14	Technique	Lost 1-2	B.U.
Jan. 8	Castors	Won 8-3	B.C.S.
Jan. 11	Seminaire	Tied 4-4	B.C.S.
Jan. 18	Castors	Lost 3-8	B.C.S.
Jan. 19	Seminaire Juveniles	Tied 7-7	Seminaire
Jan. 22	Stanstead	Won 3-1	Stanstead
Jan. 25	Seminaire	Lost 0-3	B.C.S.
Jan. 29	Seminaire	Won 4-2	B.C.S.
Feb. 1	Castors	Lost 2-7	B.C.S.
Feb. 5	Deerfield	Lost 0-6	Deerfield
Feb. 8	Castors	Won 7-4	B.C.S.
Feb. 12	Seminaire	Lost 5-7	B.C.S.
Feb. 15	Bishop's University Junior Varsity	Won 6-5	B.IJ.
Feb. 19	Ashbury	Lost 1-2	B.C.S.
Feb. 22	Stanstead	Lost 1-2	B.C.S.
Feb. 26	Lower Canada College	Lost 1-4	L.C.C.
Mar. 5	Old Boys	Won 9-5	B.C.S.

SEASON'S RECORD

Games Played	Games Won	Games Lost	Games Tied
24	10	11	3

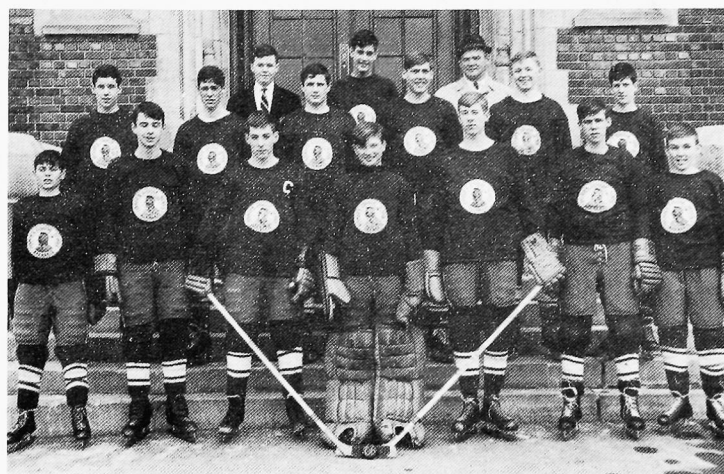
Goals For: 86
Goals Against: 92
C. Abbott (Form VI-M)

Minor Hockey

The 1965-66 season saw a total of five B.C.S. teams competing in the midget and bantam divisions of the Q.M.H.A. Although only one championship was gained, the true spirit of amateur hockey was captured at both levels.

In the bantam section the Hurons defeated the Algonquins for their championship; they then faced off in a double round-robin series against the winners of the other two divisions. The B.C.S. team won it's first two games by scores of 5-4 and 6-5 and then tied the third 5-5. Either a tie or a win in their final game would give the Hurons the overall championship. In a well fought game the Hurons skated to a 3-3 tie, thus copping the Sherbrooke bantam league title.

B.C.S. iced three teams in the midget division, the Abenakis, Mohawks, and the Crees. All three of these clubs met with varying successes, (and failures). The Crees missed the play-offs while the



ABENAKIS HOCKEY

Back Row:

R. Neill (Mngr.), B. Duclos, S. F. Abbot, Esq. (Coach).

Second Row:

D. Jessop, C. McCain, R. Milne, P. Newell, B. Bridger, J. Eddy.

Front Row:

T. Skutezky, J. Phillips, J. Haines (Capt.), A. Read, C. Monk, D. Walker, R. Carmichael.

Missing:

E. Shoiry.

Mohawks were eliminated early in the post-sectional playdowns. The Abenakis, traditionally the strongest B.C.S. midget representatives, reached the finals against Sherbrooke High School. B.C.S. won the first game of the best of three series and then dropped the second. In the deciding game the disappointed Ab's were downed by the determined S.H.S. squad.

As in the case of the First team the Ab's met little success at Deerfield, Mass., and suffered a humiliating 6-0 loss. The Ab's also were defeated at the hands of the well-coached L.C.C. roster, loosing a high scoring affair. However, the Abenakis did turn back the Stanstead team twice and skated to victory against St. George's in their only encounter.

There were also two teams in the school which played almost only inter-school games. The Apaches and the Choctaws provided excellent scrimmages for the league teams as well as playing a couple of games with other schools.

True to another B.C.S. tradition the hockey coaches proved to be of the highest calibre. All those who participated in minor hockey this season join in extending thanks to Messrs. Abbott, Campbell, Cruickshank, Denison, Large, Milligan, and Owen.

J. Haines (Form VI-M)



Choctaw Hockey

Back Row:

D. Barry, R. R. Owen, Esq., S. Nicholls.

Second Row:

A. MacLeod, E. Berg, P. Fialkowski, C. Davis, B. Ander.

Front Row:

J. LeNormand, S. McConnell (Ass't Capt.), T. Jones (Capt.), J. Burbidge (Ass't Capt.), J. Oughtred.



Mohawks Hockey

Back Row:

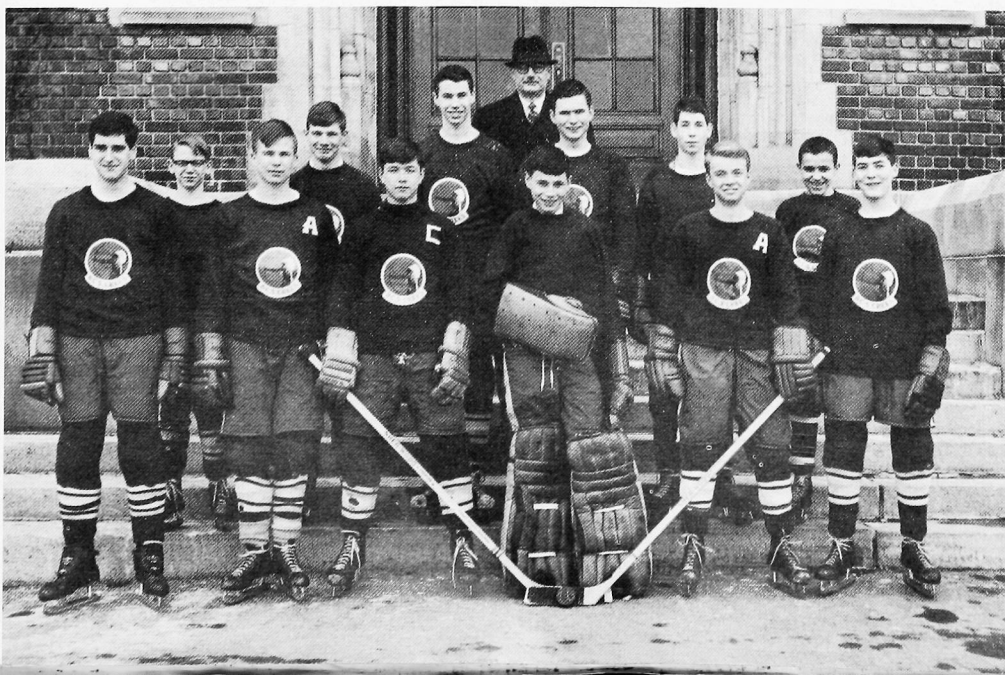
J. L. Milligan, Esq. (Coach), G. Jones, J. Latter, P. Hindrichs.

Second Row:

M. Saykaly, A. Thompson, R. Ramirez, S. Baker, W. Stensrud.

Front Row:

S. Nicholls, K. Olive, W. Palmer, D. Eddy, A. Breaky.



Cree Hockey

Back Row:

W. Vipond, J. Benesh, A. Stewart, E. E. Denison, Esq. (Coach), A. Fleming, G. Burbidge, D. Fuller.

Front Row:

G. Willows, A. Stephen (A/Capt.), P. Nares (Capt.), R. Clark, F. Kirby (A/Capt.), T. Dixon.

Missing:

G. Gurd (Mgr.).

Hurons Hockey

(Q.M.H.A. SHERBROOKE AREA
BANTAM CHAMPIONS, 1966)

Back Row:

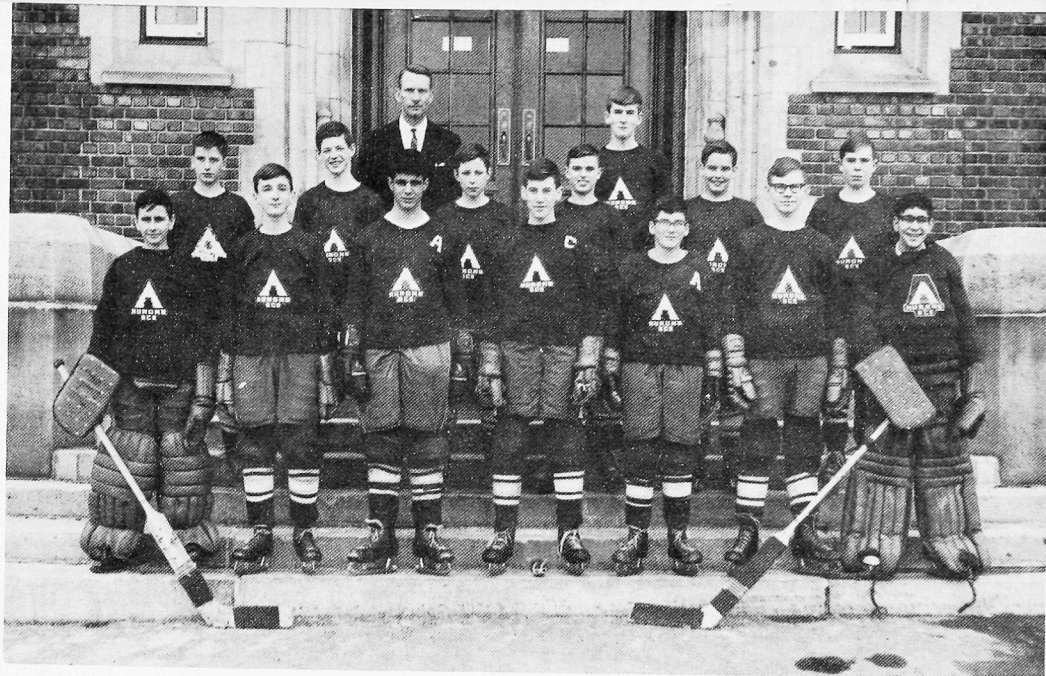
F. S. Large, Esq., M. Kenny.

Second Row:

R. McLernon, I. Dowbiggin, A. Jessop, D. Finlayson, P. Thompson, M. Loeb.

Front Row:

R. Rowat, T. Evans, M. Bookalam (Ass't Capt.), S. Dunlop (Capt.), J. Bagnall (Ass't Capt.), R. Jamieson, R. Kishfy.



Algonquin Hockey

Back Row:

D. A. G. Cruickshank, Esq., M. Warwick (Mngr.).

Second Row:

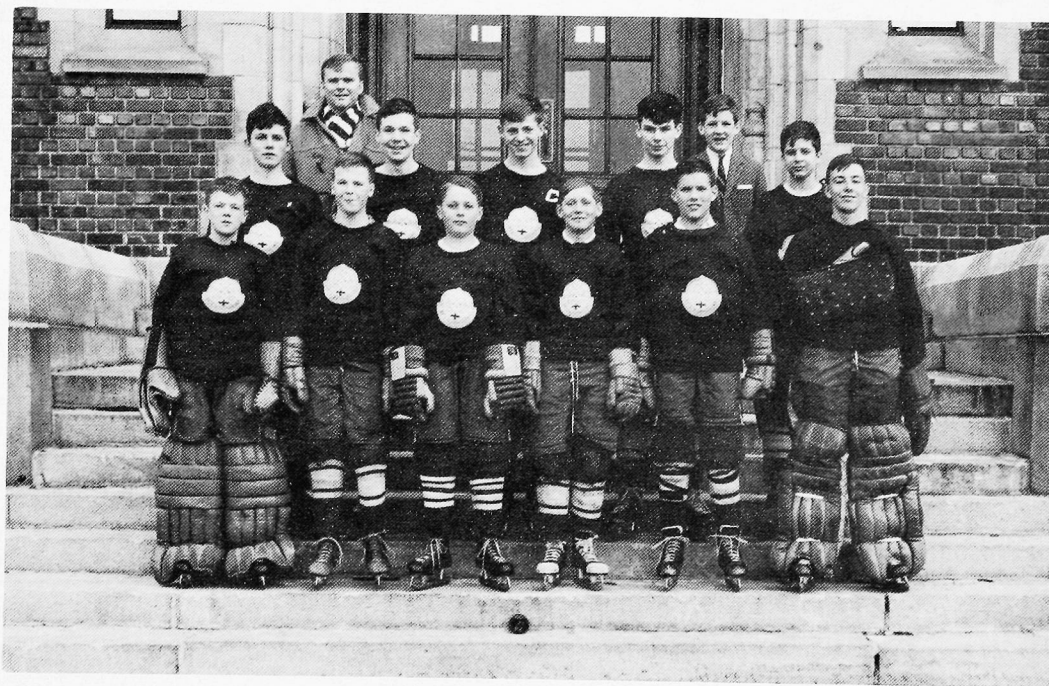
D. Fisher, J. Hackney, T. Lawson, J. Fraas, R. Kozel.

Front Row:

D. Campbellton, R. Worrall, A. Kenny, A. Kamkowski, P. Bradley, K. Tisshaw.

Missing:

C. Stuart.



Apache Hockey

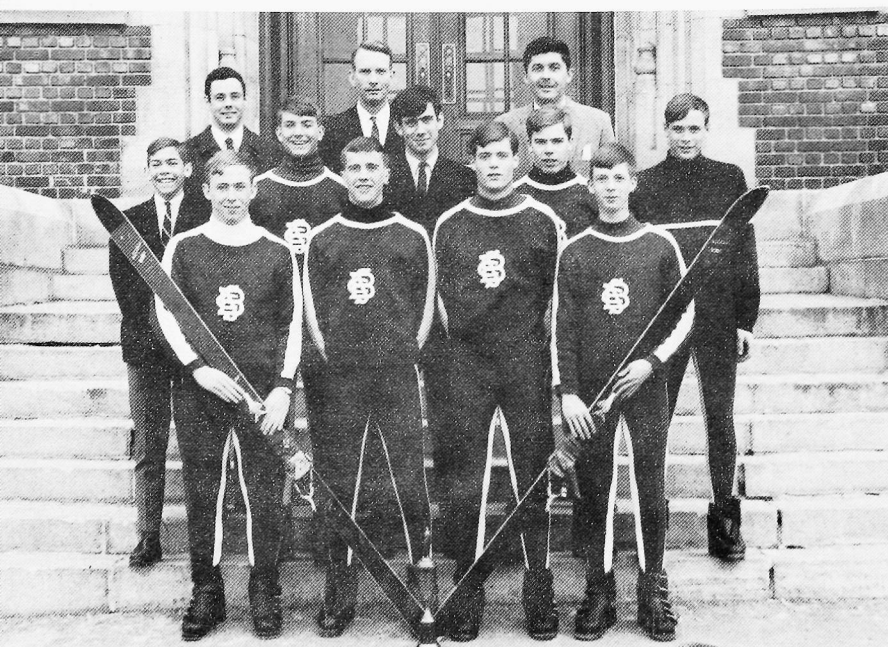
Back Row:

A. P. Campbell, Esq. (Coach), J. Angel, A. Macnie, A. Porter, D. Miller, M. McNicoll.

Front Row:

S. King, E. Mooney, R. Moffat (Capt.), I. Doucet, B. Barwick, B. MacCulloch, T. Frank.





Senior Ski Team

Back Row:

D. C. Read (Ass't Coach), The Headmaster, A. S. Troubetzkoy (Coach).

Middle Row:

P. Horn (Manager), D. Dyer, B. McNaughton, C. Frank, P. Boxer.

Front Row:

D. Harpur, L. Veillon (Co-Capt.), P. Porteous (Co-Capt.), M. Molson.

The programme of Competitive Skiing this year was carried out with unprecedented enthusiasm and energy by all concerned. The activities of the teams, being much more numerous and varied than they have been in previous years, made 1966 a memorable season for all of us, who entered upon it perhaps somewhat hesitantly.

A number of firsts in the history of Competitive Skiing at B.C.S. were inaugurated this year. It is hoped that they will be continued in future years, as they proved to augment the quality of the skiing greatly, as well as to make the season pleasurable and successful.

Each week we travelled to Mount Orford, where we received excellent professional instruction from Orford's head pro, Mario Podoriesz and his wife Nancy, formerly Nancy Holland of the Canadian Women's National team. These trips were as much fun as they were instructional, and I am sure that all of us will remember Mario's benign stringency, and Nancy's laughing face. The general caliber of our skiing was immeasurably improved through their patience and efforts with us. We hope that in years to come, potential B.C.S. racers will have the benefit of their instruction.

Another first was our participation in the Eastern Townships Ski Zone races at Thetford Mines, East Angus and Mount Echo, in which we had mixed results. Several of our racers distinguished them-

selves and the School by their successes in some of these races, and the meets were a thoroughly worthwhile undertaking.

In the East Angus meet, in which the Juniors only took part, John Dyer (II), who turned out to be the best of our Junior prospects, won the first place trophy in the Boy's "A" Class. He was followed by Collin who placed fifth, and Ferguson, sixth. The entries from B.C.S. in the Boy's "B" Class were almost equally as successfully, Clarke II placing second, Viets fifth, and Harpur II sixth.

Of the seven out of thirty-two Junior A. racers who managed to qualify in both runs of the Zone Championship slalom at Mount Echo, B.C.S. had three skiers: Peter Porteous, the team captain, David Dyer, and Douglas Harpur, who placed second, sixth, and seventh respectively.

In the same meet, in the Junior C. Class, Dyer II placed second, and Clarke II sixth.

(Continued on Page 106)



COMPETITIVE

Skiing



Back Row:

D. C. Read, Esq. (A/Coach), A. S. Troubetzkoy, Esq. (Coach).

Second Row:

C. Collin, D. Dyer (Capt.), B. Ferguson, J. Messel (Mngr.).

Front Row:

G. Clarke, A. Harpur, R. Viets.

NON-COMPETITIVE SKI CREASE

There was an element of competition introduced into the Non-Competitive Ski Crease this year. The more than seventy members were grouped into four teams which competed vigorously in a broomball league in the stretch before Christmas and the coming of the snow. Many exciting games played with an ever-changing set of rules, culminated in the team captained by Miller I being declared the broomball champions of the world.

The opening of the second term brought the long-awaited snow, and for the remainder of the season, the skiing was the best in the last three or four years. The School tow was operated almost daily for two months, and each Wednesday and Saturday, afternoon buses left for Hillcrest, so that even the most eager members of the crease got a full quota of skiing.

Messrs. Allan, Grimsdell and Callan supervised the crease.

G.B.A.





Back Row:

J. F. G. Clifton, Esq., B. Duclos, J. Phillips, S. Baker.

Second Row:

H. Kent, G. McClellan, T. Bradley (Vice-Capt.), P. Anido (Capt.), S. McConnell, C. Monk, K. Tisshaw.

Front Row:

D. Walker, D. Varverikos, G. MacCarthy.

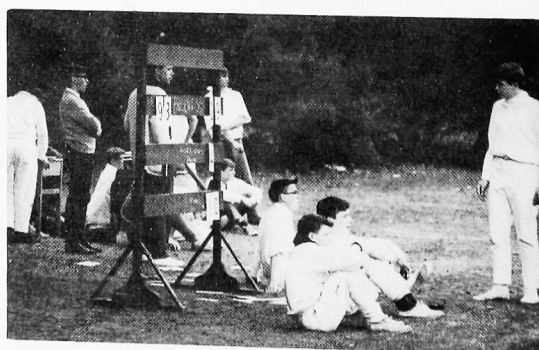
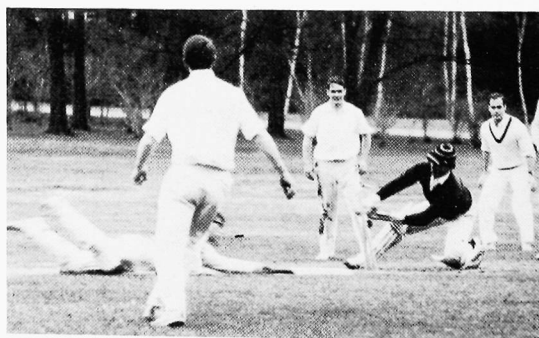
CRICKET

Cricket once again began this year with dry, though very chilly Spring net practices and, despite the Longshoremen's strike and the consequent delay in the arrival of new equipment from England, many valuable shapings-up of strokes and limberings-up of bowling arms were accomplished. The First Crease was notable for its very young age, a good portent for the team in future years, since no less than six of the twelve players were under sixteen. The Under XVI side did not seem to feel the loss of these players, and managed to preserve their unbeaten record against Ashbury College.

The weather was generally more clement than in most years, with no matches cancelled nor even delayed because of it. As usual, the boys learnt much from their matches with the men's teams from Montreal, being treated to a particularly fine display of batting by Grant on the Bank of Montreal team. It was very pleasing to meet an Old Boy, Selman Khazzam, playing against the School for the Adas-trians, particularly when he hit a brisk 31 before being run out. It is certainly a great pity that there are not more B.C.S. Old Boys continuing with their cricket, surely an ideal sport, in Montreal.

The Old Boys match, the second in the series, was again a great success. With the aid of Mr. Bédard who scored 31 of their runs, the Old Boys beat the School by 27 runs — a very fitting result. F. Meredith scored 16 and W. Mitchell 10 runs for their side, while S. Molson, G. Glass and D. McLemon divided the wickets between them. In the Masters match, the Masters at last gained a triumph

by forcing a draw on the School. After racking up an impressive 173 runs (everyone just had to bat!) the Masters left the boys only 1-¼ hours to try to do better. This they really did, for in that short time they put on 124 runs, losing only 4 wickets.





Back Row:

J. L. Grimsdell, Esq., A. Read, R. Carmichael, J. Kirby, D. Fisher, A. Macnie, W. Stensrud, W. Vipond (Scorer).

Front Row:

R. Jamieson, D. Eddy, J. Eddy (Capt.), P. Bradley, W. Palmer.

Seated:

R. Kishfy (Manager).

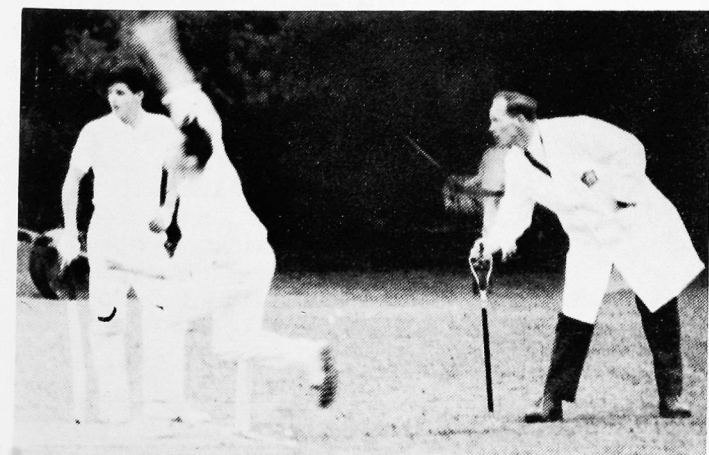
UNDER XVI CRICKET TEAM

The loss of two Ashbury matches can only be explained by one fact; Ashbury had the better team. The cricket was good, but not from the spectator's point of view; on a total of 9-½ hours batting time, the two sides scored only 293 runs in their 4 innings. That tells a story of extreme caution at the wicket, tense, defensive strokes, and the consequent slow loss of wickets through sheer nerves. Next year, the team can be confident, with their greater experience, that they will win back the shield with honour.

It is a long time since B.C.S. has had such a strong and enthusiastic coaching staff. Messrs. Clifton and Grimsdell handled the First and Under 16 Creases as usual, but it was in the New Boys Crease that there was the greatest improvement. Using the wide new field (almost panoramic) on which two games could be played concurrently, the New Boys were divided into three groups for coaching by Messrs. Cowans, Guest and Callan until they were finally formed into 4 league teams for the bulk of the season. Mr. Marshall again coached the Prep School. If cricket is to continue as a major sport at B.C.S., it is at the New Boy level that enthusiasm and ability must be developed.

Enthusiasm has certainly been developed by one event this year. Québec decided to send a team to the Junior Provincial Cricket Tournament, held in Vancouver during the first week of July. B.C.S. has been asked to make up the majority of the players and so 10 B.C.S. boys, plus two Old Boys, will go with the side, with Mr. Clifton as team coach and manager. Here valuable match experience, as well as a wider appreciation of the status of cricket in Canada, will be gained.

J.F.G.C.



FIRST XI MATCHES

OLD BOYS, April 30th	Old Boys 93 (McClellan 6 wkts. for 24 runs) B.C.S. 66 (Frank 12, Bradley 10 runs)	LOST
T.C.A. C.C., May 7th	T.C.A. 127 (Tisshaw 4 wkts. for 34) B.C.S. 92 (Mr. Callan 39, Tisshaw 13, McConnell 12)	LOST
ASHBURY COLLEGE, May 14th	B.C.S. 97 (Bradley 34, Anido 13, McClellan 12) Ashbury 100 for 0 wickets	LOST
MASTERS, May 16th	Masters 173 (Grimsdell 52, Bédard 44, Clifton 27) B.C.S. 124 for 4 wickets (Anido 55, Bradley 32, McClellan 22)	DRAWN
ASHBURY COLLEGE, May 21st	B.C.S. 40 (McConnell II) Ashbury 56 (Frank 3 wkts. for 3, Kent 2 wkts. for 4)	LOST
ADASTRIANS C.C., May 23rd	Adastrians 145 (Kent 2 for 12) B.C.S. 118 (Monk 24 not out, Bradley 18, Anido 14)	LOST
BANK OF MONTREAL C.C., May 25th	B.C.S. 146 (Anido 46, McConnell 29) B. of M. III for 9 wickets (Tisshaw 2 for 16 McClellan 2 for 16)	DRAWN

Winner of batting averages: – Anido (73 runs, out 5 times)
Winner of bowling averages: – McClellan (14 wickets for 85 runs)

FIRST CLASS COLOURS	SECOND CLASS COLOURS	UNDER 16 COLOURS
Anido (Captain)	Frank I	Baker
Bradley I (Vice-Captain)	Kent	Bradley II
McClellan II	Monk	Duclos
McConnell	Tisshaw	Eddy II
		Eddy III
		MacCarthy
		Phillips
		Walker I

UNDER XVI MATCHES

ASHBURY COLLEGE, May 14th	Ashbury 15 and 33 (Eddy II, 11 wkts. for 15, Eddy III, 8 wkts. for 16) B.C.S. 72 (Eddy III and Stensrud 17, Jamieson 16)	WON
ASHBURY COLLEGE, May 21st	1st. Innings. B.C.S. 63 (Palmer 16, Bradley 13) Ashbury 27 (Eddy III, 5 for 3, Eddy II, 3 for 12, Bradley 2 for 4) 2nd Innings. B.C.S. 39 (Eddy II, 13) Ashbury 50 (Bradley 5 wkts. for 5, Eddy III, 4 wkts. for 18)	WON

Winner of batting averages: – Stensrud (30 runs, out 3 times)
Winner of bowling averages: – Bradley II (8 wkts. for 9 runs)

Track Team



Back Row: D. Hoppe, G. Drury, P. Goldberg, D. Jessop, E. Berg, P. Houghton.

Third Row: A. Fleming, P. Martin-Smith, G. McQuat, P. Ksiezopolski, G. Jorré, J. Duff, D. Bridger, G. Lawson, P. Rider, P. Newell, P. Boxer, R. Kozel, J. Nicholl, J. Thorpe, J. Milligan, Esq. (Ass't Coach), D. McNaughton.

Second Row: B. Ander, T. Law, W. Sutton, M. Rubin, J. Burbidge, K. MacClellan, C. Blackader (Capt.), P. Porteous, D. Montano, B. Pelletier, J. Dyer, S. Dunlop, J. LeNormand.

Front Row: A. Jessop, C. Stuart, D. Campbellton, D. Miller.

Missing: S. F. Abbot, Esq., (Coach).

TRACK

The Track Crease turnout was the smallest in many years, and some of those who came out were just out for the exercise. We were fortunate early in the season because good weather and dry fields enabled us to have practices on the lower field in the first few days. The weather soon deteriorated to snow and cold weather, which hampered creases up until a week before the Track Meet.

By using weights and special exercises for particular events, the team was soon put in shape. However, it was still lacking runners in the Bantam Class. A week before the meet, a last minute attempt was made to recruit junior members for the Track Team. A Bantam Section was formed, but no pee wee section, because the Prep only had one pee wee.

The Track Meet held on a bright and sunny May 21st. From the beginning, it was clear that the team did not have the depth to compete with the loaded Junior Class of Stanstead and the pee wees and bantams of Cowansville. Consequently, the team came fourth with few distinctions. Tom Law accepted the prize for the team with the highest number of points in the midget class and Peter Porteous won the high aggregate trophy for the most points in the Juvenile Class.

Major Abbott coached the team, in spite of poor health, with Mr. Milligan's help. We are indebted to them both for their advice and assistance in a particularly tough season.

Colours were awarded to Blackader, Burbidge I, Law, Montano I, Montano II and Porteous.

J. Burbidge (Form VII)



ATHLETIC PRIZE LIST, 1965-66

OPEN EVENTS

Shot Put	1. P. Goldberg	2. P. Newell
Discus	1. P. Goldberg	2. P. Rider
Pole Vault	1. J. LeNormand	2. T. Bradley
440 Yards - The Senator White Challenge Cup	1. J. Burbidge	2. M. Rubin
880 Yards - The Allan Challenge Cup	1. J. Burbidge	2. G. Ander
Mile Run - The Kaulback Medal	1. T. Bradley	2. H. Kent
Cricket Ball Throw - The Allan Challenge Cup	1. B. Eddy	2. S. McConnell

SENIOR EVENTS

100 Yards - The Balfour Cup	1. Blackader	2. D. Harpur
220 Yards - The Molson Medal	1. K. MacLellan	2. T. Bradley
Hurdles	1. H. Kent	2. K. MacLellan
High Jump	1. R. Waite	2. J. Oughtred
Broad Jump - The Allan Challenge Cup	1. H. Kent	2. C. Blackader

INTERMEDIATE EVENTS

100 Yards - The Junior Challenge Trophy	1. B. Pelletier	2. E. Berg
220 Yards	1. W. Sutton	2. B. Pelletier
Hurdles	1. B. Pelletier	2. J. Dyer
High Jump	1. T. Lawson	2. J. Dyer
Broad Jump	1. W. Sutton	2. B. Pelletier

JUNIOR EVENTS

100 Yards	1. S. Dunlop	2. K. Tisshaw
220 Yards	1. S. Dunlop	2. J. Fraas
Hurdles	1. D. Fisher	2. S. Dunlop
High Jump	1. D. Hoppe	2. J. Fraas
Broad Jump	1. S. Dunlop	2. D. Hoppe

OTHER EVENTS

Senior Tennis Singles	M. Molson
Junior Tennis Singles	S. Dunlop
Squash Senior Championship	M. Molson
Junior Championship	S. Dunlop
Golf Victoria Day Tournament	
The School Championship	T. Burke
Shooting The McA'Nulty Cup for the School Championship	C. Collin
Football The Cleghom Cup. Awarded by the Captain of the First Football Team to the Player, who, in his opinion, was the most valuable member of the team.	
	R. Montano
Hockey The Gerald M. Wiggett Memorial Trophy, awarded to the player on the First Hockey Team who, in the opinion of the Coach, best combined sportsmanship with ability.	
	R. Howson
Skiing The Senior Whittall Cup. (Best Skier)	M. Molson
The Senior Porteous Cup.	
(Best Cross Country Skier)	D. Dyer
The Junior Porteous Cup. (Best Junior)	J. Dyer
Cricket Batting Average	P. Anido
Bowling Average	G. McClellan
Three Legged Race	1. D. Dyer and C. Frank
	2. P. Porteous and D. Jessop
Senior Sisters' Race	1. Cathy Harpur
Junior Sisters' Race	2. Jane Bradley
Old Boys' Race	1. Frances Thomson
	2. Gwen Skutezky
Senior House Relay. (The Tuckshop Cup)	1. D. Reynolds
	2. H. Doheny
Junior Dormitory Relay. (The Tuckshop Cup)	Williams House
	E. Dom.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL

100 Yards – The Challenge Cup	1. P. Marchuk	2. C. Bishop
220 Yards – The Price Challenge Cup	1. P. Marchuk	2. P. Demers
50 Yards – Under 13.	1. P. Marchuk	2. C. Bishop
Hurdles	1. R. Dunn	2. C. Bishop
High Jump	1. C. Bishop	2. P. Beland
Broad Jump	1. P. Clark	2. C. Bishop
Discus	1. J. Cleghorn	2. R. Dunn
Shot Put	1. J. Cleghorn	2. A. Montano
Cricket Ball Throw	1. P. Beland	2. A. Mann
Three Legged Race	1. R. Dunn and P. Demers	
	2. P. Clark and P. Marchuk	
House Relay	Capt. 1. J. Cleghorn	
Cricket ????		
Boxing The Stoker Cup for the Prep Championship	M. Torres	
Heavyweight	M. Torres	
Welterweight	R. Dunn	
Atomweight	R. Marchuk	
Paperweight	J. Pudden	
Trophy for the Most Improved Boxer	A. Evans	
Skiing The Junior Whittall Cup	R. Dunn	
Sportsmanship Trophy for Preparatory School	P. Marchuk	
The Rankin Trophy, (Upper School and Field Challenge Trophy)	P. Goldberg	

ALL ROUND TROPHIES

The Preparatory School – The Richardson Cup	R. Dunn
Junior Upper School Championship. The R.M.C. Cup	S. Dunlop
Intermediate Championship. The Capt. C.S. Martin Cup	M. Molson
School Senior Championship. The Smith Cup and Fortune Medal	T. Bradley



(Below) Tense moment in Little Sisters' race.

(Left) "They fly through the air with the greatest of ease."



SQUASH, 1966

This year we had an excellent turnout of squash enthusiasts, perhaps the largest group yet. Although there were no outstanding players, there was much competition throughout the year. Mr. Owen, the master-in-charge of the squash crease this year, organized a regular crease every afternoon as well as two interesting tournaments. The first was a competition for the masters and seventh formers. Mr. Grimsdell, the star of the masters, defeated Drury in the final. The second was a spirited contest between the squash crease and the masters. Charlton proved superior to Mr. Grimsdell and edged him in the final. An interesting sidelight to the latter tournament was the match between Mr. Troubetzkoy and Barwick. Mr. Troubetzkoy, a veritable giant battled against Barwick, who just manages to measure up to five feet.

Besides these activities, there was the regular School Squash Championship. The competition was extremely fierce and many players not on the squash crease entered. McClellan and Molson were the finalists, the latter winning a tough match.

With an excellent year behind us, we look to the future and hope that squash will continue to be a popular and competitive sport at B.C.S.

The B.C.S. Squash Invitation Tournament

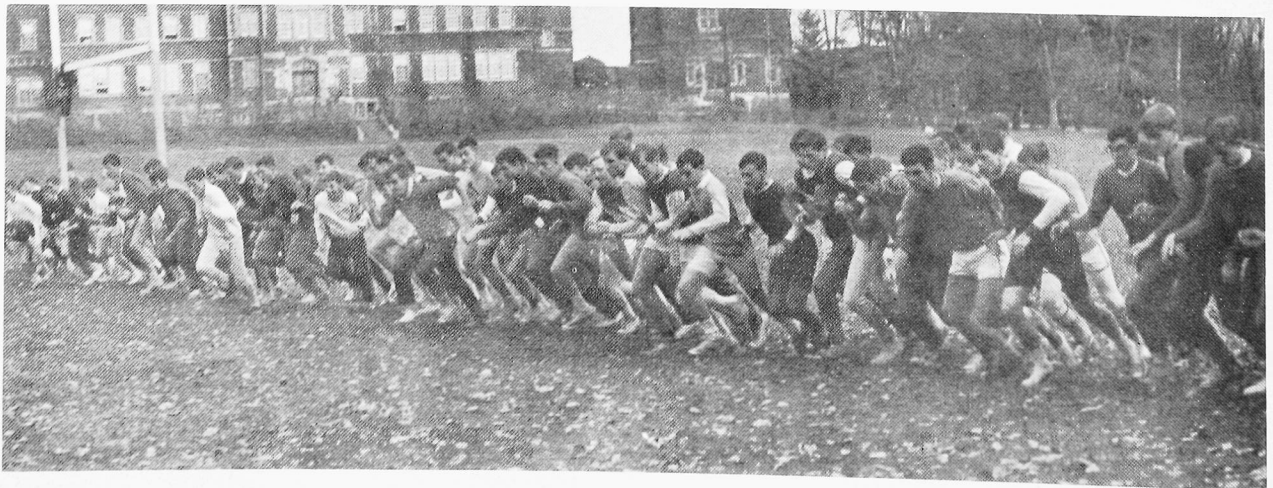
The Old Boys' Association deserves a vote of thanks for the outstanding event it presented on the weekend of Nov. 27-28. The list of guest players for the Annual B.C.S. Invitation Squash Tournament included No. 1, No. 2, No. 5 ranking Canadian players, plus a host of Class A competitors from the Montreal district.

A number of well fought matches highlighted the first day of play, but no upsets were recorded. The top seeded players met in the semi-finals. Smith Chapman defeating Ross Adair in 4 games and Colin Adair eking out 3 straight games over Rick Gaunt.

Smith Chapman was favored in his match against Colin Adair, but the latter displayed remarkable early-season form to win handily in 3 straight games – and thus repeat as winner of the Grant Memorial Trophy.

As per tradition, all participants congregated at Hovey – after a reception at Plantation, guests of Mr. Large. The evening was most enjoyable and everyone is looking forward to repeat performances by the Breen Mariani's, Scotty Fraser, and all the other loose-limbed athletes.

Start of the annual cross-country race.



THE OPEN BOOK



A LUCKY LITERARY EDITOR

LOSS OF FAITH IS GROWTH

The Kenneth Hugessen Prize Winner

The secret of all life which is to be continued is change. Growth comes from change. It is often hard to say whether or not a change is always a step forward; it is sufficient to know that the sum of all changes moves this world forward. How do we know that it is moving forward? What signs point to this fact? To answer these questions, one must take oneself out of mundane existence, and look down on the world below, a onetime red-hot mass of boiling rock and hissing steam. Gradually it cooled and life appeared. Plant and animal life spread over the world, covering it by its mass reproduction and adaptations. The world progressed until the present day, where the observer has difficulty in seeing ahead. He may lose all faith in the future of the world, merely because he cannot see its path.

For some time, possibly twenty years, the person plods on, trying each direction until finally, the clouds lift, and he can see the path again. In this way a loss of faith produced growth. Our traveller went on with sheer determination until his faith was restored, until he could believe once more. However, a loss of faith does not always result in blind wandering, followed by a return of faith. For some, a loss of faith leads to death or to a life of nothingness, where night and day are the same. For some others, a loss of faith causes an increased curiosity and a strengthening of purpose.

This idea opens the door to all sorts of modern discoveries. A loss of faith in Arrhenius's Theory of electrolytes led to Bohr's Theory. A loss of faith in the modern theory of the atom may lead to a completely new wave theory. A loss of faith in the Biblical history of the earth caused man to delve back into his past in search of the secrets of his evolution. The minds of many people require faith as a foundation. Many others can live reasonably well without it. For those who depend on faith the loss of it is a great shock. This fact is shown by the shock created in the world when Darwin published his book on evolution. A loss of faith shocks some people into action—they begin to think, to explore new areas for the foundation of a new faith, or to relay the old one on a firmer foundation.

In floundering, these people cover a vast area of new territory, causing a growth of knowledge and intelligence. When a new foundation has been found, they settle down, waiting knowingly or unknowingly for the next tremor. Hence, a loss of faith causes a growth, a widening of our horizons. It is true enough that some are lost in the eddies of the rushing river of discovery, but in general, there has been growth.

This last idea can only bring to mind the present generation of young adults. When one thinks of our generation, it is always a good idea to remember the story about the two Biblical characters building houses. One built his house upon sand, and it was

washed away. The other built his upon rock, and it remained. In a similar fashion, the young adults of today who question religion, morals, and our way of life are simply guaranteeing a good foundation for themselves. Those who change from Christianity to atheism are experimenting and trying to justify their beliefs. Many grow up in families that go to church regularly. On reaching a certain age, they find that no matter how much they want to, they are not able to believe in God. They lose faith in His existence, in His teachings, and in all He stands for. They proceed to study other religions and philosophies until they find one that they can believe and that satisfies their needs. Reasonably often, this final religion is Christianity, one they could not understand ten years before. These so-called non-believers are, in the end, much more firm in their beliefs than those who never bother to question—to lose faith and grow in wisdom and understanding.

Many of us believe blindly in democracy, without ever questioning it. When we are called upon to describe it, we are incapable of doing so. The Japanese, during World War II, found it very easy to convince the prisoners that democracy was wrong, and that the Japanese were correct.

Few of us take the time to question, to lose faith. It is much more difficult to lose faith, to live through the hells of despair, uncertainty, depression and loneliness, than to cling limpetlike to some belief. In the final analysis, though, all the trouble is worth the satisfaction, comfort, and strength of a well-founded faith.

J. Burbidge (Form VII)



PATRIOTS ALL

She opened her eyes slowly, and attentively surveyed the walls around her room. Not that she could authentically call it hers though, for her brother shared the double bed. She was alone now, however, as Cal had gone to work. The whole family was very proud of him, ever since he had won, or she should say, earned the job at the theatre. Cleaning aisles wasn't that good a job, but it kept the family eating, and Cal would be occupied until he was old enough to join the army.

She jumped out of bed and was startled by the sudden coldness of the wooden floor. Stretching, she smelled the hint of gasoline in the air. Obviously from the corner station. She thought of all the cars that must fill there every day. After dropping her night gown to the floor, she washed and began to dress. From her own closet, she took out her new skirt and socks and a pink blouse. These were her best clothes, and she was determined to keep them clean.

After breakfast she helped her mother with the morning chores and then roused her three younger brothers around seven thirty.

This was Lynn's lucky day; the Government had sent them relief money again, and it was her turn to use a portion. She had talked to the principal of P.S. 15 over the phone about going to the school. She had been asked to attend class this morning, for a tryout. After getting on the bus at the corner and rehearsing her manners, it was well past eight.

Soon the bus driver arrived at her stop and let her out. Right across the street was her destination.

It was an unhealthy building on the outside, painted a filthy red. There was a double set of doors, on which were carved the initials and hearts of past inmates of the hollow walls. Directly above was a wrought iron plaque bearing the inscription —

P. S. 15

est. 1925

It was two stories high and small windows, six in all, cluttered the walls on each floor. On the roof was the American flag. As long as she could remember, she had always loved to watch a flag ripple in the wind, especially the American flag. Her father had been a soldier once, a full sergeant, but that was before her parents were married.

She crossed the street and, opening the wire gate, started towards the back of the building to where she heard yelling voices. As she turned the corner into the little yard she saw twenty kids at around her age, playing with their balls and ropes, and writing with chalk upon the concrete ground.

Then some boy turned and saw Lynn standing at the corner. He called the others and they all stopped to see as well. Just then an elderly lady of around fifty came out the back door and asked what Lynn wanted. Lynn told her her name and why she had come. The teacher said she must be mistaken and that the school was for. she stopped, thought a moment, and then asked if Lynn would come in for a moment.

Just then a stone hit Lynn in the side of the face and the blood trickled from the small cut as some boy yelled, "Go home, nigger," and another yelled, "Get out, ya black."

Lynn stared at them, cold for a moment, tears of hate, not anguish, tolling down her cheeks to the tip of the nose. She turned and ran to the pelting of missiles around her. As she ran, she heard the cross, but useless scolding of the elderly lady. Once across the street, she halted and began to compose herself while waiting for her bus. Staring down, she saw a ripe blood stain on her sock and skirt. Her arm was also bleeding.

The bus rumbled around the corner and pulled to a stop. Just as it did so, Lynn heard echoing from across the street, in one of the classrooms; the students beginning their daily American oath of allegiance. With the sound, Lynn raised her eyes to the still fluttering flag atop the red school house. As the word equality rang clearly across the street, she turned and spat.

T. Bovaird (Form IV-A)



WASHINGTON - 1864

The American Civil War was in high gear in 1864. Blue and grey ants raced through the woods and the smoky fogs of gunpowder to kill and slaughter young faces. Generals barked orders and cannons hurled shot, and many more were to fall before this cloud of gloom rose. The negro remained on his master's lonely farm hoping for emancipation, and the President of the United States, (which weren't so united any more) meditated his Gettysburg Address.

On the farm of Samuel White, just outside Washington, there were two negro slaves: a tall one, with a black beard and spectacles, named Abe Lincoln, and a short, stocky one, called George Washingfield. Of course, all of Abe's friends and associates nicknamed him "Mr. President", and he received many letters from all over America, addressed: "President Abe Lincoln, White House, Washington". Abe diligently wrote back to these worried folk, and gave much advice concerning the national problems. But unlike Abe, George, who hadn't any kin, never received mail.

So one hot day, when the sun beamed over the farmyard and squirrels scampered up the trunk of an old oak, George bought one of Abe's letters for

three Confederate dollars, on the condition that he write back to the sender advising him what he thought best.

Now Abe and George had always been considered very knowledgeable amongst the slaves of Washington, but the truth was that George could neither read nor write. This may have been a reason why he didn't receive letters, but George, not being a calculating man, wasn't sure. But having finally got one, he wished to find its meaning, but did not want Abe to know of his lack of schooling in these fine arts.

So he decided that since he was an American, and could recite the "Pledge of Allegiance", which Abe had taught him, he would sneak into Washington and ask one of the men there what the letter said.

George thus left the farm for Washington, telling Abe that he was researching for the letter. When he got to the city, he went to an old stucco house, with green lawns, willow trees, a meandering cobblestone walk and iron gates, where Andrew Johnston, a Southern Democrat and the Vice-President, lived. Since Johnston was the Vice-President, George figured that he would be almost as nice as Abe. So

he climbed over the gates, and after a few minutes, was speaking to Andrew Johnston. Johnston smoothed his hair, placed his glasses over a crooked nose, and on the crumpled paper before him read of a planned assassination of the real Abraham Lincoln, which was to occur at the Gettysburg Address. George was shocked and naturally asked where Gettysburg lived. Johnston explained what the address was, telling George that he would soon be famous for having saved this man's life.

He asked George to say nothing to Abe concerning his trip and the letter. So George agreed, and taking one of Johnston's cigars, left for the White House.

Abe questioned his friend, but George refused to tell him anything even when offered his three dollars back, saying only to wait for the Gettysburg Address.

So the cold November morning of that eventful day arrived, and the two friends were at the scene in the midst of a large, shabbily dressed crowd. A cool breeze rustled its way through the trees and chilled the unclean faces of the men and women treading on the hard, dusty earth. The many gathered fell into a hush, then into drowsiness, and finally into a sound slumber, as a local politician filibustered on the creaky platform. His anxious glance to both ends of the platform suggested that he awaited someone's arrival. George and Abe sensed this and so did President Lincoln, though the rest

of those assembled had long since departed in their dreams.

A man came on horseback, wearing a sombrero and at his side rested a revolver. He moved among the still forms seated on the rows and rows of wooden crates. The speaker, his voice rising with elated emotion, quickly ended with, "And now I give you the President of the United States — Abraham Lincoln."

Lincoln, who had been eyeing the newcomer — obviously the assassin, as he was dressed in black — strode unafraid to the rostrum, his hands firmly gripping its dark sides. His brown eyes questioningly met those of the assassin as he warmly enunciated each beautiful syllable of his address. He looked softly on the now awakened and spell bound Americans, as he emphasized, "a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal". All was gently hushed as his voice inspired each person to great heights of true emotion and love for America as he pleaded for peace in "a nation of the people, by the people, and for the people".

And when he had finished, the assassin, no longer was an assassin, but a friend, as were all those present. But few knew of the assassin or the negro who had warned Lincoln, and even fewer remembered, but I did.

I was the assassin.

S. Baker (Form V-A)



VIEW FROM THE FLOOR

The restless rhythm sways the walls,
Inverted images rise and fall,
Forms and faces cling,
Desperately,
Engulfed in cloudy, swirling, liquid mist.

Silent laughter floats from floor to wall,
Muffling all sound,
All movement
In its path.

Somewhere in the black abyss,
A point of light
Is born,
And grows,
Gives birth to three that glow,
And die,
And three more should drift sideways
Through the Gates.

At three A.M. the Darkness calls,
And beckons me beyond the walls,
With fluid fingers, enclosing all.

Inside the Umbra of that murky hour,
I move through misty, pavement swamps.
My senses, opaque behind the fog,
Discover that the borders of
The Gloom
Are undefined.

Werewolf figures
Stalk in silence,
Leap the gothic castles
Silhouetted by cathedral stillness,
And wait,
restive,
In my evil, inner void,
For the chance of Spring.

B. McNaughton
(Form VI-M)

BONAVENTURE CRUISE

The H.M.C.S. Bonaventure would be making her voyage of 1966 and the last trip with Capt. H.A. Porter serving as her master. She would sail from Halifax to Lauzon, Quebec, where she would enter drydock for a yearlong refit. Capt. Porter and many other officers of the ship wished to take their sons on a sea voyage.

The excursion was arranged and Allan Porter promptly received permission from the Headmaster to make the trip and to take along a few other boys from the School. From Fifth Form he chose his cousin, Tom Law, and John Phillips. Out of his Third Form comrades he picked Peter Winn, and myself. We each received permission and the trip was on.

We left the School on the afternoon of Thursday, April 21, and after spending the night at the residence of Captain Porter in Como, Quebec, we flew to Halifax. A Navy staff car whisked us down to the docks and we boarded Canada's only aircraft carrier.

Captain Porter greeted us and took us on a quick tour of the flight deck, explaining the catapult and landing mechanisms. Unfortunately all the planes had been flown off before reaching Halifax Harbour not to return until after the refit.

Since the Captain of a R.C.N. ship is required by regulations to sleep on the bridge, Mr. Porter generously offered us the use of his sitting room for the duration of the trip.

Next we were given sheets and blankets and instructed to make up our bunks. All fifty boys on the boat slept in one big mess (dorm) with triple decker bunks. Fortunately, we were situated in the centre of the ship where there is the least pitch and roll, although we didn't meet any rough weather.

Friday evening after departure from the harbour, we got our first chance to taste a navy meal and it was delicious, along with all the others served on board. They were served cafeteria style and in unlimited quantity.

Friday, after supper, was the first of three excellent movies that were shown, one each night.

Saturday morning after breakfast we went on the first of our tours within the ship. Our guide showed and explained to us the refrigeration systems, boiler rooms and engine rooms. Around the boilers and engines it is not uncommon for the temperature to rise above 130° Fahrenheit, when sailing in the tropics.

Next we made a fast inspection of the ship's supply rooms and part storage areas.

After lunch we went out on to the flight deck, but due to the extreme cold and wind we gathered on the lift and were lowered into the hangars. There are two lifts, forward and aft, and three hangars. Two between the elevators and one behind the aft lift, all of which can be separated by asbestos fire curtains. The space to the rear of the lift is used for helicopters and the other two areas are for the tracker aircraft.

Following our visit to the hangars, we proceeded to the radar rooms, which I found to be the most interesting part of the ship. A number of the older, obsolete radar displays were being scrapped so we were allowed to toy with them as we pleased.

Sunday morning before the short church service, we made a quick tour of the miscellaneous places we had not seen, such as the jail cells, and wheel house, which has no windows, but the steersman manoeuvres the ship by watching the three gyro compasses.

Lastly, we looked at the eight-ton anchors and were told about the winch system for hauling them in.

After church and lunch, we played deck hockey on the flight deck and volley ball on one of the lifts which had been lowered.

Sunday evening we saw the last of the movies and Monday morning we docked at Lauzon at about 10.30.

At noon Capt. Porter treated us to an excellent dinner in his cabin and drove us back to School, arriving at about 4.30 P.M.

So ended our journey on the H.M.C.S. Bonaventure and it was certainly most worthwhile to learn the facts in Navy carrier.

S. Kenny (Form III-A)



A CREATIVE WRITER

In his 'A Writer's Notebook' Somerset Maugham mentioned a story situation that he had never used: Two men in a lonely outpost: one gets many letters, the other none. The latter persuades the former to sell him one of his letters. Later, his friend asks him what was in it, but he refuses to tell. The original owner of the letter gets more and more upset, even offers to buy the letter back, is still refused.

The following story is based upon Maugham's unused story idea.

THE LETTER

There is no word to describe how desolate that part of the country was. The vegetation was anything but plentiful, the earth was a dirty orange and had been baked hard by the constant shining of the sun. This part of Australia was almost a desert, and the inhabitants lived like desert people all over the world.

To this part of the country the two men had come six months ago. They were employees of the Government, and had been sent into the Outback, one hundred miles from Alice Springs. Their job was to prospect for a new source of water which would save the famous town from becoming deserted.

The two men were different, one was big, strong and good looking, the other was vastly overweight and he carried such an air of sickness around him that it seemed to impregnate everything he touched. Their job was as boring as the land was useless and through these long hours of uselessness they learned to accept each other's friendship.

They had one link with the outer world, that was the once weekly plane which flew in with the mail. Each time it arrived Gilmore, the strong, and Dudley, the fat, went out to meet it and each time the pilot would step out and give Gilmore a bundle of letters and Dudley a sympathetic smile. The scene at the camp, and the plane's departure, was the same each time also. Gilmore would settle down to read and Dudley to stare. Finally the day before the mail was to come Dudley had a proposition.

"I'll give you five pounds for one of your letters tomorrow."

"You've got it," was the answer, for what was one letter compared with five quid. So the next day Gilmore let Dudley pick from his pile. For the first time the scene was different. They both sat down in their usual corners, but this time both had something to read. After he was finished Dudley put the letter in his breast pocket and guarded it jealously. When they were smoking after supper Gilmore became curious and asked what it had said. The answer was a curt, "None of your business."

Gilmore was quiet for the rest of the night, but the thought of the letter had not left his mind. The curt answer only served to whet his curiosity even more. By the next morning he had put it out of his mind and went about his job the usual way, but by night yearning had returned and this time Dudley's answer was the same.

By the next evening Gilmore was so curious that he offered to pay Dudley back the five pounds just

to have a look at the letter. The answer was a flat "No".

This went on for many weeks. Dudley would carry the letter next to his heart all day and at night when, as always, he slept in his clothes it was in the same pocket. Gilmore was by this time almost a nervous wreck. He wouldn't sleep at night, but would lie for hours thinking about the letter. Other mail kept coming but he could never seem to get around to opening them and they grew into a pile beside his bed. Any feeling of friendship which they might have had for each other had gone and it was replaced by constant suspicion for each other. Dudley, also, had changed. The sickly look which had so enveloped him before had gone and probably for the first time in his adult life he looked like a man with a purpose. He now carried his vast bulk like a badge and where once the native helpers had turned to Gilmore for orders, they now looked on Dudley as their boss. Gilmore was now almost an animal. He would sit and stare at Dudley for hours with a stare like that of a caged animal. He didn't bother to ask for the letter any more because he knew what the answer would be. Reduced by long process to this half animal state he devised a plan. Death for Dudley was what he wanted. A compromise to this never entered his mind, for it seemed that he had lost the power to reason.

He picked the first clear night to do it. For months he had lain on his bed waiting for Dudley to go to sleep and he knew when it was safe to strike. He waited patiently that night and when he knew he was asleep, he crept to Dudley's bed. Using a piece of pipe he knocked him unconscious. It would have been simple to take the letter and read it, but the poor man, half mad, seemed to feel that by even touching the letter while he was alive, Dudley would somehow stop him.

He put the body on one of the horses and with it in tow he went out into the night. Soon he came in the waterhole. Tipping the body to the ground he knelt, muttering his hate for the man. It was now that the months of torture rose to a peak and with a stroke Gilmore cut Dudley's throat. He felt the warm blood spurt against his hand and in the moonlight he saw the dark patch around the dead man's head grow in size. How often had he dreamt of this moment? He found the envelope and walked back to the horse, knowing that in a few days after the scent of meat had begun to spread the wildlife would leave nothing but some bones picked clean of all meat.

When he got back to the camp, he carefully sealed away the envelope. He held the letter as with trembling fingers he opened it. The months of lying against Dudley's sweaty body showed on the letter. The edges were frayed and the writing had almost faded away. He read it slowly, then again he rose grasping the letter and ran out into the night.

The plane came out of the sun, first a small speck, then growing until its wings made a shadow that travelled over the landscape towards the camp. The pilot circled the small cluster of huts three times then landed and taxied up to them. As he got

out with the mail, he noticed the absence of life. He followed the tracks to the waterhole.

This is part of the report he made to the coroners' jury. "I came across the two bodies. The man I knew as Gilmore was lying on top of the other. His hand grasping a knife into his heart, while the other was lying with his throat cut. Gilmore was holding a piece of paper in his hand, noticing it was a letter, I read it. It simply said that Lebec, which I knew to be Gilmore's home town, was going on its annual spring cleanliness program and would appreciate the cooperation of all the town's citizens.

D. Walker (Form V-A)



POEM

2nd Prize Winner – Poetry Contest

And so to the end
Wanting not peace,
But compromise.

We sing and we shout and we dance and we cry,
Knowing not why
Our brothers and neighbours journey to die.
We sigh.

We mate as sniffing dogs,
Without love.
Our leaders following each other's tails,
Do nothing.
We hate without rancour.
To sate our feeble minds.

We love and we hate, although it's too late
For reprieve.
For soon comes an end, and no longer we lend
Our beliefs.

To die as we live,
Full of hate,
Never great?
Always too late?
To believe?

We strut and we growl, and occasionally howl
Of our prowess and victory,
Most of us never move into love,
And mentally are never quite free.

Social convention seals us in,
We fight for nothing we see
We give up the war, we could never win,
No, we can never be free.

J. Duff (Form VI-M)

INDIFFERENT REVERSAL

The dandelion in the football field,
Swayed by the wind, trampled, crumpled,
Spews forth its seed – multiplies

The pansy rests in the small rich garden,
Caressed by hand, pampered, spoiled,
Regal beauty leaves no speed.
Dead.

Oh, how the mighty have fallen.

The living and the dead.
The constant, the sporadic,
The luckless, the opportunities.

The indifferent ones pass Nature by –
Lost.

Lost and found.
Construction, destruction.

Perception deals blows
The great tumble – fall.

Oh, how the mighty –
Profitless.

C. Davis (Form VI-M)



POEM

... it runs my life,
I follow in its tracks,
Never stopping
Never pausing
Never going in reverse,
Constantly crashing forward.
"With Progress?"
That is the question.

Questions are all alike
In that they can be asked
But never answered.
He says "What's the hour?"
And gets "Ten o'clock" for an answer.
Who is he that can claim that to be the truth?

Who is he that can claim to have the solution;
The answer;
That long-awaited flow of words
Which will end your problems.
He is but a cavitated mind,
Bending with time
To do no good.

P. Boxer (Form V-A)

The following autobiographical essay was judged the best of all submission in Mr. Troubetzkoy's first set, Third Form Ancient History class:

HEROCLES, AN ATHENIAN

These were troubled times. Though only a boy, I was thrown into the titanic struggle between Greece and Persia.

I was born in 508 B.C. My home city was Athens in the Greek city state of Attica. Pherodias, my father, was one of the 700 magistrates of Athens.

I was formally accepted into my father's household after he had inspected me for the customary first fortnight of my life. It was a religious ceremony, and during it I received my name, Herocles. The first three years of my life were devoid of fear, sorrow or pain. During the next three years, I did nothing but amuse myself with games and participate in sports.

A new chapter of my life started after my sixth birthday. I was put into a school and strictly reared. In the first ten years at that school, I was flogged many times. My curriculum had three divisions – writing, music and gymnastics. I was best at gymnastics, followed closely by music and then writing. I learned to swim, race, and hurl the javelin. In music I was taught how to play the lyre. I was quite good at reading and writing, but hopeless at arithmetic though we used the same letters as numbers.

Even during my first year at school, I had had a paedagogos. A paedagogos is a slave whose job is to accompany his master to and from his master's school. I remember one instance in my childhood. It happened when I was only eight years old. I was coming home at the end of my school day with my slave following. Suddenly, I was jumped by a villainous man. My faithful slave immediately came and rescued me from the man and carried me home quickly.

By the time I was sixteen, I had finished my school years. During the next two years, I paid special attention to physical exercise and development, as fitting me in some measure for my tasks in war. I raced, wrestled and hunted. On special occasions I was able to drive chariots and hurl the javelin. Much of my training was done in publicly owned gymnasiums and palaestra.

On my eighteenth birthday, I was enrolled into the ranks of Athen's soldier youth called the epheboi. Under elected moderators, I was trained in the duties of citizenship and war. I lived and worked together with other epheboi. We received an impressive uniform of which I was very proud and kept in good repair.

The epheboi had organized a government, on the model of our cities. We even had jurors and magistrates. There was an assembly identical to the one held in the Pnyx (a natural amphitheatre). We were all members and had the right to speak, if we could hold an audience. This usually excluded the younger. There was a smaller council whose job was to help the assembly in getting things done.

They made an agenda for the assembly. In my city's government there was a similar committee consisting of five hundred men, fifty from each tribe in Attica. The men had to be over thirty years in age and could stay in the committee a maximum of two years. In our own government, we had an inner council which, in effect, administered the epheboi.

This was an exact replica of the Prytany. The Prytany consisted of fifty men who took the every day decisions for the welfare of Attica. Very soon my fate, and the rest of Attica, would be in their hands.

It happened during my first year in the epheboi. Darius, a Persian, tried to make us surrender our freedom and become part of his empire. He sent heralds to Athens. When they arrived they demanded that we should give a tribute of earth and water to Darius. We were greatly insulted, and threw the heralds into a deep pit and suggested that they collect their own earth.

Immediately upon receiving this insult Darius sent a fleet of six hundred triremes and a large army under two generals, Datis and Artophernes, to gain revenge. Not realizing the impending danger, the Persians were to land their army on the plain of managed Marathon, not twenty three miles from the Acropolis.

With the enemy suddenly on our own soil, we awoke to the danger. In an instant of hurried last minute planning the Prytany on our strategy decided on tactics. Quickly Miltiades, who had been governor of a Thracian city, and, as such, knew the Persians' tactics, urged the generals in the Prytany to take the offensive. They accepted his tactics and ordered every able bodied man to take up arms and protect Athens. Naturally, this included the epheboi and we were eager to prove ourselves in battle.

Quickly we marched overland to the plain and took up our positions, not three quarters of a mile from the Persian front. Callimachus, the senior officer, organized our ranks so that in the battle the centre would be pushed back and the flanks would be able to cut off a large body of the Persians from their fleet. I was stationed at the rear of the left flank and was armed with a short sword and shield. Although we had no support of cavalry or archers the order was given and away we went. The Persians were exceedingly amazed by this, for they thought we were all rushing to our death, like mad men. In the battle that followed, the Persians, true to Callimachus' word, pushed our centre back, and, I along with the rest of the left flank, fell upon the Persians and massacred them. Of the twenty thousand Persians that came to the plain, only fourteen thousand sailed away in defeat, back to Persia. Of the ten thousand men, only one hundred and ninety two were killed. During the height of the battle, I was cut down the thigh by a Persian, but I returned with a deadly blow to the head. From then on, I carried a scar on my thigh, of which I was immensely proud. The men who gave their lives to the safety of Athens, were given the highest possible honour, burial on the battlefield.

We paraded around Athens the following day. A large banquet was held in the victors' honour, and

plays and songs were made in honour of the occasion.

After all the victory celebrations, I returned to the epheboi and continued my training. On many occasions we attended plays and festivals held in the theatre of Dionysus, and took part in many religious ceremonies. Exactly a year after the battle of Marathon, I took part in a relay torch from the city of Piraeus to Athens, a distance of four and a half miles. It was run at night, and I was the last man in our team. My track would take me across the finish line. My man arrived, being in second place. He flung the torch to me, and I took up in pursuit of my opponent. It was very tight at the finish line, but I managed to beat my opponents out and place first. For quite a time, I was greatly honoured by my friends. My training in the epheboi had been concluded, and on my 21st birthday, I was admitted into full citizenship of my city.

During the first year of my full citizenship, I became vested in the ways of our society. I attended the assemblies and festivals as much as I could. In my twenty third year, I was a contestant in the Panhellenic Games held at the Olympiad.

After many trials and eliminations, I was selected to represent Attica in the four hundred yard race at the Olympiad. After this, I began the months of vigorous training under professional gymnasts. When my training had been completed, I went to the Olympiad and was examined by the officials. We then took an oath to observe all the rules.

When the last of the Pilgrims had arrived we started the ceremonies. The first day was full of religious ceremonies. On the third day of the festivals my contestants and I was led into the stadium. As we entered, a herald read our names out and the city that entered us. All the races were

led into the stadium. All the races were done in the nude. In my event, I placed third. The winner received a prize of an olive garland. In the fifth day, the herald announced the winner of each event and the city that the winner represented. Although I didn't win, I was still honoured by my friends, and from that day onwards, I was assured of a seat at the Olympiad.

In the chariot races an Athenian placed first. He was given many benefits. Odes and songs were composed for him, statues would be raised in his honour, and he could neglect his taxes.

During the next few years, I tried my hand at many jobs, hoping that I would find one that would be able to sustain me for the rest of my life.

At one time, I was part of the chorus of one of Aeschylus' plays. I played the lyre to refresh the audience before new scenes would begin. But this job did not last for long. Aeschylus was an unpleasant man, hard to get along with. Very soon afterwards, I was employed by Phidias, a sculptor. I helped Phidias get his sculpture materials (usually white marble) and entertained his models so that they would not be bored at posing with my lyre. Phidias was a good man, modest and always cheerful. I enjoyed my job with him immensely, but in my 26th year Persia wrecked my plans.

Ever since we had defeated Persia on the plain of Marathon, Darius had been full of revenge. Slowly and carefully he made his plans for invasion. Darius died before he could execute them, but Xerxes, his son, carried out his father's plans.

Only one man fully understood Persia's threat. This man was Themistocles. He urged Athens to build a fleet of triremes to defend our trade routes overseas.

By the fall of 481 B.C., Xerxes had finished massing his army and navy, and started on his long march to Athens! With a total of two million, six hundred and forty one thousand men and twelve hundred ships in all, Xerxes started his march confident of victory.

Our first defense was a stand at the Pass of Thermopylae, but after the Spartans' force of three hundred men had heroically kept the whole Persian army at bay for three days, a villain came to Xerxes and offered to lead the Persians through a secret pass. Quickly Xerxes' army overran the Spartans. There were only two survivors.

Realizing that there was nothing to bar the way of the Persians from Athens, the Prytany proclaimed that every man should save his family as best he could. I was soon enlisted as a crewmember in the fleet, which had returned from a victory at Artemisium. We filled our ship with as many men, women and children as it could hold, and set sail for the Island of Salamis, making the evacuation of Athens complete.

Soon after we had landed out human cargo on the Island of Salamis, the Persian fleet, twelve hundred strong, appeared. We had little over three hundred triremes. Themistocles, our admiral, sent a trusted slave to Xerxes, to urge him to attack before we were supposedly going to sail away. By the next



C. Gollin

morning, all exits from the Island were blocked by Xerxes' fleet. We were now compelled to fight our way out.

We organized ourselves in two neat lines, parallel to the beach. I was on the left of our centre. We had a very able bodied and shrewd man for our captain; his name was Aristocles. We waited. Suddenly the Persian fleet appeared. I was awestruck by its immense size. Our fleet was about to resist one of the largest armadas the world had seen. The Persians began their arc around a promontory, not realizing that the channel narrowed at this point. In the next few minutes, the Persians, orderly ranks had turned into wild confusion. We saw our chance and attacked.

I worked the catapults. Methodically, I armed the catapult with burning tar, aimed, and fired. Again and again I did this. Soon we were in amongst

the enemy. The grappling irons were thrown out and we boarded the Persian ship. Quickly we overwhelmed the hands on the deck and set the ship ablaze. We did this to two other boats before we rammed. I swam ashore and watched the battle. Soon victory was ours, and Xerxes who had been watching this battle from the throne, set up at the foot of Mt. Aegaleus, left the scene in disgust. Leaving three hundred thousand men, Xerxes marched back to Persia in disgust.

Though I didn't take part in the battle, the Spartans gained a tremendous victory at Plataea. The Spartans lost fifteen hundred fifty nine men, and the Persians two hundred sixty thousand.

I am very proud to say that I took part in the battle of Marathon and Salamis, which was a truly great honour, and played an active role in rebuilding glorious Athens.

J. Mundy (Form III-A)



DOWN

1st Prize Winner – Poetry Contest

The severed head
Of time lies dead,
On pavement red
With blood it shed...
Its meaning fled.

The funeral pyre
Is piled higher
Defaced with mire
From struggles dire...
And God retires.

• • •

Reality and truth we're sought and taught,
Though never clearly seeing what
Is real and true...
And what is not...

It's not been long
Since right and wrong
Did once belong
To ethics strong...
But these are gone.

And man still tries
But fails to buy
Or find the ties
Of life's great lie...
But cannot cry.

• • •

A hair-strung dagger hangs
Suspended for all men to see,
Foreboding o'er a burdened king...

But we disdain to feel the pain
Of those who lie
Impaled by him
On one
Beneath his righteous throne.

And we abhor
The death in war,
Yet call for more
Of blood and gore...
Behind closed doors.

We seek renown
For foes we've downed
Submit to crowns
Which have been found
Upon the ground.

Once having writ, the finger hurries on
To spread the word of our depravity,
And though with crystal clarity it writes,
We turn away, and do not heed
Its warning to a doomed humanity.

Benumbled with drink,
We fear to think
We're on the brink,
And soon shall sink.
From truth we shrink.

What will remain
When all who claim
To still be sane
Have died in pain?
Who will we blame?

B. McNaughton
(Form VI-M)

THE BARNACLES

A Barnacle is a weed that clings
To certain people, to certain things;
He is dirt and they are kings;
With the kings he really swings.
He is in.

Doesn't matter what they say
He'll repeat it every day.
He apes them in every way.
He doesn't work, he doesn't pray.
He is suave.

The people watching this go on
From day to night, from night to dawn
Laugh and scorn the puny pawn;
The curtains on his life are drawn.
He is exposed.

In the end, to lose his grips,
The water from the Barnacle grips
But the King's own words hang on his lips;
Left behind, he runs and trips
He is hopeless.

• • •

Soft words aren't easy
And seen too common
To point out the subject
That oft is far gone.

A QUIET EVENING AT CHURCH

The nearby countryside was bathed in the serene half-darkness of twilight. I merely had been out for a stroll when I found that my feet kept turning towards the church, and when I found myself at its door, I entered hesitantly. At first I was not at all surprised by its appearance; this was merely a church which needed to have its light turned on. But then, because I was tired, I sat down.

It was not long before I noticed the silence. A rather weird sensation I thought, in a room which, during the services was never totally quiet. There was always somebody ruining the peacefulness with a sneeze or a cough. The stillness began to bother me; I did not like it at all. Suddenly, my ears felt heavy, as though they would drop off. The silence itself seemed to be pushing at them from all directions. I felt as though my head had been placed in a vice.

As the room darkened further I became frightened. No longer did the dust particles cheerfully dance in the beams of bright sunlight, which streamed across the floor. Now the windows could barely be distinguished from the surrounding walls.

The silence now took turns assailing me. I was almost writhing in fear and agony. I wanted to leave,

It is the way of life, of progress, and of the aging.

They're smooth, it be said,
But the good they do
Cannot be measured.

• • •

The winner loses
The loser turns
That's the way it's turnin'.
It's a matter of man.

But its a way of life, of progress, and of the aging.

Who cares who enters
And makes a mess
As I see it is a few.

• • •

It's all going round, following the track;
Who's to say who will gain?
It doesn't matter — It will happen again,
And again after they have lost the reign.

Oh, but it's the way of life, of progress, and of the aging.

Once it's through
I'll look back and take it down,
So to ride smooth where it was rough.

P. Boxer (Form V-A)



but somehow I was frozen in my seat. My heart had raised itself from the middle of my chest to a point somewhere in the back of my throat and the blood beat a kind of war-dance in my ears.

I have often heard of people spending horrifying nights in wax museums, but I was sure that they could not know what real terror was like. I was further frightened when I realized that the actual cause of my fear was indefinable. If it was the silence and darkness, why could I not stand up? I felt like shouting something. Even a whisper would do, but I could not. My head was reeling, as though through lack of air. My eyesight, already dimmed by the natural dusk, seemed to disappear in an instant. I felt limp and I desperately wished it would all end soon.

My eyes were suddenly blinded by a painful flash of light. I covered my face with my hands. Somebody was stabbing me; I was sure of it. But little by little, I began to realize that the lights had been turned on. The sound-shattering silence was broken as a server walked up to the altar to light the candles for the evening service. I was so relieved, I felt like crying. I looked at my watch, and with incredulity found that this had all happened in the space of a few minutes. I left the church hastily.

T. Brooks (Form VI-M)

POEM

3rd Prize Winner – Poetry Contest

I walked alone amidst the tranquil wood,
My nostrils filled with the scent of maple and of
pine,
And to me came the thought of good
And evil, done by men who whine
For friendship and peace, yet seek
It out by way, hatred and by death,
And only make themselves more weak,
Draining from them the very life and breath.
But here am I, where peace ever reigns,
Broken only by the birds, and the quiet rustle
Of leaves and distant falling rain,
While the busy outside world bustles.
The air no scent of hatred carries,
Yet to think this would be a misconception.
The small brown sparrow only tarries
To give its only home, its nest, protection,
Not because in its mind it has fear of foe,
But because instinct commands its will
And when instinct says it's safe to go,
It flies to some nearby branch, until

The earth is filled with the splendour of the Moon.
But now, on my mind, the petty troubles of the
world all swoon.

As I walk on, the cry of some lonely loon
Resounds from the trees and echoes in the
distance.
A crimson curtain the horizon does assume,
And the heat of the day has, long since,
Been forgotten. The cobwebs look like dazzling
pearls,
Strung across the path, as they catch and reflect
The last rays which the disappearing sun hurls
Across the carpet of the sky that is now be-
coming flecked
With stars. And now my bare feet
Do tire. I now no longer think of strife.
The woods cry out, and I leap and run to meet
Its arms – I'm lost in Nature's life.

D. Fisher (Form IV-A)



SHE RULES LIFE

Strength thinks challenger craves simple shadows,
but, black.
Her relationship shames power for a soldier's
utility –
Wallowing in the glowing simulated flutter of the
terrible bomb.
Balladeer mounted, tilts the troika of camel
pregeantry – quests –
Quixote's train.
The ornate animal execrated by the rare quart
raised from devastating hilt of glimmering grime.

Apprehension bases boardwalk on pretense of weird
plume.
Can sanction amplify cloth and cloud of drudgery?
Drag the fable – haven over
Brahms leathers Tchaikowsky, chanting battles of
imagery crying

Pain, Passion.
Rattle love, love loathe wrought as handle of theme,
And blind overture sign, No!

The creamy gimmick of green and blue ecstasy
satchels
Sample of pelican for hire;
No prime, shawl on table, deep damp sea gasps,
Pleasant pine, pine for twitch of coronation.
Feeble break, cramp diplomacy depresses flam-
boyant fantasy
Who laces the bird hangar.
She creates the life cubicle to squeeze, diminish,
vanquish
Liberate.

B. Eddy (Form VI-M)

AFTER THE STORM

The sun streamed down, making the swollen river look less grim. The trees began to lose the drops of moisture on their leaves as the sun's heat made the water evaporate and rise up as steam through the foliage of the dense jungle.

A sleek jaguar came to the riverside and looked with distaste at the swollen body of a drowned cow, which was being prevented from going downstream by the trunk of a tree that had fallen into the river. The big cat looked upstream and saw floating with its stomach to the sky, a grotesque body of one of the "man-things" from the village upstream. Perhaps the "man-things" had suffered badly from the storm last night.

The birds had begun to realize that death had gone with the night, and had begun to sing their ageless songs to the heavens. Here and there one might find a nest on its side and below, the little birds lying dead on the ground, already half-eaten by ants.

Farther up the river the "man-things" of the jaguar were beginning to crawl off their roofs to find out who was dead and what sort of sacrifice the gods wanted now. There was no doubt that the

gods were angry. It was probably because of that strange white-man, who was always telling them to worship a man who was killed on a cross.

The flood waters had receded till they were only ankle deep in the village. The children laughed and played in the water while their parents tried to restore order out of the chaos that the tropical storm had left. There were many dead chickens lying about. In one of the huts was the body of a woman who had been pregnant and thus had been unable to climb up on the roof of her hut. In another was the body of a very old man who had been about to die anyway. In the centre of the village had stood a tall mahogany tree. This had been blown down and in falling had killed the strange white man.

Back in the jungle all was calm and peaceful. Nature had accepted the storm as a part of herself, and had got rid of those weak ones who were not strong enough to battle the elements and live.

The jaguar stretched elegantly and turned away from the river to look for his breakfast. The night of terror was over; the storm had gone.

R. Montano (Form VI-M)



THE BEST AGE TO MARRY

I suppose that marriage is one of those events that, like becoming a wage-earner or a father, is the final major of the formative years, or the first years, or the years of maturity. Like the other two, marriage presupposes independence, responsibility, and achievement. The best age to marry, therefore, is not an actual numerical value of time spent on earth, but a state of mind reached.

Marriage is coldly dissected by scientists and psychologists, basically wellmeant or otherwise, who break it into various dry components. We all must fit within these compartments, or are, I suspect, ignored. The actual physical act of marriage is rapidly losing its spiritual significance, not because it is supposedly facing the exposing blasts of modern logic, but because it has been arbitrarily judged archaic by men, who, with their education, should know better.

Sex, played for better or for worse, is now the aspect of spiritual union. I am told now that if my wife and I have unhappy sex relationships, I will invariably suffer a disastrous marriage. After learning these clinical facts, as well as many more, I now believe that I have found the best age at which to marry; that is the age when one is able to ignore everything he knows is foolish or unnecessary for a happy marriage.

One may ask why a late, or "mature" marriage is not my idea of idealism. The answer has two

parts; one is that one may mature at twenty, another, possibly not until he reaches thirty. The age is certainly not static. Second, a couple not married until thirty have, in my estimation, lost the most wonderful growing-up period, the time in which the dependence and rashness of youth are discarded in favour of decision and freedom. Both will still retain youth's ability to enjoy simply and without social restraint the lesser things, and the cares of later life, everything from gray hair to marital discord over finance, will not have had a chance to harry their lives.

Marriage may be a mere biological realization, a necessity, or a duty, but it also constitutes the finest friendship two humans may realize. It is a solemn agreement, but it is never dull. Marriages, as some never learn, do not "happen". They are, as happy unions, the visible sign of tolerance, trust and respect. Although I have been learning for a mere eighteen years, I, too, begin to learn of marriage and its rewards. For these reasons, I feel that the ideal time for marriage is the moment that a man who knows and realizes the actualities of life decides that he has met and begun to know the girl with whom he would most prefer to spend the rest of his life; in my mind, the moment that he becomes aware.

J. Duff (Form VI-M)

POEM

At night you get away.
Away to where you want to go,
A trip away from daily hell,
The daily hell you know so well,
The daily hell you've had to know,
At night you get away.

At night you get away.
And even though you must come back,
Back from the place where you have been,
Back to a place of theft and sin,
Where you are shoved along the track,
At night you get away.

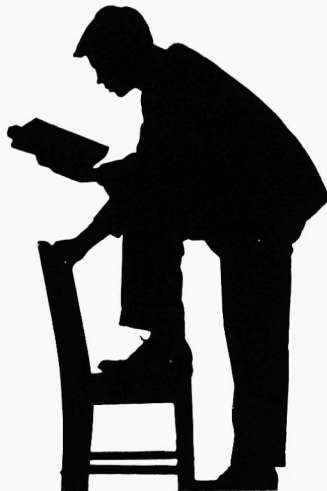
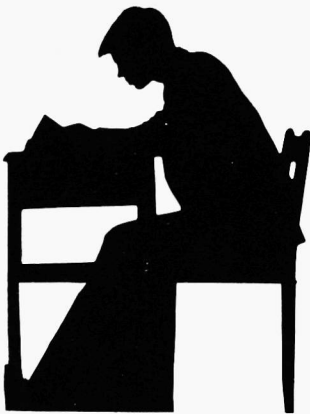
At night you get away.
The night is longer than the day,
Half a day is still like hell,
Sifting round from bell to bell,
Listening to what they have to say,
At night you get away.

At night you get away,
But if you scorn the snarling bell
A daily demon will follow you
Doing all that he can do
To make your night a daily hell
At night you get away.

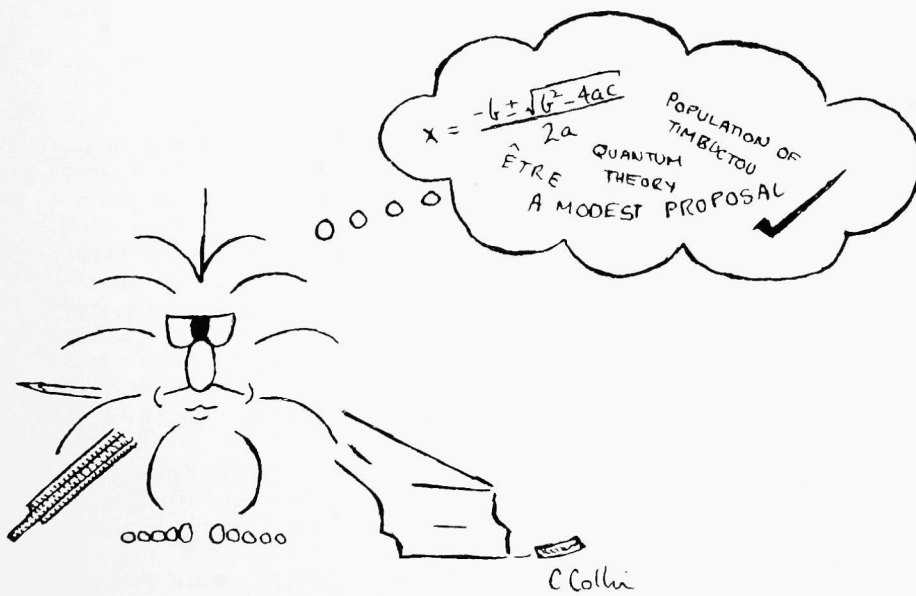
At night you get away,
Away to where you want to go.
A trip away from daily hell
A daily hell you know so well.
The daily hell you've had to know.
At night you get away.

At night you get away.
The trip is sweet and short.
Screaming back you come.

D. Dyer (Form VI-M)



PREP SCHOOL



THE INTELLECTUAL MIND



Prep Soccer Team

SOCCER IN THE PREP

We started off the season here at B.C.S. by having soccer trials; the trials went quite well with everybody trying to make the team. I never thought that I would make the team, but I did.

The eventual had to work very hard to become better. The hardest part of all the practices was heading the ball. Sometimes you would see stars and other times, would clonk your nose.

Our coach was Mr. Guest, who worked very hard to make us good players. He deserves a lot of credit for this.

We played our first game in Montreal against Selwyn House. We lost nine to nothing and we played our second game here against Selwyn House, which we lost three to nothing. This meant that we give up the Wanstall Cup, which we did sadly.

Rod Thomson (Form II)

THE RINK

The wind blew hard
And the trees bent low.
Our rink was mared
By such a warm blow.

We had shovelled and swept,
Our own little rink.

But he who on it stepped,
Would now, just sink.

Ian Hunt (Form II)

HOCKEY

This year, as usual, hockey was very popular in the Prep. There was a special crease for those who had not played before so that everybody had a chance to enjoy Canada's national sport.

The three teams in our section of the Pee Wee League were quite even. When the buzzer went, to end the opening in our league, it was a three game all tie. It was a very close game, with neither team ever getting more than one point ahead.

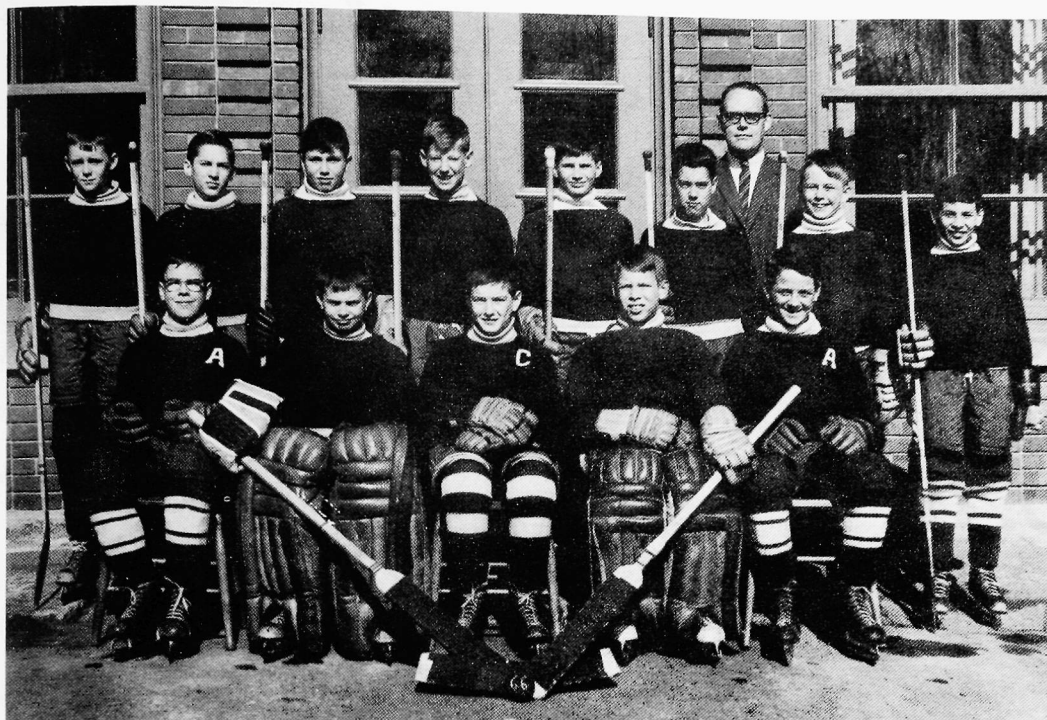
In the next four games that followed there was a lot of good competition, but in the end we came out second, trailing St. Pats.

A lot of fun was to be had on the little rink which was situated at the rear of the Prep. Unfortunately, because of bad weather, the little rink did not last long.

Except for the odd bruise here and there, every boy came off the ice in relatively good health.

I. Hunt
Remove





Prep Hockey Team

THE LITTLE RINK

This year the little rink was started later than usual. The boards were not put up until after the ground had frozen for the winter. The workmen had a great deal of difficulty putting them up for this reason.

The men took sixty per cent of our gravel and dumped it on Mr. Hunt's driveway, leaving the rink all uneven. Luckily Mr. Guest remedied the unevenness with the new fire hose.

Since it rarely stopped snowing for a week, we were kept busy shoveling it. The snow now towers four to five feet above the boards.

Mr. Guest usually waters the rink but now that he's a busy father he can't be expected to do it so we have taken over. I have been fortunate enough to water it three times so far.

A thaw during the first week of February hit the rink hard and drained it of two inches of water. The rink is now restored and it's as good as ever.

James Cleghorn (Remove)

TAB BOOKS

Every month Remove and Form II get to order three paperbacks. Each boy gets a folder of that month's issues and checks off what he'd like. Mr. Marshall sends away to Ontario and the books arrive in two or three weeks.

Receiving these books is a lot of fun and everyone enjoys them immensely. There is a great variety from Jokes to Julius Caesar and some educational books are included. Each boy is allowed three books a month but at the end of term everyone gets three dividends.

These Tab Books fill in a lot of spare time and they increase everyone's vocabulary quite a lot.

Craig Bishop (Remove)

HUTS

The four huts down in the woods are all full this year; because of such a small Prep almost everyone is in one.

Each hut has a small wood stove, three or four bunks and many shelves. There are usually four to six boys in a hut and occasionally a dayboy.

In the early Spring and late Fall the boys in huts are permitted to sleep out in them on Saturday nights. They get food from the kitchen and have supper and breakfast out. In the winter they are allowed to have supper in the huts on Saturday or Sunday, but they don't sleep out.

The huts were made two or three years ago by Mr. Guest, Forest Beerworth, the janitor, and some of the interested boys. They have shingle on the outside walls and tarpaper on the roof. Under the floors of two huts polyethelene was tacked to keep out the cold air in winter.

Everyone enjoys the huts and has fun roughing it. I don't think some days would be very interesting if it wasn't for the huts.

Craig Bishop (Remove)

A NEW BIRTH IN THE PREP

Mrs. Guest gave birth to John David Walker Guest on February 7th, 1966, Monday morning 3.45 a.m. Mr. Guest was probably pacing the floors of the Sherbrooke Hospital when someone asked him how many cigarettes he smoked, he replied, "I don't smoke"!

We all hoped it was going to be a boy because our rules here at B.C.S. are, if it is a boy, we would get a whole holiday and if it was a girl, we would have a half holiday off.

It was a boy and that day we got the afternoon off. I know from now on it won't be as quiet as usual at night!

Stephen Pidcock (Form II)

DORMS

There are four dormitories, but only three are being used because of the lack of boys. The dorms used are B.C. and D.A. dorm was used when a ski team came from Montreal and now the Prep Band is practising there.

Sometimes when the master on duty is in a particularly good mood he lets one dorm attack another and then there's a riot. Once in a while a brave master will attack a dorm single handed, but he usually wins. B. dorm has no master beside it, so it is kind of free, but C. and D. have a master living beside them and they're watched. In the dorms everyone has a lot of fun, including the masters.

Craig Bishop
Remove

HUTS

The huts have been very successful this year. There are two Form II huts and two Remove huts.

Mr. Guest is thinking of putting a morse code set between the two Form II huts, because Form II is learning about that sort of thing in Science.

In Hunt's hut Bornstein has been making gadgets such as: a window that is raised with a halyard, and a fold-up table.

Hunt's hut has also had a visitor, which was first found by Bornstein in the stove. It was a mouse trying to make a bed! We tried to catch him but he got away. We have had several other visits from him (once digging in my mattress) but we have not yet caught him.

Alan Evans (Form II)



SKI COMPETITION - L.C.C.

Lower Canada College arrived Friday night at 5.30 p.m. That night during prep, they went to see the play, Billy Budd, from which they came back at 10.00.

Next morning at 8.30, the two teams were on their way to Mount Orford. We thought that it was going to be very slushy, because it was wam and had rained for the past two days, but when we arrived at Orford, the ski conditions were good. The snow had been hardened by the wind and rain.

Mr. Powell (coach of the L.C.C. Team) set up a slalom course. We went down it three times and made an average of the three. We had to climb up after each run down. Ross (L.C.C.) came first,

Dunn (B.C.S.) came second and Armstrong (L.C.C.) came third.

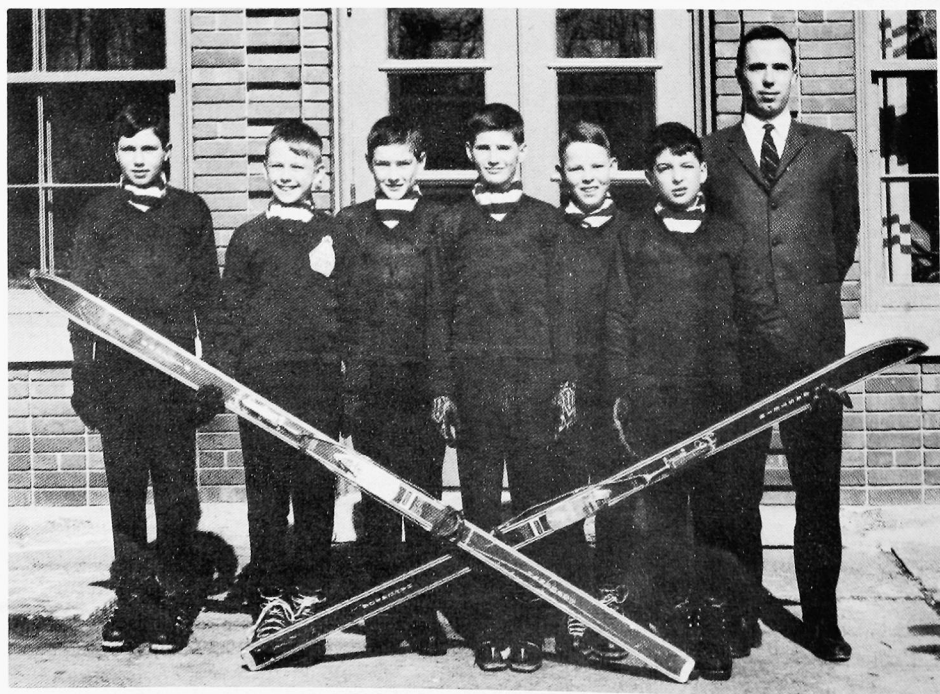
After the slalom, Mr. Powell set up a giant slalom which wasn't much fun because we had to climb all the way up. We went down three times again and it was averaged off. Chapero (L.C.C.) came first, Dunn (B.C.S.) came second and Ross (L.C.C.) came third.

In the over-all which was pretty close, Dunn came first, Ross, second, and Armstrong third.

After the competition was over, Mr. Powell brought us up the big T-bar, down "Forty-five" (expert).

Bobby Dunn (Remove)

Prep
Ski Team



ANIMALS IN THE PREP

This year has been a lucky one for the Animal Kingdom. Various masters have got some pets.

Mr. Guest's well known Tigger is a bright young dog, who has learned a few tricks. One of them was to take a note from Mr. Guest, which had the name of his favourite dog biscuit on it, upstairs to Mrs. Guest.

Mr. Marshall's cats named Merry and Pippin, have learned to go outside by way of boards which Mr. Marshall put on the side of the building.

Mr. Hunt's dog, Prince, just goes around making puddles, while Ian Hunt works furiously to clean them up.

Mrs. Fisher's dog, Buddy, is well known and a great favourite in the Prep. He knows almost every trick there is to be known and he's very intelligent.

Altogether the Prep. is lucky to have all these animals and everyone likes them.

Owen Jones (Form II)

MODEL CLUB

This year we have an organized model club. At the beginning of the year, there was no set room for making the models, but later the old Form I form room was set aside for it.

There is a monitor (myself) for the club to keep rascals out. There is a great variety of models from monsters to funny looking Pop Singers. The best model painter so far this year is Torres, who built and painted a few Hot Rod monsters. Quite a few old sailing ships with rigging have been brought and a number of planes have been built.

To get into the club all you have to do is to have a model and work on it. If you don't have a model you're not allowed in the room. The club has not had as much enthusiasm as last term, but I'm sure it will increase.

Bruce Nickson (Remove)



THE CHOIR

This year the choir has been very successful. Sometime after the Easter Holidays, we are going to sing in Montreal and go to North Hatley. I started off the season, not too keen about joining, but when I heard we were going on trips, I joined.

At Thanksgiving, we had a service and our parents came down to watch us. From then on we have been practising for our other carol service for Christmas.

The Christmas carol service went off with a bang. It was all by candle light and no lights were shone. One boy from each form read a lesson after much practising.

After the service, we went out while our parents left. We came out with presents for Mrs. Bell, the organist, Mrs. Brady, the matron and Mr. Cruikshank, the choir master.

We have made great progress this year and now we can learn a psalm in eighteen minutes and have it ready for the Sunday service.

We have choir practises on Monday, Friday and Sunday nights after supper. Two Prep masters are in the choir, Mr. Ferris and Mr. Marshall.

Well, I hope you have learnt something about our choir now.

Roderick Thomson
(Form II)

THE DEVIL'S WIFE

As Jim crept cautiously through the undergrowth, dark, slow-moving clouds were beginning to cover the moon. Beads of sweat stood out on the boy's forehead. It would soon be completely dark, and he was alone.

Gradually, he became aware of a soft, wailing noise. It grew louder and louder. Terrified, he began to run blindly through the bush! He did not know where he was going, but continued running! He did not realize it, but the wailing sound was fading.

Suddenly, he tripped over a root and lay there, panting, with cuts everywhere on his face, hands, and legs. His clothing was ruined, but he lay on the wet ground, shaking, and shivering as if cold. But he was not cold, he could not be cold in that steaming, hot jungle.

He could hear the wailing in the distance, but did not run; he could not run because his legs and body were so utterly exhausted that he could not move. His exhausted limbs were being revitalized as he fell into a deep sleep.

When he woke up, he was very stiff and tired and ached all over. He raised his head slowly and saw a young girl standing about ten feet away from him in a small clearing. Very slowly he rose to his feet and stumbled towards her. As he drew closer, his eyes seemed to deceive him, so that it looked as if she was changing. She grew larger, her ears grew long and pointed, and her feet changed into hooves.

Suddenly, the bushes began to burn! He looked puzzled and she opened her mouth to laugh. Instead a wailing sound came out!

Only then did he realize where he was and who she was.

Andrew Montano (Remove)

Mr. Marshall gave us time in his Grammar Class to write compositions, and this was the best one.

FIVE POEMS IN IMITATION OF HAIKU

1. The Blackboard is not always bare,
But full,
Of things we hate.
2. O look you feel and see and want,
But not always understand.
3. A room once entered by the door
Is not as dull as from whence you came.
4. It falls upon the ground
Upon the dead,
And we are filled with joy.
5. Darker, Darker, Night is here
Day rests,
We rest, rest, sleep.

Ernest MacGillivray
(Form II)

THE OLD TIN PLATE

Not a cry was heard, nor a shout for help,
As the boy down the hall went slowly:
He knew his hide was sure to be tanned,
So he put in an old tin plate.

His face looked full of sorrow,
His eyes looked wrought with grief,
But his heart was full of laughter
When he thought of the old tin plate.

"In there", the master pointed
Swinging his cane behind him.
Then came the command "Bend over!"
And he braced himself for the shock.

The arm's shadow slowly lifted,
And the cane began the descent,
But the master saw the bulge
And quickly took it out.

He really got it then!
(Six of the best I think,)
And he cried like never before,
And, he lost his old tin plate!

Craig Bishop (Remove)



MISTER HUNT

This is some topic to write about. First of all, I think I should like best to write about dear old Mister Hunt and describe him.

Mister Hunt is the Headmaster of the Preparatory School here at B.C.S. He teaches Grades Six and Seven, and in the summer he teaches summer school at "The Grove" in Lakefield. In his classes he teaches literature, spelling, reading and emphasizes the fact that Arithmetic is the most vital subject in School today. He has the Remove classroom divided into two parts. One group is a smart section, and the other is well, you had better ask Mr. Hunt that, in case I give you the wrong impression. He has an excellent sense of humour and has a great patience with his pupils and also understands boys' minds very much. Mister Hunt will not cane, but give you fair chance and warning if a boy does a misdeed; but when he does cane Oh boy! he's the hardest caner in the Prep.

To end this story about Mr. Hunt, I must quote three of his pet expressions. One, "Now Mann, will you do me a double imposition on why I should not act the ass all the time". Two, "Cor Blimey, boy! When I was your age, I was five times worse off." Three, "You never had it so good, you softies!"

Alan Mann (Remove)

THE PREP

Off the two main buildings of Bishop's College School, lies a small, three story building surrounded by a road. By the back door stands a bell which is used to call students in. The Prep may not look like much but, remember the interior.

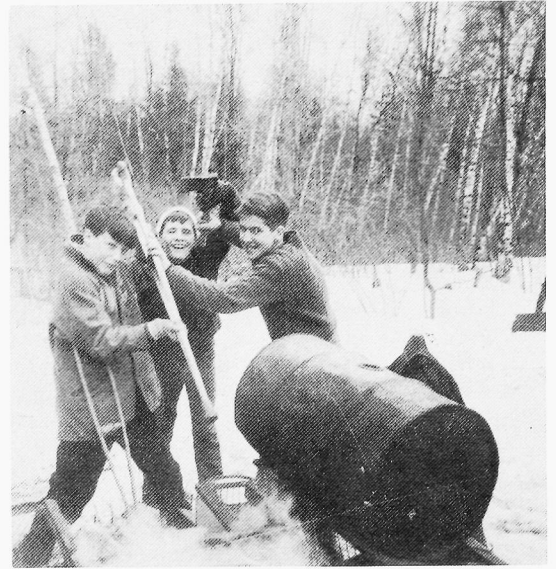
Inside there is much laughter and talking. Take Remove form room for instance, a very modern well kept room. There are boys that look smart and are all dressed alike. The Prep teaches students for the Upper School.

Don't worry there is very much discipline for all the students. Also there is the cane for the undisciplined.

Of course since it is only the Prep we can't go to town. However there is more fun time than the students in Third Form get. But it all goes by fast and when I walk around the building, it seems to grow smaller and the inside seems bigger.

If you stop and think, the Prep gets away with more things than the Upper School, more ice time for example. Altogether the Prep's a great place.

Robert Morris (Remove)



A BULL FIGHT

As I stood outside the huge bull fighting ring, which looked like a gigantic bowl, the people crowded around the wall, its gate, waiting to enter. The people piled out of their cars very quickly and soon there was not a parking space to be had.

The sun shone brightly and there was no wind or cloud anywhere around the ring. The fact that there was no wind was really good because there would be nothing to move the bull fighters cape.

Suddenly, the great gates were flung open, the tickets were collected and the multitude poured in. The colourful crowd doubled in number by the minute. As I gazed from side to side in the arena, I noticed that the sun brought out all the colourful dresses that the people were wearing and it reminded me of an abstract painting. After half an hour not a seat was left in the arena.

Soon afterwards the great gates shut with a loud clank of iron crashing against cement. Silence fell upon the crowd and two riders came out on horseback, one of them had a large key which meant that the arena had been opened for the day. Following this procession, two matadors entered the ring and made their way to the side arena where they bowed to the President.

Now the time had come, the horns and drums were sounded and immediately, a majestic black bull sprang out from behind the gates, with the speed of a bullet. As the bull turned a "peon" which in English means a matador's helper, stepped out and the bull instantly charged him. The peon made a natural pass. The matador stepped out to fight the majestic animal, the bull charged him and calmly the matador put his cape at his side, the bull charged again, but this time the matador was on one knee, he looked as if he did not have a care in the world, the bull roared by, and the crowd shouted "Ole! Ole!" Many more successful passes were made, then the horns and drums were sounded again, which meant that it was time to change acts. Now a man walked into the ring with some "Banderillos", which are sharpened sticks for spearing the bull.

As soon as the bull saw him, he charged and the man also charged the bull, and it looked as if they were going to crash together. The man stepped aside, he stuck the banderillos into the bull with great dexterity, and the crowds cheered loudly. This act was repeated two more times.

The third act consisted of Lucky Horse with armed riders. The horses' eyes were covered and their stomachs were padded heavily to prevent the horse from being wounded. The rider would stab the bull with his spear to make him weak.

The bull caught sight of one of the horses and charged with all his might and almost knocked the rider off his horse, but the rider managed to spear the bull and thus the bull was weakened from loss of blood. It swayed from side to side as the blood poured out on to the ground from his deep wounds, but it still attacked anything around him that moved.

The fourth act was now about to happen, the horns and drums were sounded and a matador came out with a small cape, and made his way to the side of the ring, where he knelt in waiting for the bull. After waiting for a minute or so, the bull charged with what strength he had left, for a moment the matador looked as if he would not move, but he did when the bull was within inches of him. The bull turned and charged again, and the matador made a beautiful back pass. He bent his body with great ease and style as he made the pass, the crowd cheered very loudly, and the master bowed.

Then the time came to put an end to the bull. The matador had a sword under his cape for the kill. He made a few more passes, then he charged the exhausted bull with a drawn sword; the matador swayed from side to side to get a better aim. Everyone was silent and anxious to see the animal's miseries ended. The matador made a direct hit and the blood poured out the bull's nose and he was dead in a minute, and the bull fighter won fame and glory.

Mauricio Torres (Remove)



TED THORNE

On February 26th, 1966, the School lost a good man. After forty years of service, first in the Upper School, and for the last dozen years in the Prep., Ted Thorne died.

My oldest memories of him are as mail-man, for in those days no truck was needed, as now, to bring the School's mail up from the post office. Ted wheeled it in a little cart, and in winter dragged it on a sleigh. Some of us remember how the brass newel posts on the main staircase used to shine

under his powerful case; old Prep boys remember the odd word of wisdom that cheered them up or eased a crisis. We all remember the ready cheery greeting; typical: We met on the Long Bridge one sweltering June day, his jacket finger-hooked over his shoulder. "Afternoon sir! This climate! today on the bridge we're holding our coats; a few weeks ago it was our ears."

A good man.

L.E.



(Continued from Page 20)

THE DOMIL TOUR

It was shocking how precise and almost infallible the weaving and spinning machines of the Domil Fabric Company were. In the past fabric production it was found necessary to keep the factories very humid and almost insufferably hot. This was to prevent fibres from breaking. Now there are only certain enclosed areas which are kept under such conditions.

Great numbers of people used to be employed just to spend the day keeping one small area, perhaps twenty square feet, clear of discarded thread, cloth or fibres. Now this somewhat useless job is performed automatically. A system of blowers on the floors force all wastes to a path between the machines. Then a vacuum on overhead rails swoops about and keeps the floors spotless.

Even more unbelievable is the fact that people no longer have to perform the terrifically tedious jobs of tying broken threads. In the Domil factory the machines stop whenever a thread breaks, thus saving the ruin of the cloth. Furthermore another machine hums over and, completely unguided, detects and reties the broken thread and tops this off by starting the system going again. All this takes the time required to light a cigarette.

All this may build up to make you as a human feel inferior. You may also think that there must be a large number of people out of work because of all the machines. One must take into consideration the number of people employed in growing, building,

exploiting and supervising as well as supplying the various components that are necessary to run Domil effectively.

THE INGERSOLL-RAND TRIP

Perhaps the word meticulous would best describe the attitude of the "Rand". Everyone tries not merely to carry out his duties but strives toward a common goal, a perfect product. The way the staff went about fabricating the perfect product was fascinating.

The function of the company is along similar, but far more grandiose, lines than the Union Screen Plate Company. The Rand's specialty is in the form of pumps of all forms and classifications. They build these to suit the client's needs and if the product needs special equipment, they build that too. This firm devotes an entire department to tool making. If some small part is needed there are numerous huge warehouse-like storerooms keeping bought parts. These storerooms would make any hardware store look very inadequate in comparison.

The working conditions are very pleasant, for the workers may take frequent breaks and refresh themselves at a nearby stockade of vending machines.

There is a large area with complicated equipment which is used to test all outgoing machines. Thus any fluctuation in quality jeopardizes the worker's chance for future employment with the Rand.

D. Brickenden (Form V-A)

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REDPATH, IAN	597 Dawson Avenue, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal, 16, Que.
STUART, COLIN (IV)	700 Casgrain Avenue, St. Lambert, Que.
THOMSON, RODERICK (III)	21 Hudson Ave., Apt. 1, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal, 16, Que.
TORRES, MAURICIO	CRA 4 OESTE 3A50, Apt. 301, Edificio El Penon, Cali., Colombia, A.A.

(Continued from Page 15)

The episcopal ring of Bishop J. W. Williams, an early Headmaster, and the ring and pectoral cross of Bishop L.W. Williams, his son, an Old Boy of the School, who were Bishops of Quebec, have been placed in a case on the Gospel side of the sanctuary. These gifts and their placing in our chapel were made possible by the Reverend Canon Stanley Williams, Rector of Shawinigan, the son of Bishop Lennox Williams, and an Old Boy as well.

Mr. Armstrong continues to look after the daily care of the chapel, and Mrs. Brady and her staff oversees the cassocks and surplices. Mrs. Large has been in charge of the altar linens and flowers, and she and Mrs. Campbell, with other masters' wives, have arranged the special decorations at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Servers this year have been J. Burbidge I, H. Kent and M. Skutezy I, and the sidemen chosen each Sunday from the School officers have been supervised by Mr. Troubetzkoy.

Every member of the school has been involved in the services of the Chapel, so in the end we see that in this part of the School's life, every member of the School has taken part.

F.K.H.G.

(Continued from Page 31)

the two being written in 80 minute segments one morning last March. The Peter Holt Memorial Library never was the scene of more intense concentration.

The results justified the effort. The official team score, made up of the best three scores in the School, was very greatly improved over last year's initial effort. As well, there were some excellent individual performances. Among the 1019 Quebec contestants, Burbidge I stood 54th, and Miller I, 68th. The rest of the Team placed in the top 40% of the field in two contest examinations that are very difficult. (In 17 years of International Contests, written by perhaps 7,000,000 high school students in that time, only about 100 have had perfect papers.) The Team members were: Burbidge I, Barry I, Brooks, Drury, Fleming, Jorré, Miller I, Stairs and Phillips. The scores of Burbidge I, Miller I and Stairs comprised the School's official team score in the International Contest.

Each Club member this year was a subscriber to the *Mathematics Student Journal*, published by the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics in the United States. Also in an international vein, it is hoped that, next year, the Club can become one of the very few Canadian affiliates of the above-mentioned *Mu Alpha Theta*, membership in which brings some valuable benefits.

G.B.A.

(Continued from Page 49)

As the days went by, Veillon committed a misdemeanor, and, to punish him, Mr. Bedard ordered him to polish the House Cross Country Trophy after lights-out. While Veillon was busy at this task, Mr. Bedard quickly brought his camera out of his pocket and snapped a picture. Only then did he wail, "Aye-yi, my flash, she come off in my pocket!" It is difficult to say who spent the more rueful evening, Veillon or Mr. Bedard.

It was as the exams were approaching that Jones I decided that Grier House was better-suited to study than School, and arranged a trade for Ander, who left our walls.

As had the first, the second term was soon past, and now the third and final portion of the year was upon us.

April showers may be predominant during the first weeks of the third term, but it was the plumbing above them, not spring rains, that flooded out Montano and Nicholl. Nicholl reports no serious damage, but Montano claims his Limacol was irreparably diluted in the deluge.

The Invite was held in the third term with a goodly portion of Grier House turning out. Languedoc's Gallic charm may keep the rest of the year, but even Don couldn't devise a way to take more than one of his admirers to the dance and so almost everyone else was able to find a date. We

say almost everyone: Harpur was in flames for days after the sound of the gunfire had at last died away.

Mr. Bedard initiated a program whereby the lot behind the House and beside the river will be bulldozed and seeded to form a playing field for the House. The operation will be financed in part from profits from the Drink Shop. The field-conversion is one of the most important events to come out of the past year and all those who gave their time to hack away at trees and brush are to be thanked.

This year's officers were a most able crew. Cobbett, the House Prefect, and his aides, Goldberg, Skutezky, Harpur, and Jones I did a fine job of keeping things in shape. The whole House appreciates the effort that they put out towards the running of an efficient House.

And so another year draws to a close: Mr. Bedard is already planning for a third consecutive victory Inter-House Relay on Sports; Mr. Clifton is preparing to move to Prep House next year, and we wish him "bonne chance"; and Mr. Callan, who's beginning to understand our Housemaster, will be back to help him again next year. From all of Grier House to all of these: the profoundest of thanks.

C. S. Abbott (Form VI M)



(Continued from Page 70)

B.C.S. defeated Stanstead in a combined Slalom and cross-country meet held at Hillcrest and on one of the Schools most rigorous cross-country trails. We were pleased to find that the competition from Stanstead was considerably tougher this year than it has been in the past. Future meets should prove to be even more interesting and exciting.

The major event of the year, as usual, was the triangle meet with Ashbury and L.C.C., in competition for the Cochand Cup. Because of L.C.C.'s laudable prowess at cross-country, our only chance of success was to gain a substantial victory over them in the Alpine events. At the outset it appeared as though we might achieve this, and in fact, we were ahead of them at the end of the first run in the slalom. We were fated, however, to a great deal of bad luck in the second run, and in the Giant Slalom. The competition really hung in the balance of which team had the least disqualifications, which were numerous on all sides. In this, L.C.C. turned out to have a more stable team, and they gained a well deserved victory. In the

face of defeat though, our team spirit remained high, and we took the second place, beating out Ashbury by about the same margin as we were beaten. Everyone participating in the meet learned a valuable truth from it. It was not the winning, we found, but the skiing which was important.

In the Junior counterpart to the Triangle meet, the Sutherland Trophy, the B.C.S. Juniors fared not so well, taking fourth place overall, to Sedburgh, L.C.C. and S.H.S.

We are indebted to Mr. Read for his assistance in coaching the cross-country and the pre-season training, and especially to Mr. Troubetzkoy, who arranged not only the meets, but also the instruction, the Zone memberships, the transportation and even the equipping of some of the skiers. Mr. Troubetzkoy's time and energy spent on us is deeply appreciated by us all, for without these valuable services, the very successful season we had would not have been possible.

B. McNaughton
(Form VI-M)

DAY ONE

"I just hate those 8th period Friday Calculus Classes, Mr. Grimsdell. Let's start a new timetable, and cut out 8th periods."

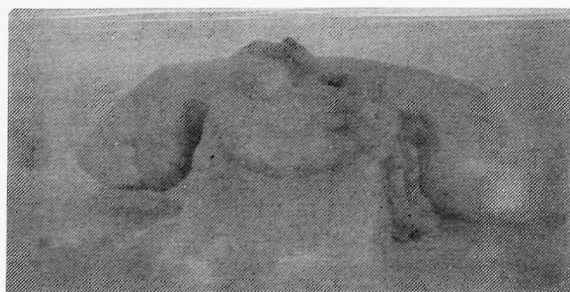
These were the words that created a new timetable at B.C.S.

This new timetable was expertly engineered by Messrs. Allan and Grimsdell. It was a little fussy in its concept, but turned out to be just the change in the routine that the students and masters needed. In brief all classes were now 45 minutes long, each day had 5 classes in the morning and two in the afternoon. There were six full days of classes before the class arrangement for a particular day repeated itself. Thus in a five day week, the sixth day was carried over to the next Monday. The days were numbered Day One, Two, Three up to Six and posted around the School announcing what day it was. This six day "week" avoided the drag of having the same classes on the same day of the week, as now it took six weeks before the same order of days occurred on the same days of the week.

The advantage of the new timetable were many. Mr. Allan no longer had to teach Calculus on the eighth period on Friday, secondly, there was a break in the regular routine, thirdly, the masters found that they could cover their topic more thoroughly in 45 minutes than in 35, and finally there was less time wasted in the between class shuffle.

The new timetable was inaugurated in the beginning of the third term, successfully completed a 6 day trial period, and then was continued by popular demand of the boys and the masters till the end of the new term.

G. Drury (Form VII)



(Continued from Page 14)

Throughout Gérard's tenure as a French and Physics teacher, we all appreciated his cheerfulness and his enthusiasm. Likewise, the camera buffs, the model club adepts and the astronomers "en herbe" will regret the departure of this ever-helpful soul. Also missed will be his "petite" Josette, the Benoits, Jean-Christophes and Magalies – not to mention his "2 chevaux."

Gérard, we wish you all the happiness you deserve in your new venture with the Civil Service in Ottawa.



CHAMP

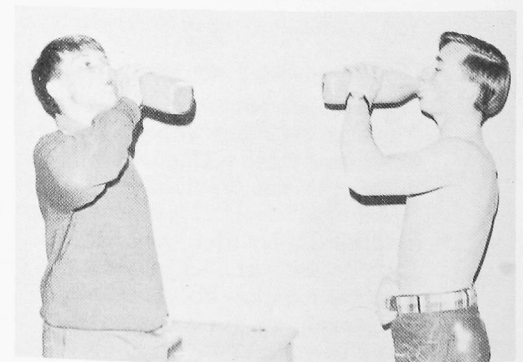
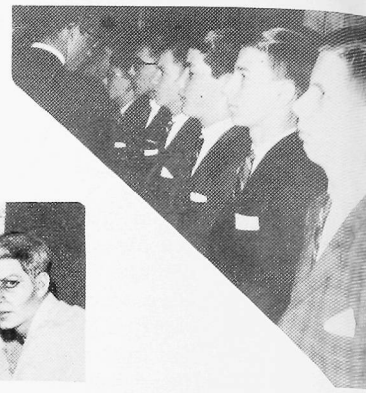
After forty-five years of being away from the School, Mr. John McIntyre returned accompanied by a good friend of his. This friend of his, was a yellow Labrador Retriever, and Mr. McIntyre wanted to tell the School about this dog. This dog probably has Canada's keenest nose and has already accumulated a record of well over 1,000 rescues. 'Champ' is the scout in a rescue party, as he goes out with a two-way radio on his back to growl reports to Mr. McIntyre, and leads the main party to the victim.

Many of you may think that 'Champ' is just another Labrador; well, I am sorry to say, he has proven different. 'Champ' decided one day that he wanted to get away from routine for a while and he picked a wolverine as an adversary, to have a friendly fight – so he thought. He will remember that fight for some time and will always have a memory of it on his nose – about ten stitches. As for the wolverine, he is lying quite peaceably six feet under the ground.

It is interesting to write that 'Champ' is very highly thought of in our country, and here are some figures to help show that. This dog is insured by Lloyd's for \$100,000, charges. \$10,000 stud fee and gets \$25,000 for his pups.

Walt Disney has contracted 'Champ' for one of his movies, and maybe we will see this dog driving or flying a plane, which I promise you, Mr. McIntyre says 'Champ' can do.

Blackader (Form Vi-M)





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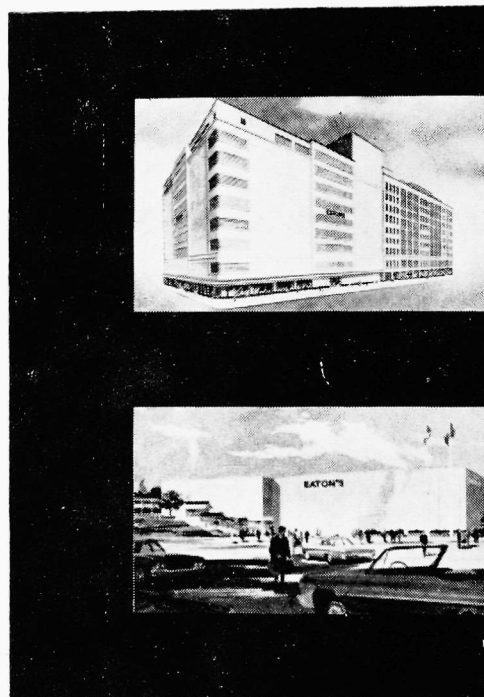
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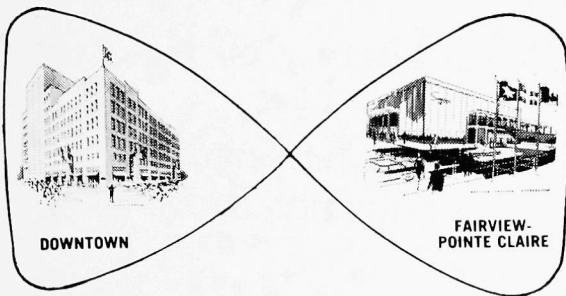
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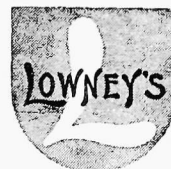
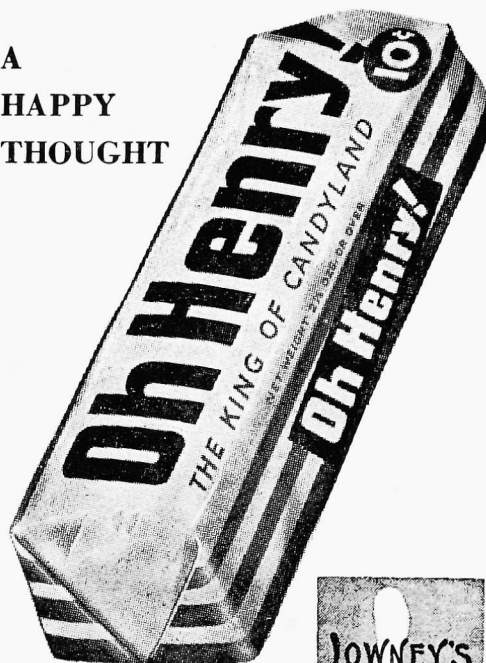
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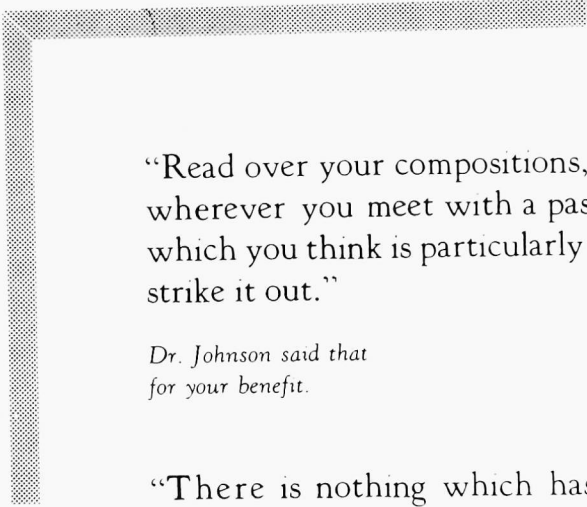
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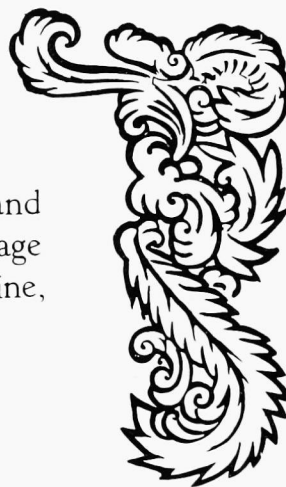
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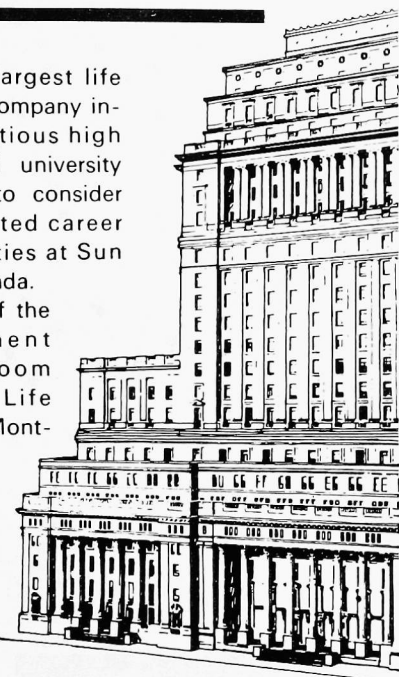
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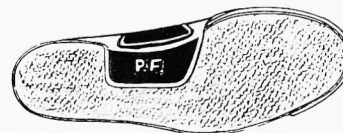
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